# THE NEW Liberty

APRIL 17, 1943
10¢

BOOK: WHITE
MAN'S FOLLY
A Girl Reporter
in the Orient

LIBERTY

A New Serial:
IT'S TIME
TO SAY GOOD-BY
By Isabel Moore

LIBERTY

THE
PRESIDENT'S
JOB
By Mark Sullivan

LIBERTY

HOW THE
BLACK MARKET
WORKS

LIBERTY

TRAINING
WOMEN FOR
WAR JOBS

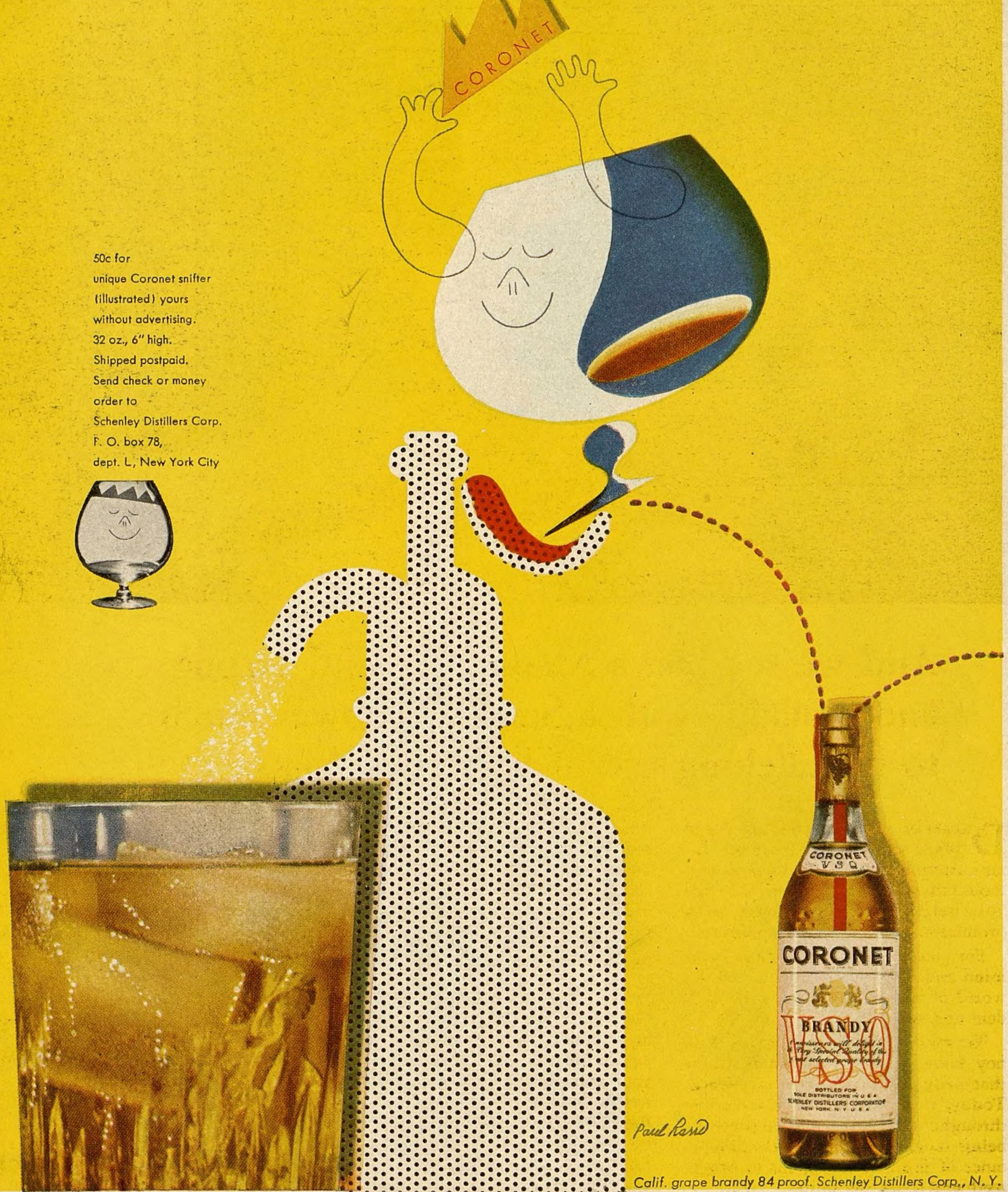
LIBERTY

AVIATION
CARTOONS
OLD SARGE

swing to **CORONET V.S.Q.** very special quality **BRANDY... and SODA!**

**Fresher-tasting as you sip...and afterwards! *Coronet* highball is milder, smoother...a sparkling tall drink with a difference. *Coronet* is a de luxe American brandy as distinguished as you've ever tasted...anywhere...anytime!**

★ *make your dollars fight... buy war bonds and stamps!*

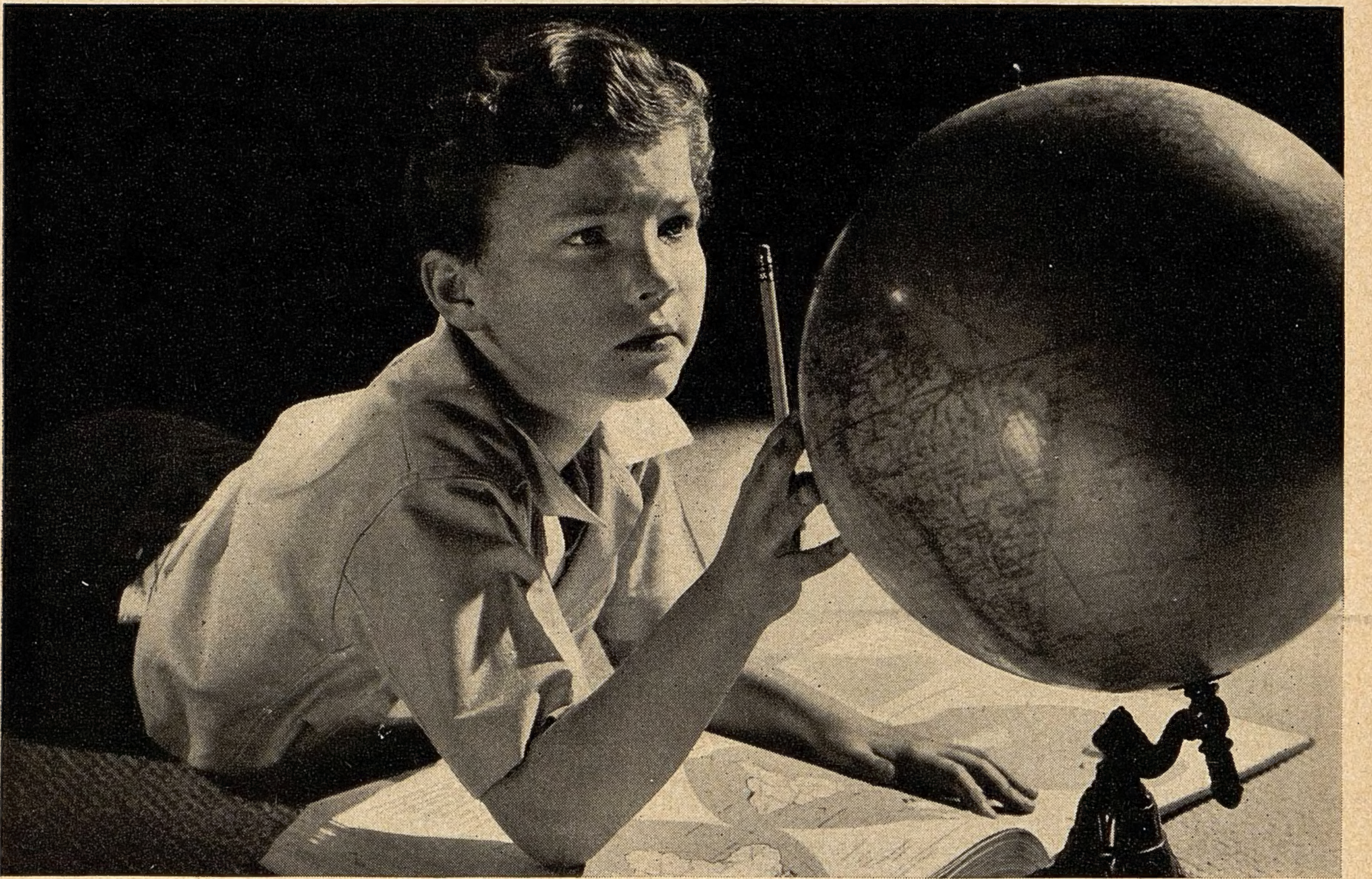


50c for
unique Coronet snifter
(illustrated) yours
without advertising.
32 oz., 6" high.
Shipped postpaid.
Send check or money
order to
Schenley Distillers Corp.
P. O. box 78,
dept. L, New York City

*Calif. grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.*

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" with Morton Gould's Orchestra. Your local station each week.

# A Boy and a Globe
# A Formula for Dreams
# He sees Bright, new Horizons
# A glorious Tomorrow, Rich with Promise



## And we see him a Man—Able and Strong and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

DREAM ON, SON! Let your hopes and plans soar beyond the most distant continent and sea. To you, and thousands of young Americans like you, belongs the future—rich with promise and bright with opportunity.

For you, everything is done to build mind and body—to help you face the world of tomorrow strong and confident and *smiling!*

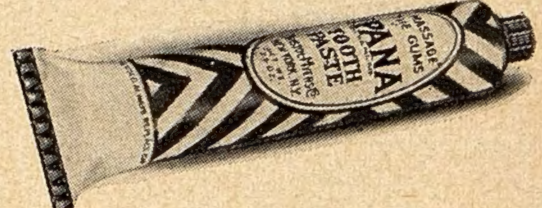
Yes *smiling!* For even now this little boy knows a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn. Today, in thousands of classrooms throughout the country, youngsters are being taught this lesson—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

*Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"*

If you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush... *see your dentist.* It may not be anything serious, but get his advice. He may very likely tell you that your gums have become sensitive and tender because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums—a more sparkling smile!



**Ipana Tooth Paste**

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*the one and only!*

SWEET
VERMOUTH
Dubonnet
...sweet or dry

Maybe you can't afford to buy the Mona Lisa, but you can afford to buy the one and only Vermouth by Dubonnet. Everything the 97-year-old name "Dubonnet" stands for is in this Vermouth... highest quality ingredients and the skill to blend them to perfection.

☛ *Write for free "Smart Drink Guide", Dubonnet Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.*

VERMOUTH
by Dubonnet

*Product of the U.S.A., bottled by Dubonnet Corp., Lodi, California*

***Tune in!*** *"Alec Templeton Time" 10:30—10:35 p.m. (e.w.t.) Blue Network, Monday, Wednesday, Friday.*

# In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

*Associates*

Edward Maher
Edward Hutchings, Jr.
Sid L. Hydeman
Kathryn Bourne
Lee Pasquin
E. A. Piller

Staff: David Brown • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Harriet Gould • John Keavey
Frances Kornblum • Otto Kurth • Margaret Mochrie • Barbara Palmer • Bill Reiche
Daniel E. Wheeler • Elizabeth K. Wylie

## ★ ARTICLES

**The President's Job,** *Mark Sullivan* . . . . . 14
**Beware of the Black Market,** *Arthur S. Hewitt* . . . . . 20
**Barney Ross's Biggest Bout,** *Ted Shane* . . . . . 24
**Free Training for Women War Workers** *Elizabeth Bryan and Katherine Bonnell* . . . . . 26

## ★ FICTION

**Strategy on Ice,** *Harold Titus* . . . . . 13
**It's Time to Say Good-by—Part I,** *Isabel Moore* . . . . . 16
**The Great American Game—Liberty's Short Short** *Lloyd Eric Reeve* . . . . . 22
**Lady with Wings—Conclusion,** *Oscar Schisgall* . . . . . 28

## ★ BOOK

**White Man's Folly**—*Vanya Oakes' inside report on the Far East abridged to a reading time of one evening* 31

## ★ FEATURES

**Vox Pop** . . . . . 6
**On the Beam,** *Wayne Parrish* . . . . . 10
**They Double in War Work,** *Bert Schwartz* . . . . . 11
**The Rescue,** *A painting by E. Franklin Wittmack* . . . . . 18
**Liberty Goes to the Movies,** *Harriet Gould* . . . . . 48
**This Man's War,** *Old Sarge* . . . . . 53
**The Gyp of the Week,** *Frank W. Brock* . . . . . 57
**Direct Hits** . . . . . 59
**Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary** (*Unabashed*) . . . . . 65
**Guess Who Said It?** *Eric Devine* . . . . . 66
**Tricks of Trades** . . . . . 67
**Woman-Talk** . . . . . 71
**Just Between Ourselves,** *the Editors* . . . . . 71

## ★ EDITORIAL

**The Draft Blows Every Which Way,** *Paul Hunter* . . . . . 74

KULIK

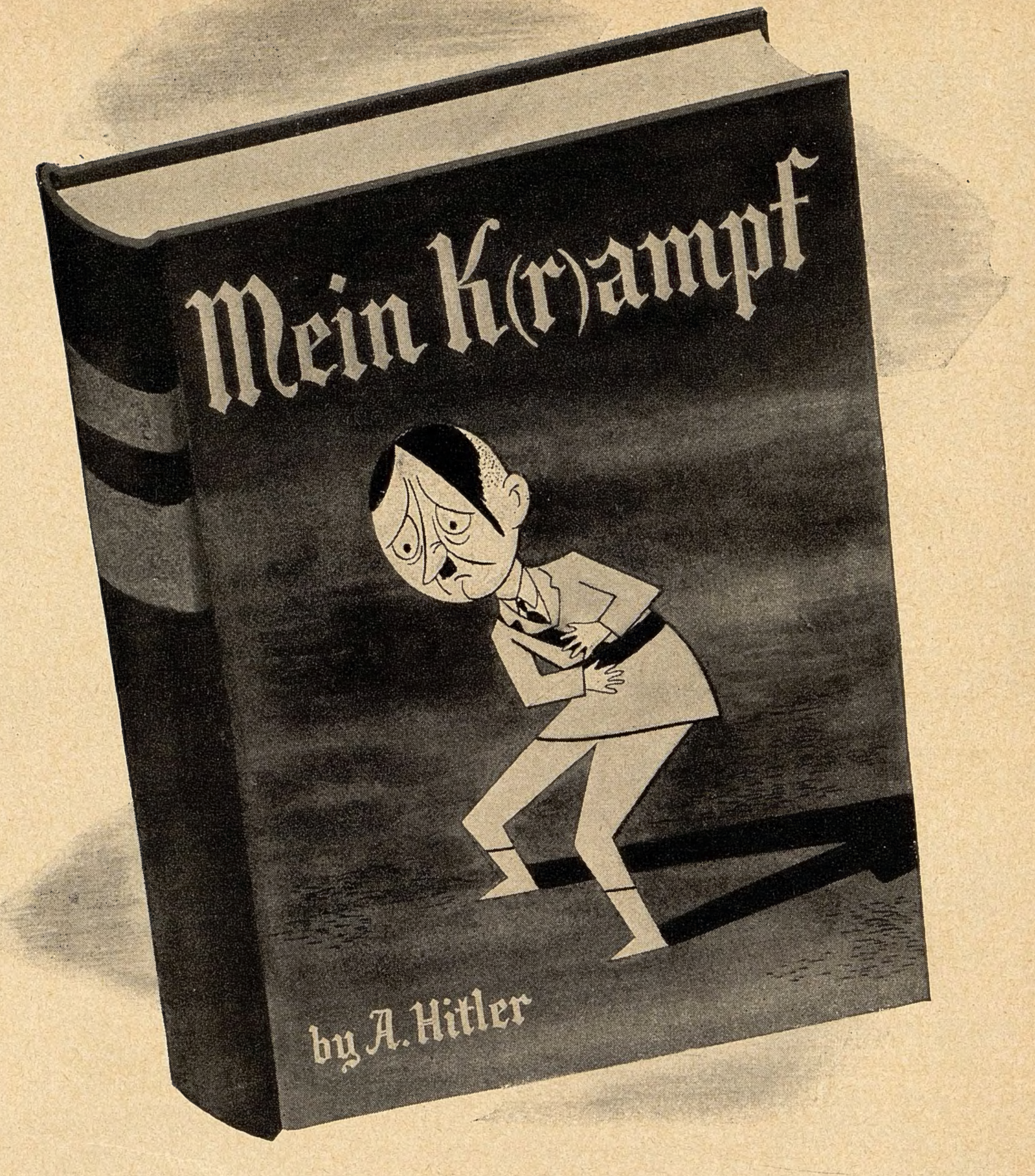
PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, April 17, 1943. Vol. 20, No. 16. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1943, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



**The addition of an "r"** to the title of Der Fuehrer's book adds a touch of ptomaine to his ambitions, doesn't it?

The letter we have inserted in "Kampf" stands for the word RIGHTS—the Rights of over 130,000,000 people to live, worship, and transact business as they please.

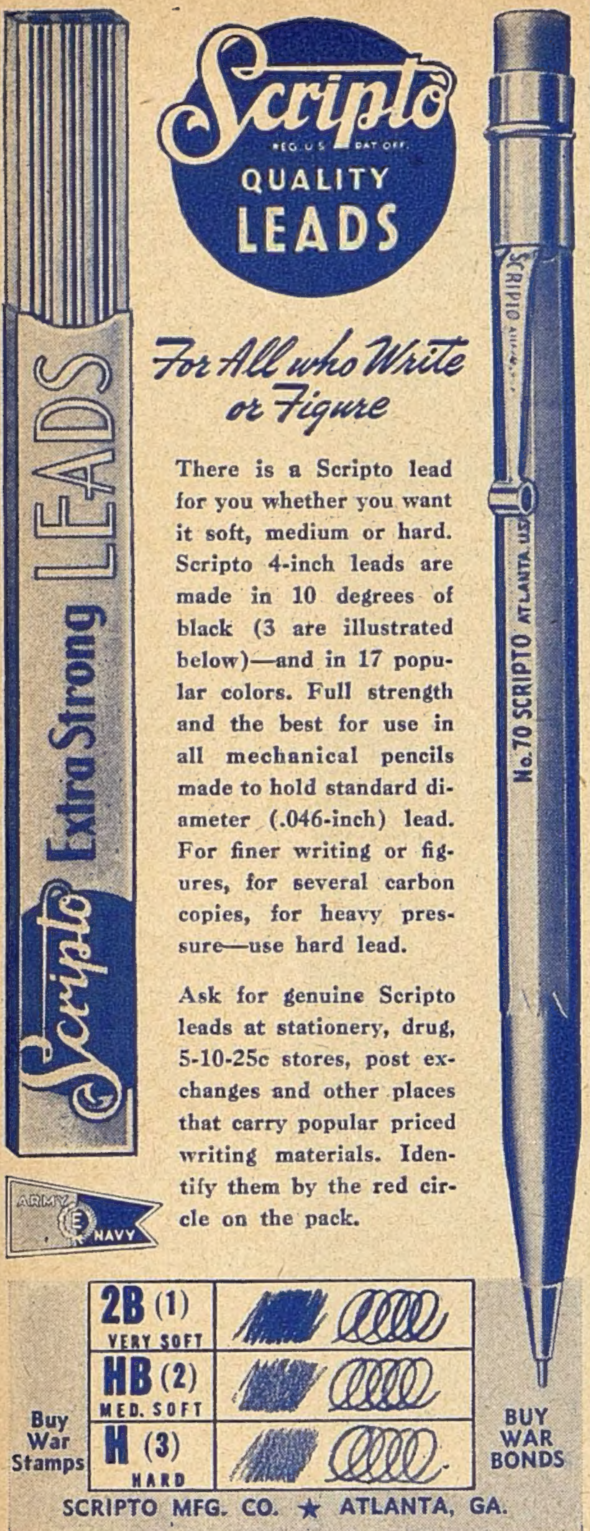
The instant these Rights were threatened the immense industries of America swung into motion to produce war equipment on a scale and at a speed the world has never known. No wonder the author of this book "cannot stomach" American war production.

To this greatest of war efforts, the Detroit Tap & Tool Company is contributing its experience and technical skill. Not only are we turning out Taps and Thread Gages which by their consistent quality and precision performance have earned the praises of our customers, but we have worked with many clients in developing Tools which have solved special threading problems and thereby helped them speed up their war production output.

***You've done Your Bit—Now Do Your BEST***
***BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS***

**Detroit Tap & Tool Co.**
8432 BUTLER AVENUE • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**GROUND TAPS • GROUND THREAD HOBS • THREAD GAGES • SPECIAL THREADING TOOLS AND GAGES**


Scripto
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
QUALITY LEADS

Scripto Extra Strong LEADS

No. 70 SCRIPTO ATLANTA, USA

For All who Write or Figure

There is a Scripto lead for you whether you want it soft, medium or hard. Scripto 4-inch leads are made in 10 degrees of black (3 are illustrated below)—and in 17 popular colors. Full strength and the best for use in all mechanical pencils made to hold standard diameter (.046-inch) lead. For finer writing or figures, for several carbon copies, for heavy pressure—use hard lead.

Ask for genuine Scripto leads at stationery, drug, 5-10-25c stores, post exchanges and other places that carry popular priced writing materials. Identify them by the red circle on the pack.

ARMY E NAVY

Buy War Stamps

2B (1) VERY SOFT
HB (2) MED. SOFT
H (3) HARD

BUY WAR BONDS

SCRIPTO MFG. CO. ★ ATLANTA, GA.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

from Youngster to Marine

Keeping 'em FIT Overseas

England—Africa—Egypt—Puerto Rico—in many places overseas our Soldiers, Sailors and Marines are keeping fit on "CHICAGOS".

CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates

And when our boys return, they'll value physical fitness and boost the "CHICAGO" slogan: For HEALTH'S Sake Roller Skate.

Sidewalk—Rink—Dancing—Trick and Professional Roller Skates

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
Winner of WORLD'S Records for over 40 years
4428 WEST LAKE STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# VOX POP

## "The Voice of the People"

### THE BIG STICK

Helvetia, Pa.—I write to ask you to use your power and influence in Congress to bring about abolition of all except absolutely necessary government bureaus and similar auxiliaries, and to strictly curb bureaucratic authority, and to bring about dismissal of every government employee not absolutely necessary for efficient conduct of the government and the war.

I urge you also to do everything possible to have Congress take over and attend to its proper duties. You and the other senators and congressmen were elected to originate and enact legislation for the best interests of the country, not to ask the President what you shall do and what laws you shall pass.

For the sake of military efficiency, it is apparent that the strategy and detailed conduct of the war should be assigned to an able military strategist, with an advisory board of strategy. The President would still be Commander in Chief, if he appointed them, with Congressional approval. Prosecution of this war requires a man of exceptional military ability in charge.

SENATE
CONGRESS
?

I urge you also to use your power in Congress to release the country's manufacturers from the bureaucratic interference which is hampering their war work, and to do away with the cost-plus system and instead simply take over excess profits as taxes.—*Lewis R. Thompson.*

### KEEP 'EM CHAINED

Chicago, Ill.—Let's remember that the German people also followed Bismarck and the late Kaiser, and that they'll also follow the next rabble-rouser who preaches world domination, unless we do something about it.

Let's handle the German people as we would handle a group of vicious dogs—by keeping them penned up and by keeping a close and constant watch on them. Permanent occupation of Germany and permanent suppression of the manufacture of any instruments of war are necessary. It will be costly—but not as costly as another war.—*R. C. H.*

### IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

Oakland, Calif.—I just happened to pick up a copy of January 16 Liberty and read Pfc. C. J.'s note in which he asks, "Is meat rationing planned to provide food for animals or food for a soldier?"

My husband is overseas, too, and he practically wept when he left his dog. I'll give his dog my meat ration if necessary to keep that dog alive until my husband returns, because our way of life—including the privilege of having a dog—is what he is fighting for. There are a lot of boys who left dogs behind, and they expect those dogs will be alive and well when they return.—*G. Johnson.*

DOG RATION
F. C.

### THE TRAVELING SALESMAN SAID

Allentown, Pa.—Thanks to Nina Wilcox Putnam for writing and Liberty for publishing the splendid, encouraging article What About Your Spouse? (February 27 issue.)

Like most traveling men, I am on what I call a "love ration," due to the fact I am away so much of the time. So, inspired, I wrote

The Wife's Lament

Ain't got no time for lovin'—
Ain't got no time to pet.
There's dirty dishes to be washed
And baby's soakin' wet.

LOVE RATION

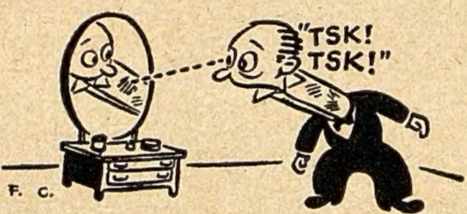
I'd love to pitch some woo, my love,
Just like we used to do.
But mama's comin' for a week—
It seems I'm never through.
But don't think I've stopped carin',
Or that my love is cold.
We'll make it up *next* time you're back—
Before we get too old.

*W. V. A.*

### NO WHITE COLLARS—SHIRT SLEEVES!

Eugene, Ore.—A White-Collar Man (February 20 Vox Pop) gave me a pain in the neck! It's high time he got his collar dirty and devoted some of his talent to our war industries instead of griping.

Instead of yelling about 10 per cent for bonds (what soldier or sailor isn't doing the same or more from his, or her, small allotment?), his 70 cents for Victory Tax, plus social security and insurance, he ought to be glad he's in America, where he can pay taxes and still have plenty to eat, a place to sleep, and a job polishing chairs with his seat. Isn't it worth a lot to still be with his family instead of at the "front"?



He and the rest of the white-collar men better wake up and get in this fight. Our government is already awake! —*Mrs. A. R. R.*

## CALL THE COPS

KINGSTON, N. Y.—At the close of the first World War the League of Nations was formed to outlaw all future wars of aggression, and our President, Woodrow Wilson, strongly urged this country to become a member. But the isolationists in Congress prevented our entry.

Without our leadership, this League backed down to Japan when, without just cause or reason, she attacked China. Mussolini rightly figured that if Japan could get away with it so could he, so he attacked and conquered Ethiopia. Seeing these two robbers get away unpunished practically gave Hitler a go-ahead signal for his plans, and he kept going ahead until even the appeasers had to call a halt.

Now, it seems logical that a strong League of Nations could have halted all this aggression right at the beginning. It is up to the voters to see that isolationists are removed from office and fair and open-minded men put in their places. In that way only will our emissaries be able to help make a lasting peace when this terrible war is over.—*James H. Winters.*

## STILL HUNDRED-PER-CENT AMERICANS

PINE BUSH, N. Y.—With so much talk going around about what we must do to win this war, I wonder if we have stopped to consider the meaning of our internal discord, of our strikes, of our absentees from war work?

I feel pretty sure there is quite an abundance of good wholesome 100-percent American patriotism. And when

MATTINGLY & MOORE
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES INCORPORATED LOUISVILLE & BALTIMORE

MEN WHOSE SUITS WERE
MADE BY HIGH-PRICED TAILORS
MAY ONCE HAVE PAID TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT
MANY OF THEM NOW DRINK
M& M, AND REALLY GET THEIR
MONEY'S WORTH. THEY FIND
M& M IS A CONSIDERABLY
MELLOWER AND
MILDER WHISKEY THAN
MANY OTHERS COSTING
MUCH MORE MONEY.

**The best of 'em is**

**M&M**

**(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKIES)**

*Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

# Bus to Berlin

EVERY TIME I take the bus in the morning I think, "I'm going home!"

Going home—*by way of Berlin.*

Not for the fun of it, but because that is the way we all must go.

Tom's on *his* way, too—he's going by way of Iceland, and Ireland, and Casablanca.

And I'm on *my* way, too—by way of Elm Avenue, and Main Street, and the Boulevard, to Gate 10 every morning.

For my job in a war plant, and Tom's job in the war itself, are just different parts of the same journey.

It's the *long way* to go, but it's the *only way.*

For home, you know, isn't just a place and a roof.

It's love, and security, and freedom from fear and want and drudgery, and freedom itself!

So I don't count the miles any more, I just count the stops—on the way to Berlin and Tokio.

Because the roads to Berlin all lead home again!

NOT ALL of our progress on the road that leads to Berlin and Tokio, and back home again, can be measured in terms of miles or military objectives—though these are the payoff.

The performance of a single worker in a war industry, or the discovery of a single scientist, is real progress.

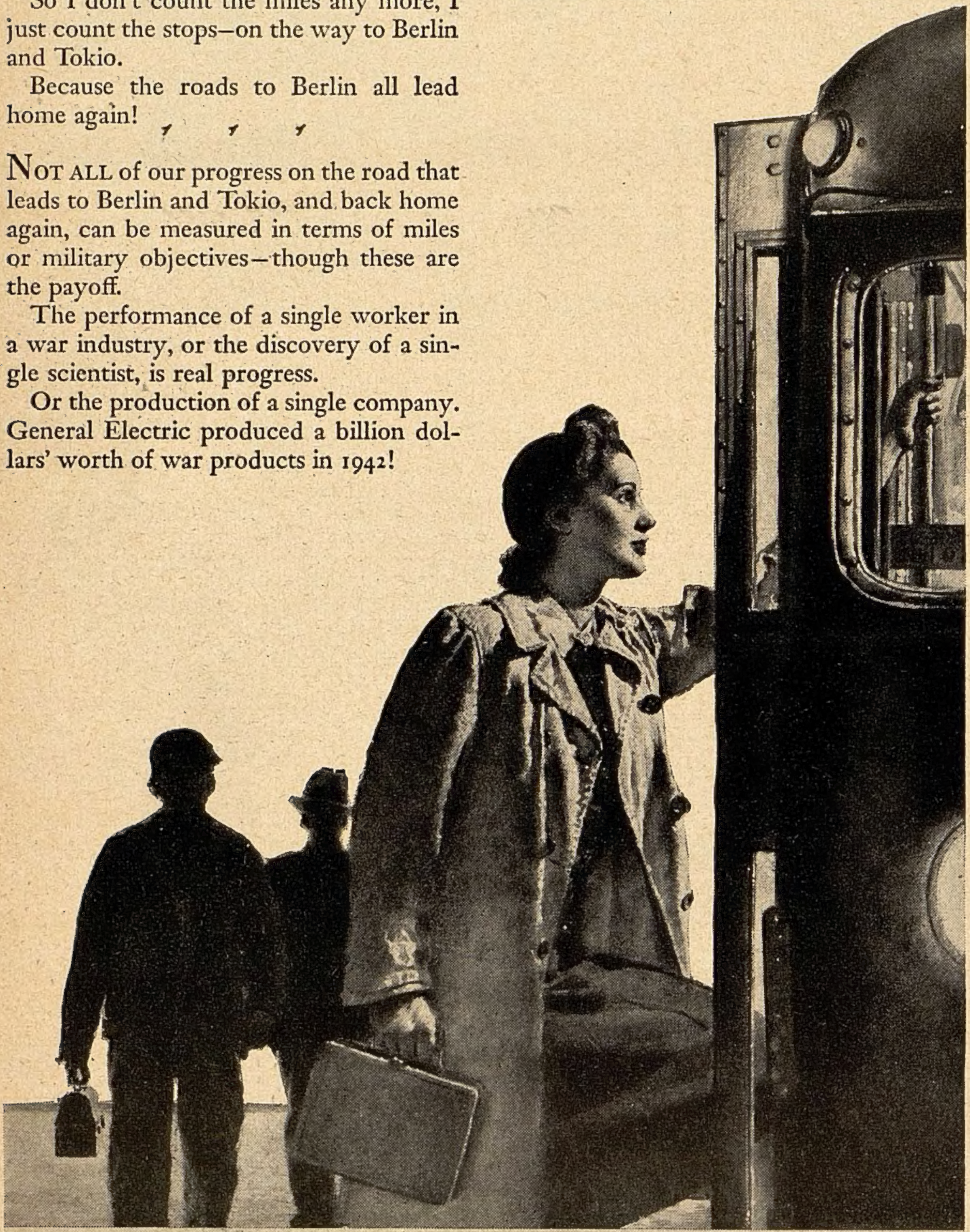
Or the production of a single company. General Electric produced a billion dollars' worth of war products in 1942!

Or new problems solved—research in electronics, metallurgy, plastics, television, or incandescent and fluorescent lighting.

For these are things which will shorten the miles, and lengthen the distance between stops, for the boys who are going to Berlin and back.

And they lead to job, and home, and freedom, and opportunity, in a better world tomorrow. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

*The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress.*



GENERAL ELECTRIC

952—456—M

we all stop to think of that patriotism, our differences and ambitions will be laid up in moth balls for the duration. —*Elisa Ward Lindenberg.*

## SCARCELY AN IMPROVEMENT

DALLAS, TEX.—James Truslow Adams is an outstanding writer. On the whole, his article on the Constitution (March 6 Liberty) is good. But he fell into one error, widely held, in referring to a state law against firearms as violating Amendment II of the Bill of Rights.

The Bill of Rights (first ten amendments) relates only to the federal government. State powers are not affected in any way by these particular provisions. State powers are limited elsewhere in the Constitution, both in the original document and in later amendments.

The right of a state to regulate firearms is perfectly clear, and well established by court decisions of long standing.

I will add one general comment. The question whether our Constitution is "perfect" is not practical. We could not agree on a definition of the word itself, as applied to human affairs. The real question is this: What substitute is better? The Axis Powers have offered their version of improvement over constitutional government.—*John R. Moroney.*

## THE DAWN OF LIBERTY

CLEVELAND, OHIO—In the midst of war the United Nations have tried hard to lay the precepts of a lasting peace. One thing decided is that all factions shall have the right to decide their destinies in freedom from want and fear.

As if by divine chance, an opportunity has presented itself to prove our promises are made in faith and sincerity. The Rumanian government has proposed to release 70,000 of the 250,000 Jews who yet survive in the Axis-overrun territory of Trans-Dniestria.

Under the plan, the rescued Jews would be transported on *Rumanian* ships to any haven the Allies would allot. The ships would carry the insignia of the Vatican as protection.—*Milton Weiner.*

## IF WE GET 'EM, YOU WILL

DETROIT, MICH.—Let's have more articles like What About Your Spouse? by Nina Wilcox Putnam.—*Milt Dean.*

## ORCHIDS TO US

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—After seven months out of the country, I learn upon my return of the sensational change in format and policy of Liberty Magazine. I wish to express my approval of the editorial change of pace. There seems to be new life and spirit in your publication. The fiction is good entertainment and the editorials appear to be closer to reality of what really is happening in this now confused and bewildered and bedeviled land.—*Galen Star Ross.*

# NEXT WEEK

### HATE

Until Hitler struck, it was easy for Hollanders to obey the precept: "Love your enemies." They were no good at hating, and after 1918 they'd opened their homes to Germany's hungry children. But in 1940 those selfsame children shot them in the back—and blitzed Rotterdam during an armistice. Now Hendrik Willem van Loon has a story to tell us. It came to him from Holland's Underground. It's imaginary, but it shows what all occupied Europe will have in store for Hitler at his downfall. To get a real idea of things to come, you'd better read it! It's ever so readable, anyway.

### A FEW DIGS AT HITLER

Ted Shane of Cockeyed Crosswords a serious gardener? Who would believe it? But he is, and a hard-working practical one, too. Speaking with persuasive tenderness of his corn and beans and chard and eggplant and mignonette lettuce, he convinces you that they're worth all the spading and hoeing and weeding it takes to produce them. What's more, he tells how he does it, and how you, too, can do it and eat well in spite of Hitler and Hirohito. How to Grow a Victory Garden will give you some helpful hints if you are a gardener and a shove in the right direction if you aren't one.

### NEW TIRES ARE ON THE WAY!

Not today nor next week, but next year, perhaps, we'll be able to dust off the old jaloppy, fit her with new shoes, and take her out on the road again. For synthetic rubber is on the way. It won't reach civilians until all our military needs and those of our allies are taken care of—but we'll get it eventually, says Myron M. Stearns. He has visited the plants which are making it and has an exciting story to tell of this staggering new industry that has grown up in the last two years, a story of a race against time that may take us far along the road to victory.

Famous the World Over...

All honor to Col. James Crow, the man whose pioneering genius made Kentucky whiskey famous all over the world

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND BY
W. A. Gaines
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

**WAR NOTE:** Our distilleries are 100% engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before America entered the war. **BUY WAR BONDS!**

BOTTLED·IN·BOND Kentucky Straight Whiskey · Bourbon or Rye · 100 Proof · National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

What is called the first light cargo plane in the U. S. is pictured here. It's a modified "puddle jumper"—a type capable of carrying up to 400 pounds in the cargo compartment and the space formerly occupied by a seat and dual controls next to the pilot. These planes need little space for landing and the take-off.

# ON THE BEAM

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

### More on Day Bombing

Despite the critics, the A. A. F. is *not* going to abandon daylight precision bombing and is planning some vast offensives in due course. But Major General Ira C. Eaker, commanding general of the Eighth Air Force, has given three reasons why night bombing must continue.

First is the fact that maximum destructive effort against the enemy can be realized under twenty-four-hour round-the-clock bombing. Secondly, enemy defenses must be alerted throughout the twenty-four-hour period, thus requiring three shifts of enemy watchers and defenders, and keeping several hundred thousand German workmen from factories and war industries. Thirdly, American day bombers operating over Germany in daylight force the enemy to maintain fighters which otherwise would operate on the Russian or African fronts.

"If the R. A. F. bombed habitually in the daytime its losses would be too high," General Eaker says. "If the U. S. Air Forces bombed at night its losses would be higher and its efficiency would be greatly reduced. The simple reason for this unalterable fact is that the R. A. F. bombers were built for night bombing and their crews have been trained to night bombardment. American bombers have been designed and built for day bombardment and American crews have been specially trained in high-altitude precision daylight bombing."

### Portable Landing Fields

If you can visualize a steel highway 150 feet wide stretching all the way from Washington, D. C., to Buffalo, New York, you will then have some idea of how many portable steel runways for emergency landing fields were produced for the army in 1942.

These landing mats consist of prefabricated steel grids, or networks, constructed in sections, which may be easily packed and transported by plane or ship. It takes only forty-eight hours to provide a field 150 by 3,000 feet, plus whatever time is needed for grading or other preparations. Developed by the Corps of Engineers of the Services of Supply, these landing strips have demonstrated their usefulness in North Africa and the Southwest Pacific, and enable the Air Forces to move their operations to the front in quick order.

### Blueprint Dope

The statistically minded will get a boot out of these calculations made by the Glenn L. Martin Company of Baltimore.

If all the blueprints required to build the B-26 Marauder, medium twin-engined bomber, were one foot wide and laid end to end, it would take the plane two hours to fly the length of the strip.

By the end of 1942 there had been 19,036 drawings made for the B-26. If spread out, they would cover 3,088,800 square feet, or almost seventy acres. But the Martin statistician adds that the airplane couldn't possibly get off the ground under the staggering weight of the prints needed for its manufacture—51,450 pounds.

Before the first Marauder was delivered to the Army Air Forces, 485,000 man-hours of engineering were required, and an additional 440,000 hours have been added to make the changes suggested by combat experience. Airplanes aren't being turned out like sausages—yet.

### Packard Comes Through

Whatever aviation men think of the automobile industry's efforts to turn out airplanes, they take their hats off to Packard Motor Car Company for turning out Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled aircraft engines.

It sounded easy because the Rolls-Royce is an engine long in production in England. But Packard had to redraw 2,500 English "left-handed" blueprints into American "right-handed" practice, and then had to change metric measurements into inches, a very sizable job, considering the fact that there are 11,000 parts in a single engine. But more than this, Packard had to build its engines so that all parts would be interchangeable with similar engines built in England.

To get under way, Packard had to buy 3,400 new machines and 75,000 precision gauges. Despite all the difficulties and the intricacies of engine building—requiring between 75,000 and 80,000 operations to machine only the major parts of a single Rolls-Royce—Packard was well in production months before Pearl Harbor.

### Big Producer

In a nation used to producing millions of units of one product or another, the production of airplanes still seems quite small. For example, North American Aviation, Inc., recently established what is undoubtedly a world's record by producing the 10,000th airplane of its trainer series. No other single manufacturer in the world has produced 10,000 airplanes of one series, all evolving from and perpetuating the same basic design. The trainers, incidentally, are in use for various purposes by the military personnel of twenty-seven United Nations.

### Odds and Ends

Army censors won't permit more than a hint, but reports indicate a secret fighter is on the way with plastic materials prominent in its construction. It's supposed to be a super-duper.

Howard Hughes' scouts insist the first big twin-hulled cargo flying boat being built by him in partnership with shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser will be ready for ground tests by the end of the year.

**PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM**

# THEY DOUBLE IN WAR WORK

### BY BERT SCHWARTZ

Red Latham, Wamp Carlson, Guy Bonham, partners in radio and at the drill press.

ONE afternoon last summer a Long Island plant that turns out lifeboats and rafts for cargo ships suddenly found it was short twenty gasoline strainers.

Gasoline strainers are simple little gadgets, just a section of brass pipe screwed into a larger section with a cup-shaped wire-mesh filter inside. The company had been ordering the strainers from smaller shops. Then, at the wrong time, none of the smaller shops could deliver.

Without these gadgets the lifeboats couldn't be delivered—which might mean some cargo vessel couldn't be delivered.

In desperation, a minor official called the War Production Board. The answer was not very hopeful. They didn't know of a factory prepared to supply the vital strainers. Some one casually mentioned that he knew a radio trio who, aided by a few neighbors, operated a basement workshop during their leisure hours. The workshop was but a few miles from the lifeboat plant.

The company man thought twice before dialing the number suggested. Either the WPB was making a monkey out of him, or a small production miracle was around the corner. He could understand radio tenors being good citizens, buying bonds, conserving their tires, and maybe working offtime as air-raid spotters or wardens. But a radio tenor in greasy overalls who could operate a drill press! The idea seemed fantastic.

Anyway, the company man called. The fellow who picked up the phone said yes, he was Guy Bonham of the Blue Network program, The Jesters, and if the gasoline strainers were that badly needed he'd get them made to specifications and delivered in a few hours. Not many hours later the shipbuilders had the twenty perfectly made gas strainers ready to be installed.

Since then Bonham's gang has manufactured thousands of gas strainers, air nipples, block assemblies, release brackets, and many other gadgets that big plants aren't equipped to manufacture and little shops can't produce in sufficient quantity at the right time.

All this urgently needed equipment is turned out in the small but surprisingly complete workshop in Guy Bonham's basement. There are three lathes, three modern precision-made drill presses, and two grinders. The shop combines the machinery Guy has accumulated over a period of years as an amateur mechanic, along with machines his associates had been using to make household gadgets. And yet Bonham, Red Latham, and Wamp Carlson (partners before the mike and at the drill press) put in three days a week on their "production line." They manage to get together on week-ends, but that's about the only time they are at their benches simultaneously. Usually Bonham, because he lives there, is the first to check in. Then the others report as soon as their work on the air is completed. The trio, all family men, do two programs a week and rehearse daily.

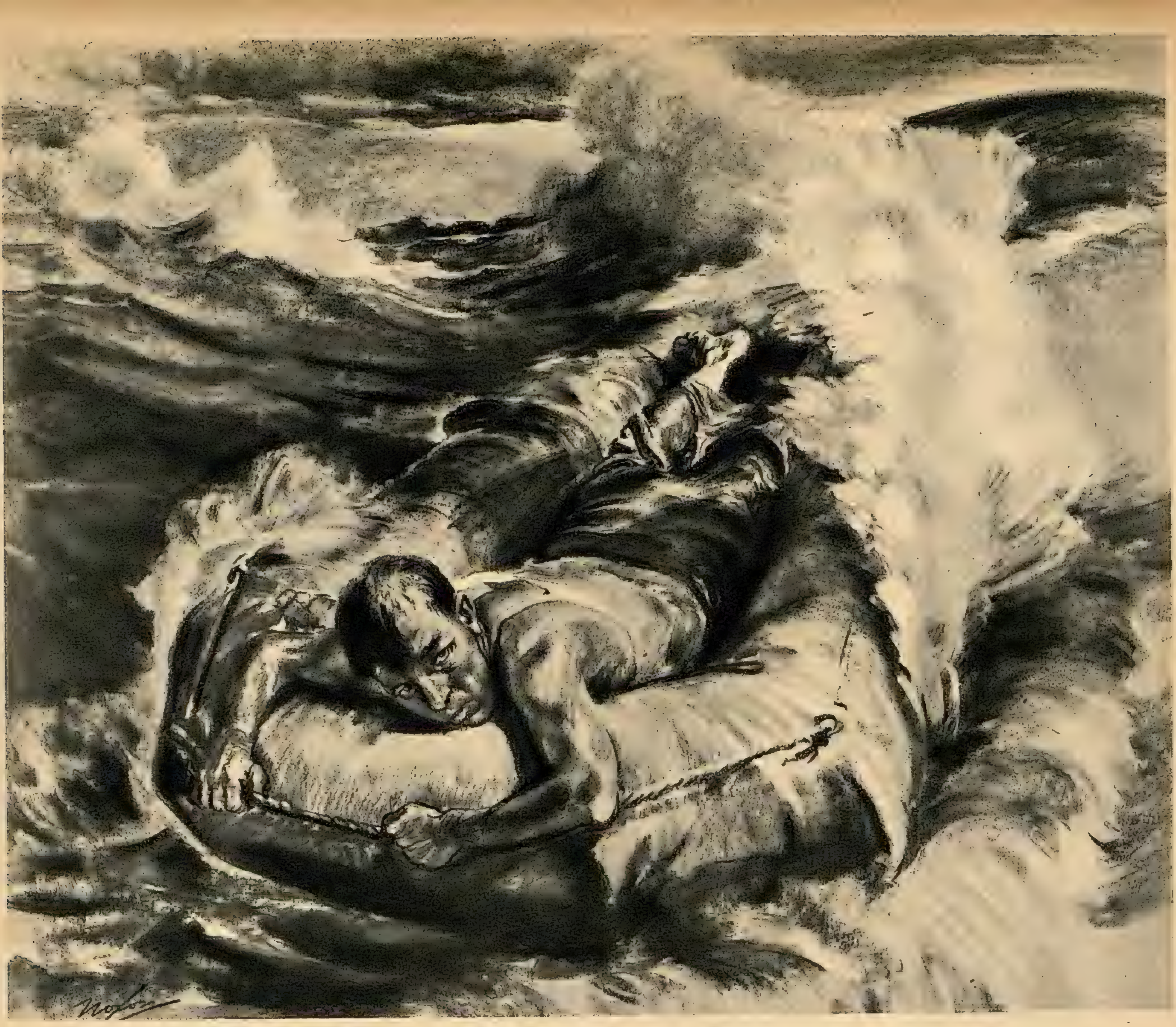
Their shop isn't operated for profit, although the boys have things budgeted so well that everything comes out pretty even financially. The prices they get for the finished products cover the original cost of materials, delivery, power used to run the machines, and other incidentals. Their charges to the shipbuilders are considerably lower than professional firms would demand, and enough above operating costs to make sure that there's always cash on hand for immediate needs.

The seven workers who help the Jesters all have daytime jobs that permit only night work in the shop. Harlan Howe is a gunsmith and electrician; Burton Kelley is insurance manager for the Best Foods Corporation; Walt Brooke is an American Airlines pilot; Bud Celler is a promising muralist. A commercial photographer and an air-line navigator are newcomers to the basement production. And Harry Brown, a charter member, is a girdle salesman.

The amateur mechanics also deliver their gadgets, but this is quite a problem, because Bonham's B card for his jaloppy leaves him high and dry at the midway marks of his ration periods. Mr. and Mrs. Bonham have long since abandoned the hope of using the car for their own needs.

The War Production Board, as proud of the Jesters' shop as it is of million-dollar plants going full blast, says there isn't another one like it in the East.

THE END



## *Could you look this sailor in the eye?*

You conserved tires. The rubber built the boat. Your bonds and taxes paid for it.

Your sacrifice was trifling compared to his . . . yet it made all the difference between life and death.

*Every* act of *every* civilian may save a fighter's life . . . or cost one.

Loose words can sink a ship. Black markets can drain the life-blood of your sons.

The work you do—or fail to do—is felt somehow on every battlefront.

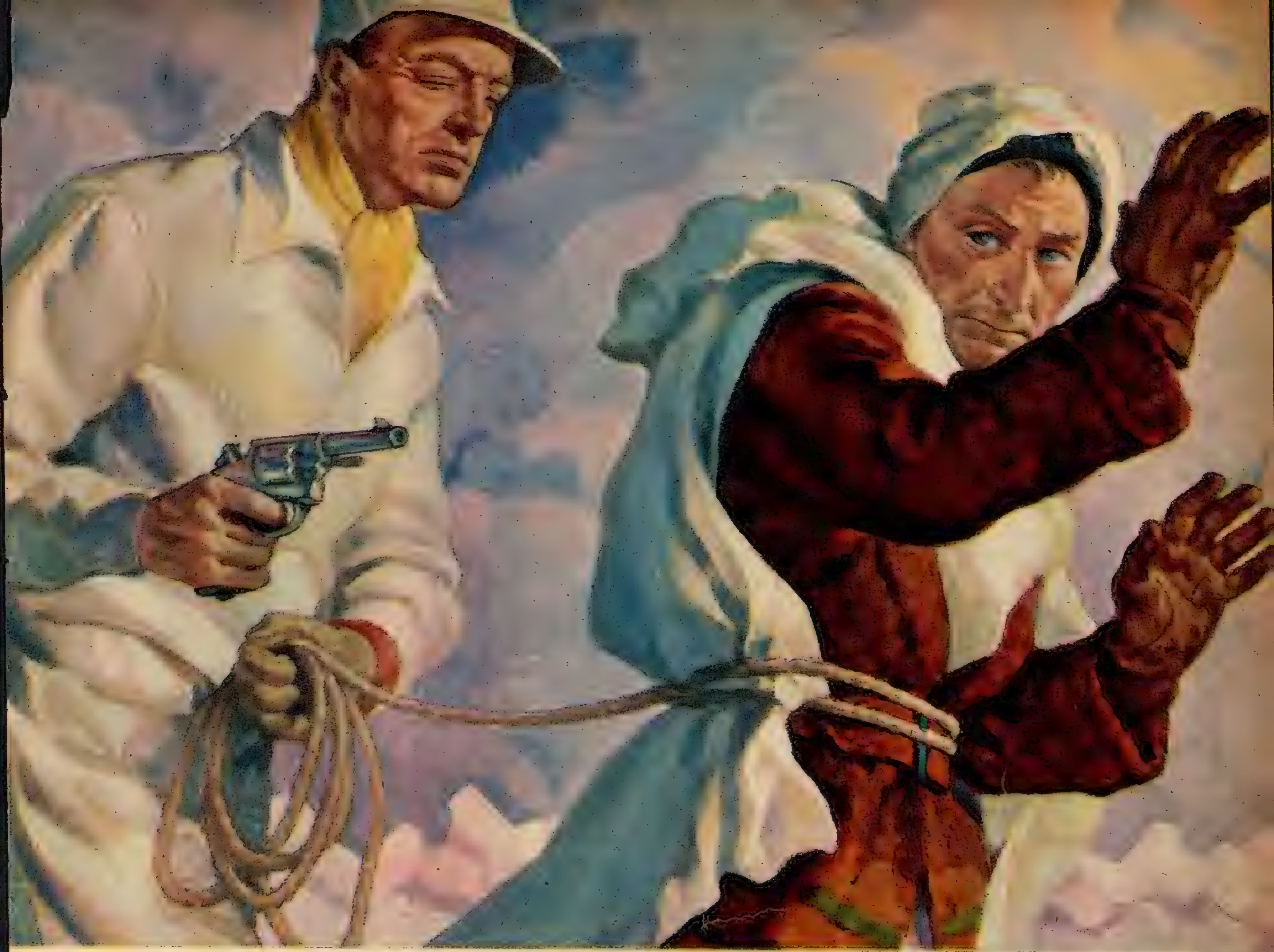
We *can*—we *must*—we *will*—do more!

* * * *

The Citizens Service corps, a part of the local Defense Council, can tell you how you can do more in your own community. Probably such a group is at work near you. If not, help start one. A free booklet available through this magazine will tell you what to do and how to do it. Send for it now.

### *EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER*

*CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA*



Hilton had the rope in one hand and his pistol in the other.

# STRATEGY ON ICE

### Alone on an icebound island, two men match wits in a struggle that can end in death for one—or capture for the other

### BY HAROLD TITUS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

"THERE you are!" Emil said when he set the last nail in that first living-room wall in the new Bishop house on the island.

He backed off and eyed the job, and it looked fine. First paneling he'd ever tackled alone, too. Emil wasn't much on new things; some even called him a little dumb. But one thing about him was, show him how a thing went and he'd catch right on. Joe'd shown him how to handle paneling before he'd got hurt.

He turned back to his bench and just happened to glance through the east window, and there was this boat. It just didn't make sense, but it was a boat all right, seventeen miles from land in the dead of winter, when hardly anybody ever rowed very far into Lake Michigan even in fine summer weather.

The man rowing had on a white ski cap and a white jacket, and right after Emil sighted him he looked over his shoulder and pulled hard to bear right on the new house.

"Well, holy old Mackinaw!" Emil said, and put on his arctics and limped through the thin deep snow down to the beach.

He first figured Joe was worse and they'd sent for him, but that didn't hold water. If anybody'd come for him, it'd be a fish tug, and this boat was light, clinker-built, and painted green; the kind of boat summer cottagers buy.

The man looked over his shoulder again, and saw Emil, standing there half crooked on account his short leg, and stopped rowing. He didn't say a word right then, but gave her a dozen short strokes and got up on his feet kind of stiff. When the bow grated on the gravel, he said, "Good morning, You'll be Emil Larsen."

Emil nodded.

*(Continued on page 61)*

# THE PRESIDENT'S JOB

The ability to grant or withhold funds is Congress' check on the many powers vested in the President. A political expert appraises Mr. Roosevelt's true authority

### BY MARK SULLIVAN

CARTOON BY CARL ROSE

WE call him "the President," although the man in the White House does less presiding than tens of thousands of private citizens who act as chairmen at Elks' meetings or Sunday-school sessions. Mr. Roosevelt makes speeches at public gatherings, but he never presides over one. He makes addresses to Congress but does not preside over Congress. He presides only over the meetings of his ten-person Cabinet, which are not public.

**Know Your GOVERNMENT VIII**

The essential function of the President is to execute laws passed by Congress. Grasp this, and you will understand ninety-nine hundredths of the function of the Presidency. You will also understand the commotion that periodically erupts between President and Congress.

Every so often, news flashing out of Washington describes the President as "defying" Congress. Or—and this has been the trend since last November's elections—Congress is described as defying the President. Sometimes the news says the President is demanding from Congress passage of a measure described as "must" legislation. Other times, Congress is described as demanding that the President adopt a certain policy or cease some other policy.

What, exactly, is the relation between President and Congress, their respective powers, and the checks of each upon the other? The formal answer is set down in the Constitution in careful detail. But the rigid pattern laid down by the Constitution has been ameliorated by time. By usage, the rigid separation of powers has been modified into a flexible working arrangement which includes some give and take.

The makers of the Constitution meant to give much the greater power to Congress. By the Constitution, a Congress, if sufficiently determined, can do anything it wishes, within the scope of its legislative function. On the other hand, a President can do practically nothing—almost literally nothing—if Congress is sufficiently determined to prevent or check him.

To illustrate: Congress wishes to pass a bill, and does so by a simple majority. The President wishes to prevent it from taking effect, and attempts to do so by vetoing the bill. But Congress can then repass it by a majority of two thirds—and the bill becomes law without Presidential assent.

On the other hand, the President wishes to make an appointment, and makes it. But the appointment does not take effect until confirmed by the Senate. Again, the President makes a treaty with a foreign nation—but the treaty is not valid until ratified by two thirds of the Senate.

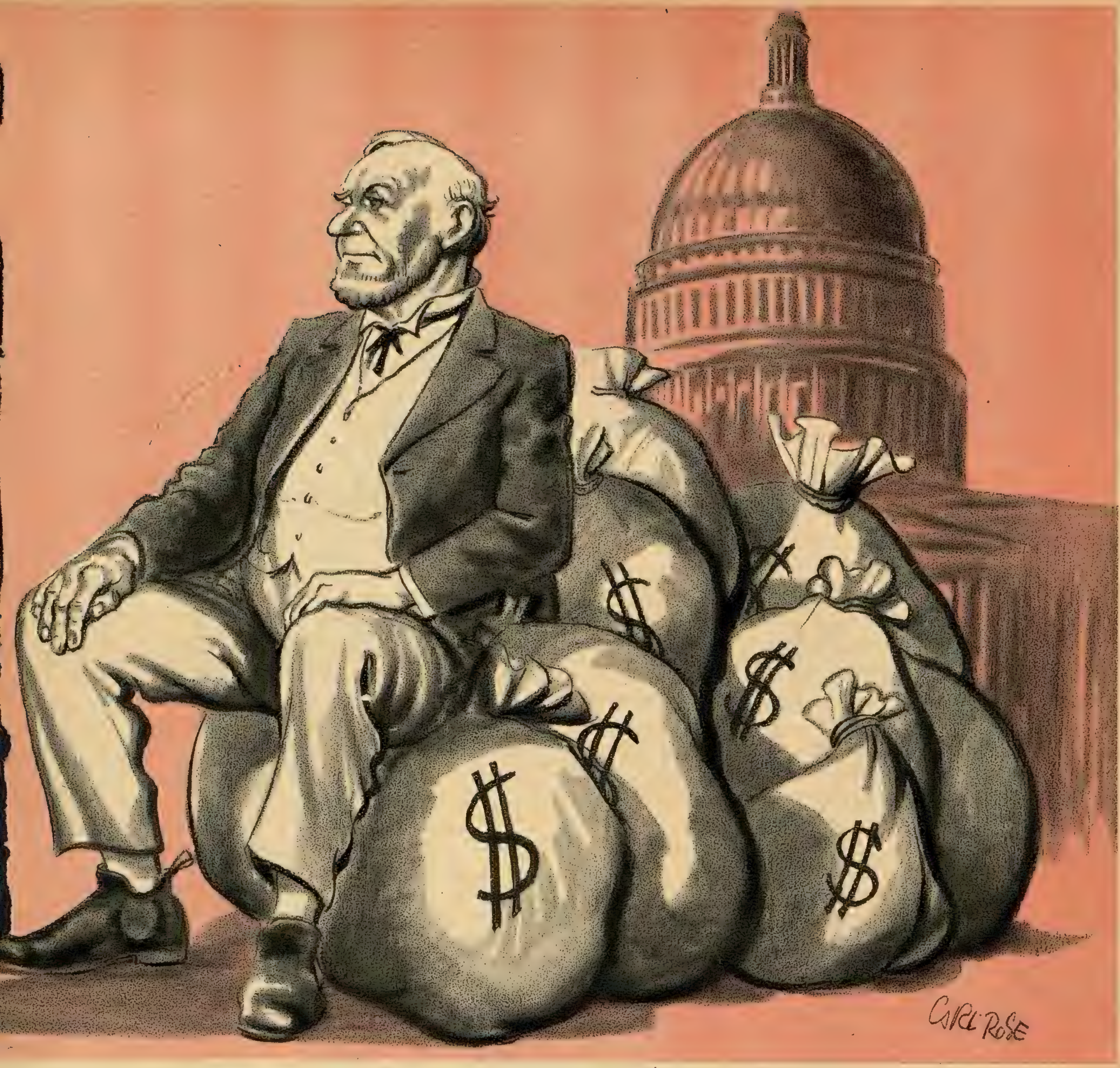
The things a President may officially do without prior authorization by Congress or subsequent check by it are surprisingly few. Really, there is little more than one relatively unimportant one. The President exclusively, without regard to Congress, can "grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States."

Another power commonly said to be the President's exclusively is that which is inherent in the constitutional mandate declaring: "The President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy." But although the President can issue orders to the Army and Navy without authorization by Congress or consultation with its members, it is Congress that determines the size of the Army and Navy. And if the President uses them for purposes which Congress does not approve, Congress has the most effective of checks—it can refuse to make appropriations for the Army and Navy.

This exclusive prerogative of Congress to make appropriations is a broad check upon anything the President may attempt. Within the past year, for example, Congress has compelled the President to end the Civilian Conservation Corps—by withholding appropriations for it. And Congress, disapproving some individual in one of the executive departments, has on several occasions enacted that no part of the money appropriated for the department shall be used to pay the offending person's salary.

If all else fails, Congress can get rid of a President, can impeach him. Congress has only once attempted this (in the case of Andrew Johnson), and then did not carry it through. Nevertheless the power is there.

On the other hand, a President has no way of getting rid of Con-



gress, not even for a few weeks or months. Often, toward the end of a session, with the routine business finished, a President would be glad to have Congress go home until the date of the ensuing session. Occasionally President Roosevelt has hinted this, saying to a press conference that he sees no further work for Congress to do. But usually the effect is to make Congress more disposed to remain.

The intention to make Congress more powerful and more important than the President is illustrated by the process provided for amending the Constitution. That is the most vital function government can have —and in it the President has no part whatever. An amendment to the Constitution, by the method always followed, is proposed by a vote of two thirds of Congress, then ratified by three fourths of the states. This policy of subordinating the President, almost as if in distrust of the President, runs through the whole of the Constitution.

As respects the fundamental and exclusive function of Congress, the making of laws, the President is permitted only to recommend. "He shall from time to time . . . recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient."

But the working structure of government erected upon the constitutional blueprint has recently been modified by many conditions, most of them tending, temporarily or permanently, to enlarge the power of the President. The balance of power, for the time being, has shifted far in the direction of the White House.

One such condition, arising long before President Roosevelt's time but accentuated under him, is the two-party system. This system is not mentioned in the Constitution. But the two-party system profoundly affects the interpretation of the Constitution. It greatly increases the power of the President in his relation to Congress.

The United States is firmly a two-party country. In fifty years no third party has ever elected more than 4 per cent of the members of Congress. And although the past twelve years—embracing deep depression, consequent economic dislocation, with acute social and political unrest, followed finally by war—should have been fertile soil for third parties, none arose to anything approaching numerical power.

(*Continued on page 72*)

# IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY

Beginning a brilliant and searching novel of a woman who might be you—or your next-door neighbor—who learns what can happen to her safe little world when her man goes to war

### BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

TESSA BARNES wakened unusually early that morning. For a moment the day seemed to her like all the other mornings in her life, and she couldn't recall what urgency, digging at her subconscious, had compelled her into wakefulness. And then memory came flooding back over her, and she turned swiftly in the bed to look across at the other twin bed. No, Johnny hadn't gone yet. He was sleeping deeply and easily, the covers drawn up to his chin, his dark hair tousled so that he looked suddenly boyish, and Tessa's heart turned over in a quick, breathless rush of longing. This time tomorrow Johnny would be gone.

It's our last day together, she thought, and tried to imagine what life was going to be like for her without him, and couldn't. It seemed to her that Johnny had always been with her. After eight years of marriage to him she could not recall, now, what life had been like without him.

"Tessa," Johnny had said gravely on the day she had married him, "this is forever. Forever and ever, you and I."

But forever had ended—for a while, at least. There, hanging in the closet that was already emptied of all Johnny's civilian clothes, was his brand-new uniform, the gleaming silver captain's bars on the shoulders. And on the shelf above it was his trim officer's hat. He would be wearing his uniform today for the first time, and a little thrill of pride swept through Tessa at the thought of walking beside a suddenly new and somehow strange Johnny.

Yes, her thoughts went on, definitely strange. A stranger to her already, and to the old life he had known. Last night, helping him to pack, she had been sharply aware of that. Cleaning out bureau drawers, discarding civilian clothes not worth saving, and old theater programs and snapshots that their digging fingers unearthed beneath layers of shirts and socks, Tessa had cried out once or twice:

"Oh, look, Johnny! Look at this old picture of you and me and Jackie, when Jackie was three. Aren't we the *funniest*-looking trio? So solemn, all three of us."

And Johnny had glanced at the yellowed picture, had said, "Ummm," and she had known that his mind hadn't come back to her at all but was already in Washington, busy with thoughts of the new work, the new life that awaited him there. Johnny had had R. O. T. C. training at college, and when he had been called up for physical examinations and interviews, they had discovered that his work as art director of a large advertising agency had been secondary in his life. His real love was photography, a hobby that had grown and grown, until it had submerged in his interest the work at which he earned a living. He had concentrated on color photography, making some interesting experiments, and the army had decided they needed some one who showed not only Johnny's talent but his ingenuity at making substitutes work when he had to.

"I think they've got their eye on me for aerial photography eventually," he had told Tessa enthusiastically. "That means I'll have a chance to get across and really see this war." And, at Tessa's stricken face, "Well, honey, after all, I'm in it. I might as well go all the way."

She lay there now, remembering, and she thought how odd it was that war could grow on men like that, so that in the end they couldn't wait to be in the thick of it. A uniform helped in that, of course. Johnny would look magnificent in his, she knew. Today was a day of parties for him, and she would be able to show him off. A luncheon at his mother's home. A supper dance at the Country Club tonight, given by Tessa's closest friend in town, Catherine Lockhart.

"I don't want you seeing too much of that gal while I'm away, Tess," Johnny had scowled. "She's a grand girl, and brilliant, and I'm all for her. Only—well, she's not your type exactly, and I'd rather you didn't get too palsy-walsy with her."

All men were instinctively on the defensive with Catherine. Attracted to her as a moth is to flame, but afraid of her. Afraid of her biting sarcasm, her scathing contempt of the men who flirted with her after she had played the game of flirtation. "All men are alike, Tessa," Catherine had said once, wearily. "Like the words of that song from Show Boat: tired of living, and feared of dying.' Trapped, caught in ruts, bored, complaining that life's failed them, when, as a matter of fact, most of them have failed life and their promises to life."

After a statement like that, Catherine's mood would change abruptly and she would be light and brittle and unimportant, like the stories she wrote and made a fortune out of. Catherine's husband, Carlson Lockhart, would be at the party tonight. Catherine was not in love with Carlson, and Tessa admired the fact that she didn't pretend to be. But Carlson adored his wife, and so she lived with him, too weary, too bored, Tessa felt, to bother doing anything about it.

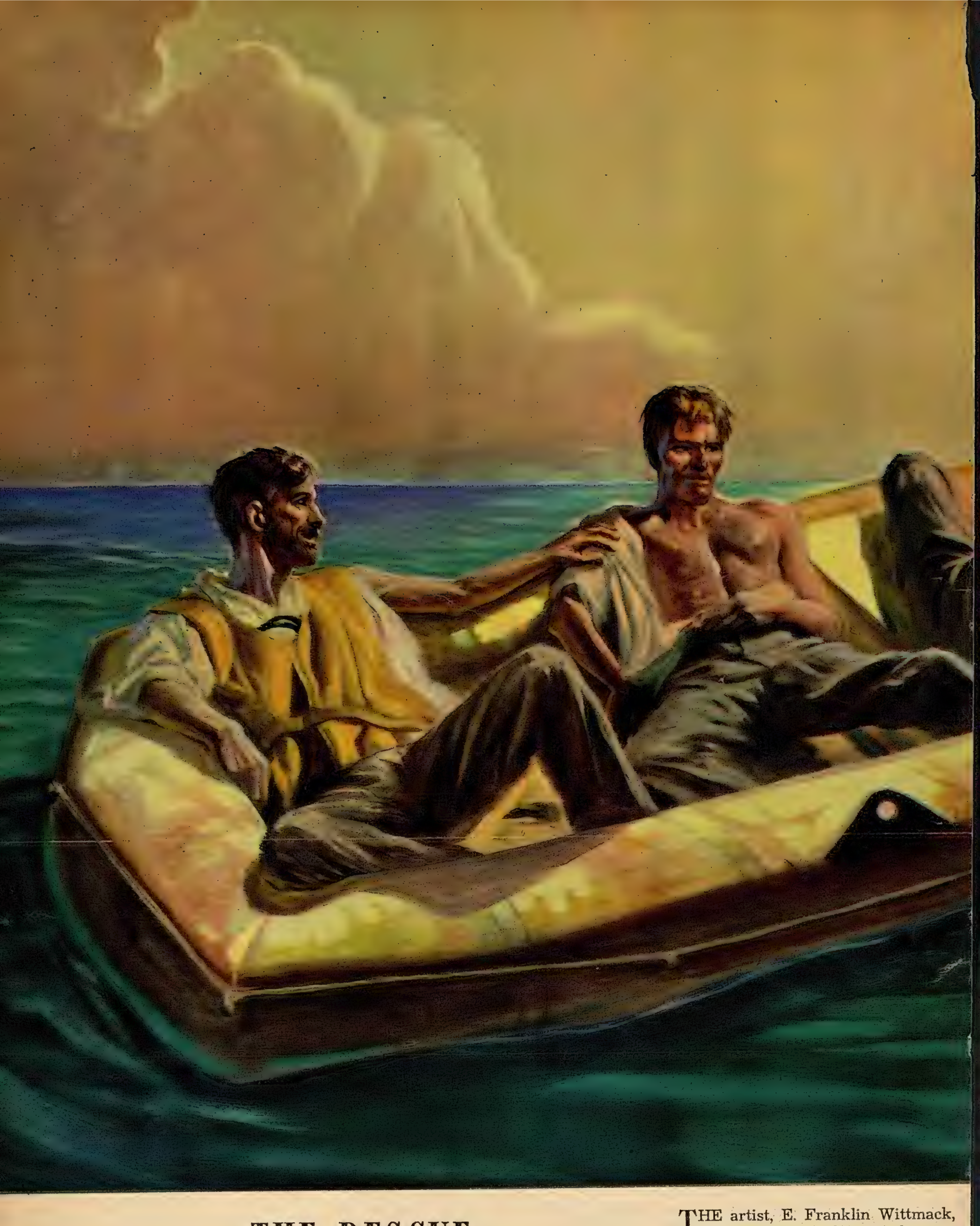
As Tessa considered her friend's life, she shivered a little beneath the warm soft covers. How awful, to be married to a man you didn't love. . . . Tessa adored Johnny. In the eight years of marriage to him she had never wanted to sit beside another woman's husband in a car, driving to a party. She had never been curious to kiss any other man, nor had she ever lifted her lips coolly and dutifully for any of Johnny's kisses. And how she would get through the empty days, the lonely nights without him . . .

She rolled over and propped herself up on one elbow to watch him as he slept, and he opened his eyes suddenly, as though she had spoken his name aloud instead of only in her heart.

"Hello there!" he said. "How does a captain look when he's asleep? Much as any ordinary mortal?" He grinned at her, and it swept over her again how happy he was—how gaily, noisily happy—since he had known for sure that he was going! Of course, it was just the excitement of new work, but, even so, it wasn't

(*Continued on page 54*)

hnny," she told him on a little
ile, "you're going to look awfully
zzy in your uniform, you know."

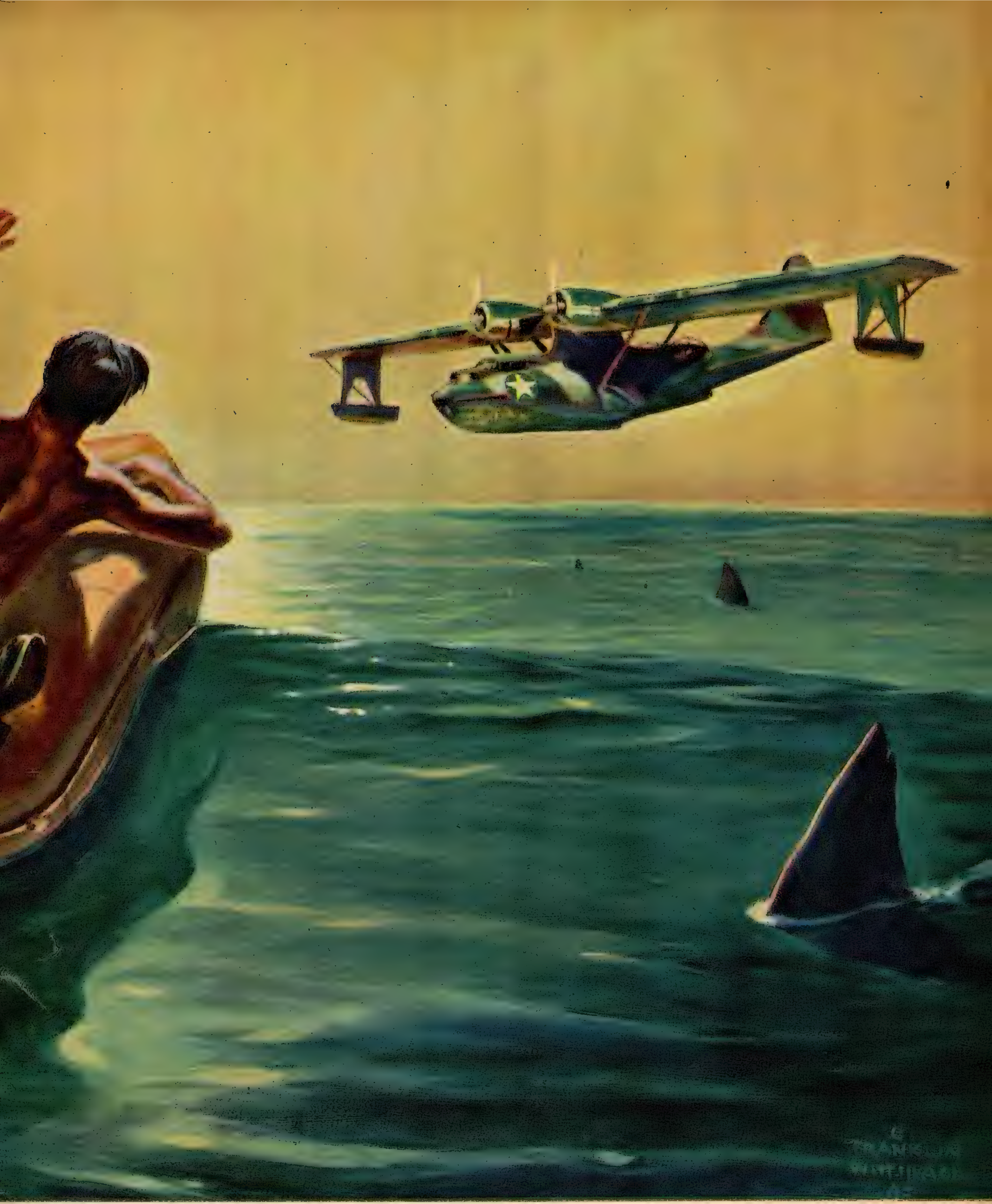


# THE RESCUE

A Painting

BY E. FRANKLIN WITTMACK

THE artist, E. Franklin Wittmack, once captained a fishing schooner, but that is the limit of his nautical experience. Which makes his painting all the more extraordinary. It was inspired by grim reality. For this *has* happened, not only to Cap-



tain Eddie Rickenbacker but also to many others.

Adrift for weeks, starving, their lips swollen from thirst, men have lived, fighting despair with hope—sustained only by courage and a rubber raft.

The inflatable raft, made famous by the Rickenbacker and Dixon rescues, resists sun, sea, wind, and sharks. It is a miracle of human ingenuity.

Artist Wittmack's painting depicts the never-to-be-forgotten moment of rescue. A Catalina flying boat glides down toward the hot glassy sea.

The navy, it is said, never gives up looking for its men. And this time—as it has before and will again—it has found them.

# BEWARE OF THE BLACK MARKET

### BY ARTHUR S. HEWITT

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

A HEAVY truck rumbles through the pre-dawn darkness of Chicago's West Side. As the driver pulls to an intersection stop, a black car draws alongside. Before the trucker can shift gears, a shadowy figure is on his running board and the door is flung open.

"Got any coffee in there?" the figure demands, displaying an automatic.

"No," the driver replies. "It's only—"

"Oh, yeah?" the hold-up man sneers as he forces his victim into his car. At that moment two other men board the truck and drive off in it.

The tipsters had given the mob a wrong steer, however, for in that load they found not coffee, which could be sold for fancy prices on America's growing black market, but electrical appliances. But it was still a good haul. There is a shortage of toasters and ironers, too. The gang has a market for anything that is scarce on the open market.

The black-market racket is in the hands of organized gangsters. The old-time bootlegging racketeer and his present-day counterpart are opening new versions of the sliding-panel-and-ask-for-Joe establishments of the dry age.

The consequences? Well, according to Price Administrator Prentiss M. Brown:

"The Nazis and the Fascists may not be able to sabotage our war plants or bomb our industrial centers, but their able assistants—the operators of the black markets—contribute most effectively (to the firm of Hitler and Hirohito) by helping to wreck American health, morale, and economy."

And a waste of our food resources now, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard declares, "will prolong the war and will cause the deaths of thousands of American boys. Furthermore, it may make impossible a sound and lasting peace."

But all this is of little concern to the racketeers. Finding the going big-time after they got their first sample of tire, sugar, and gasoline rationing, they cut deeper into the country's economy each week. As for the small-time dabblers, they are being quickly eliminated by the many detective forces that augment the OPA's enforcement officers.

Every buyer on the black market is as guilty of selling America down the river as are the operators. Sharing the guilt of the black-market buyers and sellers are the hoarders, who defeat the purpose of rationing by refusing to accept the principle of equality of sacrifice.

Coffee, sugar, gasoline, and tires are far from being the only commodities that are finding their way through black-market channels to conscienceless customers. The enormous black market in meat has taken on such proportions that it overshadows those in other goods.

The bootlegging of beef and pork has been making inroads into the meat supply of the country, menacing the Food for Victory program and the very health of the nation. The Congressional small-business committee terms this black market the worst in our history. Secretary Wickard sets the leak in our meat supply at from 10 to 20 per cent of all meat slaughtered. Agricultural Marketing Administrator Roy Hendrickson calls 17 per cent a better figure.

The operators of this illegal trade are proving to be the most vicious of the racketeers. They divert these hundreds of thousands of pounds of beef and pork from supplies for the armed forces and lend-lease shipments, besides raising havoc with the civilian market.

The operators seek out the farmer and buy what beef they can—and it is a substantial amount. They attend auctions and outbid packers who are restrained by price ceilings. They even resort to stealing, and there are reports from Western states telling of the activities of the modern rustlers who roam the ranges in trucks. After swooping down on herds of cattle, they drive their loads off along the trackless highways. They cannot be followed as could the rustlers of the old days who left hoofmarked trails on the range land.

FFEE
SUGAR
ER
BEEF

Bootleg beef may come from diseased cattle—butchered by gangsters. The speakeasy boys find a new and profitable racket in under-the-counter trade

**The black-market racket is in the hands of organized gangsters—the bootlegging racketeers and their present-day counterparts.**

The slaughtering is done before dawn. The meat is hauled away and distributed to buyers—who never know what they are getting. There is nothing sanitary about the slaughtering or the distribution. Filthy barns, sheds, or even open fields are often the scenes of illegal killing. None of the meat, of course, is inspected, and refrigeration, if any, is inadequate. The persons who buy meat on the black market have no way of knowing whether the animal was properly slaughtered or died of disease.

You don't get a government inspector's stamp on a bootleg roast of beef!

The Office of Price Administration is finding that its regulations are hard to enforce. It can't maintain "revenooers" behind every hill and in every clump of trees that might conceal a slaughter shed. The packer is the key man in the OPA's attempt at control. Working through him, account-book detectives can dig out small-time violators—if they keep books. But laying hands on the fly-by-nights is another matter.

The bootlegging butcher is ruining the packers who live by OPA rules. Markets in cities throughout the country have reported that their livestock supplies only 20 to 60 per cent of normal. And some hard-hit cities, such as Cleveland and Detroit, have additional thousands of newly arrived war workers to feed from this diminished supply. The packers can't meet the prices the bootleggers offer the farmers. There have been instances where livestock has been brought to city markets and, failing to bring black-market prices, shipped back to the country.

Truckers on their way to market have been stopped on the road. Bootleggers, with plenty of cash to do the talking, bought up the livestock on the spot.

The OPA, however, hasn't been idle. Nearly 1,500 investigators—half of the available OPA enforcement staff—have been working full time in an effort to clear up the meat black market. At Chicago they are

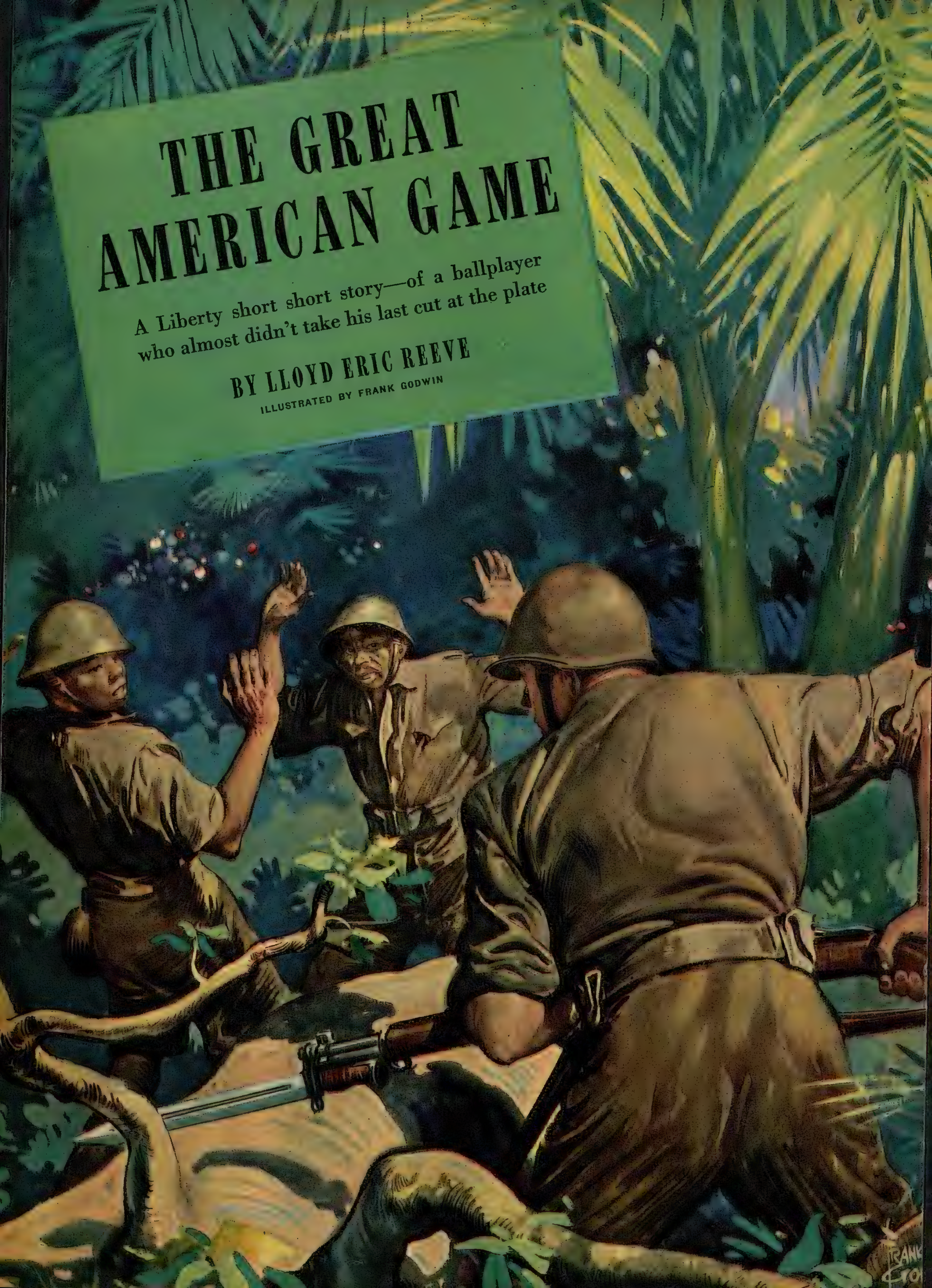
(*Continued on page 50*)

# THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

A Liberty short short story—of a ballplayer who almost didn't take his last cut at the plate

### BY LLOYD ERIC REEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



JIM TORGON kept himself flattened against the fuzzy trunk of the big palm. The two Nips up ahead, he decided, just about had him by the tail. They were crouched, spread apart and well protected, at opposite ends of a fallen tree, and for half an hour had been taking turns at drawing his fire. Every time he took a quick pot shot at one of them he partly exposed himself to the other's rifle. They were patient little devils. They knew, and he knew, that sooner or later one of those alternating shots was almost certain to get him.

If he only had time to aim! But he didn't. It was just shoot quick and duck. He'd already wasted a lot of powder. Well, he told himself, you can't live forever. But the gag was old, and he didn't like it. Not when he was telling it to himself.

Two down, he thought, and the last of the ninth.

It made him remember that late afternoon in Yankee Stadium only a few years ago. Only a few years ago, yet a far cry from Yankee Stadium, this steaming jungle half across a flaming world, cut off and cornered, the heavy rumble of the main battle growling slowly away to his left. Still, the feeling was a lot the same, two down and the last of the ninth. One run behind. And a pennant to be won or lost. Or a flag.

He must have shifted his body a fraction, because a rifle spat up ahead, and he heard the bullet's petulant whine. Automatically he drew the alternating shot by swinging sideways and snapping a quick angry shot in reply at a vanishing brown face, then ducking swiftly back.

"And not even close," he chided himself. "Mister, you'll never get yourself a cigar that way."

But even as a kid he could never resist taking his last cut at the plate.

Yankee Stadium that late summer afternoon, and the end of a hot pennant race. He'd made the spectacular catch in the first half of the ninth, one-handed, skidding on his shoulder smack against the bleachers—but keeping the gloved hand holding the ball high, so even that poor old blind man they called an umpire could see it. It had brought the stands screaming to their feet.

Then they were jogging in for their last chance at bat. The last of the ninth, a run behind, and the pennant in the balance. The pennant and all that good bonus dough!

Edder popped out, and then Peewee just stood there and watched the third strike go by. He even cursed late. Two down, and the last of the ninth, and now he was up.

The crowd began clamoring. They were remembering that catch he'd made. They were remembering he was Jim Torgon, that he was leading the league in home runs.

Actually, he'd had no intention of going to bat. He knew damn well he shouldn't—not this time—knew that he had to step aside for a pinch hitter. Let some one else take his last cut. Let some one else go to bat for him. He had to. He meant to.

And he didn't. He couldn't! Amazed, he found himself standing at the plate, standing there with his bat on his shoulder. Landon, the Sox pitcher, shifted his cud to the opposite cheek and studied him narrowly. And suddenly, then, Jim Torgon grinned and coolly pointed over the outfield fence. The Babe had done the same thing once, and made it stick. The crowd got it. They howled their wild delight, and Landon glowered, mad. Landon wanted to pitch to him. He didn't want to give up an intentional pass. He shook his head angrily at the catcher's repeated signal; but the catcher insisted, and then the Sox manager had rushed from the dugout. And Landon gave in, finally, after a heated argument at the box.

So he had worked them for a walk. They walked him, just as he had expected, gave him an intentional pass, rather than take a chance on the bat that was leading the league. And then Wilson had come up right after him and lambasted the hide clean off the ball, and the pennant was cinched, and they'd gone on to take the World Series.

IT was only after the game, down in the dressing rooms, that the crazy truth came out; and Jim Torgon even now chuckled to himself, remembering that wild scene. Two out and the last of the ninth, but you always had one last cut at the ball left—one way or another. And he never could resist taking it.

Another bullet from the Jap snipers sizzled the air, and again Torgon tried another quick pot shot in reply. He started to work the bolt, but it refused to close, and he knew suddenly that the rifle was empty. He ducked back, grabbing at his ammunition belt, and then he said, "Oh, no, you haven't, son. Not even *one* last cut left this time. You've shot yourself clean out of ammunition, you mug. You're just a busher in this league, after all!"

He hunched behind the big palm and tried to figure out the angles. Only, this time, there weren't any angles. Sure, the way behind him to his outfit was still open. But once he left this protecting palm, the two Japs would shred him with bullets, and that would be the last breakfast-food testimonial *he'd* ever make.

Well, at that, maybe there was one angle. A little one. It didn't smell so good, but still it was an angle. He could just hold up his hands and step out, yelling surrender. There was a chance they'd take him prisoner, not a good chance—not with these yellow beggars—but still a chance. When it's two down and the end of the ninth, and you can see only one chance, then that's the one you take. But this time he couldn't work a walk and make a victory. All he could do was to surrender, leave some one else to go to bat for him.

He had to. There wasn't anything else he could do. He meant to do it.

AND he didn't. He couldn't! Amazed, he suddenly found himself fixing his bayonet just as helplessly and cockily as he had walked up to home plate that late afternoon two years ago. Cursing himself a little bewilderedly, he plunged out from behind the palm, bayonet fixed, suddenly yelling like a Comanche, and charged toward the death nest ahead in great bounding leaps. Every step, he expected the hail of bullets that would mow him down.

And none came. Nothing happened at all until he was practically atop the log. And then two brown faces came bobbing up, chattering harshly. One managed in pidgin English, "Not kill! We surrender, please!"

Torgon stopped a bayonet thrust a scant inch in front of a brown belly. He stood there, panting, glaring bewilderedly at the two rifles the Japs had dropped.

"Honorable prisoners," the Jap said. "We can't shoot now. Our ammunition all gone."

Torgon blinked. "*Your* ammunition all gone?" he exploded. "Well, I'll be damned! And I almost didn't take my last cut at the plate!"

Suddenly he was laughing uncontrollably, remembering again that scene in the dressing room two years ago, when an enraged team physician had discovered he had broken his wrist in that spectacular catch, how he had still gone to bat and bluffed Landon for a walk that had won a pennant, knowing that if Landon should pitch to him he couldn't even lift the bat off his shoulder.

He said, "About face, and march, you sons! One thing all of you still got to learn is that Americans will always have one last cut coming. And just naturally they can't help taking it."

THE END

**thing happened until he was prac-
lly atop the log. Then two faces
ne bobbing up, chattering harshly.**

# BARNEY ROSS'S BIGGEST BOUT

A lifetime of walloping some of the toughest characters in and out of the ring paid off on Guadalcanal—where ex-welterweight champ Barney Ross permanently kayoed 22 Japs

### BY TED SHANE

OUT in Chicago an old lady sat proudly looking at a news dispatch from Guadalcanal. "He's my boy," she said, "and if that's what they want him to do, he'll do it."

The dispatch, dated November 22 and marked "Delayed," read, "They bounced 30 bullets off his tin hat and kept him ducking lead punches all night in a shell hole, but the fighting heart that never quit the ring stood up to the Japs on Guadalcanal and Marine Pvt. Barney Ross emerged winner and still champion."

In the somewhat hyper-colored language of the prize ring, this meant that the former welterweight champion and veteran of 400 fights had covered himself with glory in the greatest fight of all his thirty-three years.

Somewhere on Guadalcanal, Ross lay in a divisional hospital cot in a rude bosky spot, slightly wounded, a little shell-shocked, and shaking with malaria. But he was happy, for he knew the other boys who had been with him in that fight were O. K. too. His story was all over the island—how he had lain in a deathtrap for fourteen hours, defending three wounded men without regard for his own safety, and killing at least twenty-two Japs.

"You're a big hero, Barney," he was told. "You're going to get a medal."

A look of pain came into his eyes, an old look which had always been in them when he was fighting injustice. "Tell 'em to give it to the boys," he said. "This is no one-man show."

Born Barnet David Rasofsky in the overcrowded, garbage-scented lower East Side of New York City, Barney Ross had spent all his life fighting. When he was one year old, his parents, who had come from Russia thirty years before to escape persecution, had moved to Chicago, settling in the West Side.

Barney grew up in this seething melting pot flanked by hoodlums, gangsters-to-be. From eight to twelve he averaged two street fights a week. Despite his frailty and small size, he did well, winning a healthy respect for his dynamite-laden fist.

Barney was not a fighter by nature. He was forced into fighting by his environment. Rather a sensitive lad, he taught himself to play the piano and sing. He hoped some day to be a song writer in the Irving Berlin manner.

Early in the morning of December 14, 1923, three thugs walked into Papa Rasofsky's small grocery store and stuck him up. A customer in the store made a false move, and Papa Rasofsky fell dead. Young Barney was just leaving his tenement "to give pop a lift in the store before time for school." A friend came dashing up the stairs and told him what had happened.

The gunman who killed poor Isidore Rasofsky was colored. Years later, when Barney was matched to fight the fine colored fighter Henry Armstrong, a sports writer—sports in quotes—suggested it would make a great ballyhoo story if Barney would announce he still cherished a grudge against the colored people.

"Don't dare write anything like that," said Barney, thoroughly outraged. "I don't care if it would add $200,000 to the gate. It's a lie and a dirty one!"

Meanwhile, after the death of his pop, the fourteen-year-old boy helped mom with the store and kept on at high school as best he could. What he wanted most of all was to get his mother, whom he adored, out of poverty, and to release his brothers and sister—for he was one of six children—from an orphanage. He was a quick-witted, eager lad, skinny but energetic and good at figures. He got a job as a bookkeeper's assistant—brought home his first money proudly. "Look, mom," he said. "I got a job—it'll pay for your teeth. We'll be rich."

But Barney found you couldn't get rich that way.

Being a born athlete, wiry, highstrung, he began to drift into a neighborhood fight gymnasium. "Just for a workout," he explained, "to get those columns of figures out of my mind." He soon became the little fighting terrier of the club. Around 1926 his accomplishments as a boxer were unveiled in the Golden Gloves amateur tournaments. In 1929 he won the Chicago Golden Gloves and, for the first time since his babyhood, came to New York—where he won, by the hardest, his bout in the intercity series. Then he turned professional and, in Los Angeles, slammed a Mexican named Ramon Lugo into defeat in six rounds—for which he received $150. This was the most real money Barney had ever seen in his life, and he immediately extracted his brothers and sisters from that orphanage.

In Chicago, on June 23, 1933, he won the lightweight championship from Tony Canzoneri. Eleven months later his ring career reached its peak with the winning of the welterweight championship from Jimmy McLarnin. For some time he held two titles. Whenever he was fighting, his mother was at the ringside, watching him like a mother hen watching a prize chick, her lips moving in prayer when the going got tough.

His ring career came to an end when he was beaten by Henry Armstrong, the colored whirlwind. He had never been knocked out.

Some time later, after he had retired from the ring, he opened a "bar" in Chicago.

Two weeks before Pearl Harbor he sat in a dim, smoky, light-shrouded night spot in Chicago—once his own. Now he was out of business, broke, restless. He was thirty-two, a little haggard, and almost forgotten. You could hardly hear him above the chatter of the bar. But he was worried. "I can't sit around in a joint like this while guys are fighting and dying for us," he told some friends who had come in. "I've got to get into this war. I want to get in with those guys there." He pointed to two marines in the place. "I think I'm over the age limit and maybe there's something wrong with my eyes—I was hit over the eye with a baseball bat when I was a kid—

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Barney Ross of the ring, whom every boxing fan well remembers. He was lightweight and welterweight champion.

The Marine Corps's Barney with Father Gehring (left) on Guadalcanal. Those are "peace birds" on their shoulders.

# FREE TRAINING FOR WOMEN WAR WORKERS

The rudiments of war work are being taught in thousands of schools all over the country—Here's a close-up of a typical streamlined training course

### BY
### ELIZABETH BRYAN
### and
### KATHERINE BONNELL

GIRLS in "grease-monkey" clothes climbing on airplane engines—women grinding airplane parts—women doing the jobs that used to be done by mechanically minded men! Three and a half million women are in war work today, hundreds of thousands of them in aircraft production. This number is swelling daily as more thousands enlist in the women's industrial army. By the end of 1943 its number will total 6,000,000. According to War Manpower Commissioner Paul McNutt, 30 per cent of all industrial jobs will be filled by women before long.

Hands that rock the cradle or ripple over typewriter keys are being taught to build planes for our fighting men. Minds that plan family dinners are learning to read blueprints of airplane engines. Eyes accustomed to measuring yards of ribbon—or inches on the school ruler—are being taught to read micrometers which measure ten thousandths of an inch.

The women learn, and fast, by means of special training programs which have been set up to guide girls from home and office to places in war-production plants. Our government sponsors 2,600 free vocational schools in 1,513 cities, where women are taught mass-production techniques.

Each woman is taught a single operation on a single machine—one step in the co-ordinated effort that produces the finished product. She does not emerge overnight a master mechanic who can turn out from a blueprint and a chunk of metal a plane part ready to be assembled. To do this requires perhaps two dozen-odd operations and the skill, training, and experience of a master machinist. But in her short training period she learns to do well one of the steps in the process. Besides these government schools, there are private institutions and industry-sponsored schools which operate war-production training programs.

If your home is in a war-production area, there probably is a school near by which will familiarize you with the routine and lingo of industry. We live near the northern New Jersey aircraft area where engine and propeller production is going full speed ahead. Our curiosity led us to a typical free vocational school at Paterson which feeds women to the local plants. Close to 3,500 women have been trained there and placed with the Curtiss-Wright and Wright Aeronautical corporations.

Almost all these women have gone through the objection-to-factory-work phase. Any number have said, somewhere along the line, "Go to school again? Not me!" "Give up my old job? No indeed." "Miss a lot of fun? Nothing doing!" Others have felt, as many girls do, "scared to death of machines." Many confessed that a war job hadn't interested them until John or Bill or Dick had gone overseas, when suddenly their old nonessential jobs didn't count any more. The near-by factories became plants where women could get their teeth into real war work. And the Paterson training school became a necessary link between yesterday's work and today's.

The trainees whom we joined at school were typical everyday American girls. Hilda was a schoolteacher; Marge, a manicurist; Betty was the wife of a flyer overseas, and Dorothea the American-born widow of a Polish count. Grace and Shirley are a mother-and-daughter team who are combining their homes and careers for the duration. Our trainees came to school from 4 to 11.15 P. M. six nights a week for two weeks. During this time they were taught, tested, and toughened for the jobs which were open in the plants.

Of our group of seventy-three applicants, five were finally turned down—one because of very poor vision, one because of a heart ailment, two for excessive weight, and one because her temperament was a bit too flighty. Most of the girls found the entrance tests easy. The requirements boiled down to health good enough to do an average day's work, and an I. Q. sufficiently high for any ordinary job.

After Hilda, Betty, Marge, Dorothea, Grace, Shirley, and their classmates had been registered and accepted, we started "school" with them. The classroom was workmanlike. We felt efficiency in the atmosphere and in the emphatic "do's" and "don'ts" given out by the assistant director, Mr. Henry Bourhill: "Make the best effort you can; engine building is as important as engine flying. Arrive on time; this is a streamlined course that can't allow tardiness or absences. Pay strict attention; especially fine work will mean a place for you on engine assembly. Observe the safety rules; the Labor Department plans them for your well-being. Learn all you can during the first week about preliminary mathematics, science, measuring tools, and operations sheets, and your work in shop will be simplified greatly. Qualify during these two weeks, and a man's job, at a man's pay, will be yours."

With class-work assignments in hand, our girls were turned over to their instructors. We learned that these men had been culled from industrial and educational fields. The director, James Fraser Mason, had spent six years in industrial plants. Instruction had been streamlined to include only information basic to shopwork.

The girls found Mathematics a brush-up on grammar-school fractions and decimals. They concentrated on the combinations which would help them use gauges and measuring tools. The purpose of Science, as we saw the subject taught

(*Continued on page 47*)

**Girls training for war plant jobs learn that it's as easy to use a micrometer as a yardstick—once you know how. Below: Introduction to a machine.**

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

IT took a great deal of courage for Eleanor Chase, ace woman flyer, to join the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron. Major Bill Keith, with whom she is in love, passed on candidates for the WAFS, and Doris Taggart, a flying rival, was already in the service. Both Bill Keith and Doris believed some ugly gossip about Lennie and she knew that life in the WAFS would not be easy for her.

The gossip concerned the last headlined flight she had made—when she had lost her way and made a forced landing. Her navigator, Eddie Bonham, Bill's friend and the man Doris loved, had been killed. The rumor flashed around that Lennie had deliberately planned to be lost so that she could make the front pages of the newspapers, that she had sacrificed Eddie Bonham's life to get publicity.

It wasn't true, but Bill Keith believed it was. "You'll work hard in the WAFS," he warned Lennie, "and you won't get a bit of newspaper publicity out of it."

Lennie joined, and hoped with all her heart that she could prove to Bill that he was wrong about her.

Bill loved her, she knew—he had told her so one night just after he had returned from a ferrying trip to North Africa. But she knew, too, when he turned on his heel and walked swiftly away, that the ghost of Eddie Bonham had stepped between them.

The next time he came back from Africa, Bill was a casualty. The wound in his arm, the doctors said, would keep him out of the air for the duration. He told Lennie he was going to California to his mother, and made no mention of seeing her again.

"You—you once said you loved me," she reminded him desperately.

"That was before this happened. What's a man flyer who can't fly? What am I going to do for a living?"

Lennie thought about Bill all the way to Wichita, Kansas, where she and Doris and another WAFS flyer were sent to ferry planes from the factory to an Arizona airfield.

On the day she was to deliver her ninth plane, Lennie came down to breakfast in her Wichita hotel and found Bill waiting in the lobby. He told her he had been assigned to plan routes for the Transport Command. But he still said nothing about including her in any of his plans for the future. It hurt Lennie, too, that he was flying to Arizona with Doris Taggart instead of waiting until afternoon, when the plane *she* was to take would be ready.

Then came the news that Doris' plane was missing! Lennie begged to be allowed to search for it—she knew the route Doris usually took—but was told that army planes were out and would find Doris and Bill.

Frantic at the thought of Bill lying hurt, perhaps, somewhere in the mountains of New Mexico, Lennie took matters into her own hands. She jumped into a liaison plane with no radio in it, and flew off, westward, toward Bill!

# LADY WITH WINGS

### A dramatic conclusion to a novel of the WAFS

### BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

THE enormity of the thing she had done didn't strike Lennie with full force until she saw two of the planes that had been circling the field come thundering after her. They were fast pursuits that overtook her within a couple of miles. They passed fifty yards from her wingtips, and she could see their pilots waving her back toward the factory. No doubt they were in communication with the control tower, acting on instructions.

Now that she was in the air, however, Lennie had no intention of turning back. She could suffer no worse penalty if she flew on and located the wreck of Doris Taggart's plane. So she shook her head violently enough for the pilots to see, and pointed westward. If they wanted to fly with her, that was all right.

She glanced over the instrument panel. Her gas tanks were full, which meant she could stay up ten hours. The motor sounded sweet. As far as she could see and hear, everything was functioning smoothly. All she lacked was radio communication.

Well, if she found Doris Taggart's plane, she could either land near it to effect a rescue, or, if that proved impossible, she could plot its location and, going on to Penn Field, send army planes back to the spot. In any case, she was not going to swing around to the Granger plant.

Reaching up, she pulled the glass hood of the cockpit forward to shut herself in from the wind. In the sudden relief, she shivered. She had climbed to 2,500 feet, she saw. Kansas lay flat below her—a barren pattern of roads, railroad tracks, towns, creeks, and rolling hills.

*It may be the last time I look down from a plane I'm piloting,* she thought.

A hard little laugh broke from her, full of bitterness. Once she was expelled from the WAFS, she knew what they'd say: "Lennie Chase? Give her a chance to do something spectacular, something that'll attract attention, and that's all she asks." She might protest hysterically that she'd hopped off from Wichita only because she was familiar with the route Doris Taggart had always taken to Penn Field. They wouldn't accept that; they'd echo the words of Wallace Davitt: "She couldn't have hoped to do better than twelve army planes."

Roaring on at 200 miles an hour, she looked back at the two pursuits. They could, she supposed, force her down, if they were determined to stop her. With gunfire. This was war, and she had no right to be in the sky. She hadn't been cleared.

Yet she was confident those pilots wouldn't resort to drastic measures. After all, they knew who she was and why she had hopped off from Wichita. Control knew, too. They might curse and revoke her license and throw her out of the WAFS, but they wouldn't shoot her down.

Five minutes later, when the pursuits banked away, it was obvious that nothing further would be done. They had tried and failed. The sky was hers now—at her own risk.

She stepped up the plane's speed to 220. That was close to its maximum. She wanted as much daylight as possible over the mountains. According to her calculations, that was where Doris Taggart had dropped out of sight—somewhere among the New Mexico peaks. Or in the lower, gentler Huecos.

*If Doris left Wichita at nine and*

*had ignition trouble at eleven, she had probably made about 400 miles,* Lennie reasoned.

Far behind her the pursuits had disappeared. She looked ahead, squinting against the sun. When she glanced down, she saw few towns now. Occasionally there was a ranch house set in an endless flat range, dark with its winter barrenness. Had a plane been wrecked down there, she would have seen it easily.

Twice, far ahead in the west, she saw specks that were other planes. Probably army flyers who were searching. Each time, however, she lost them in the sun. It blazed squarely into her eyes; she had to keep them slitted to see clearly.

By five she was flying at 7,000 feet over the crags of New Mexico's sierras. The sun was low, almost sitting on a horizon as jagged as the country below her. It was cold up here, bitingly cold, and yet she was hardly aware of that. She was too intent on seeking landmarks.

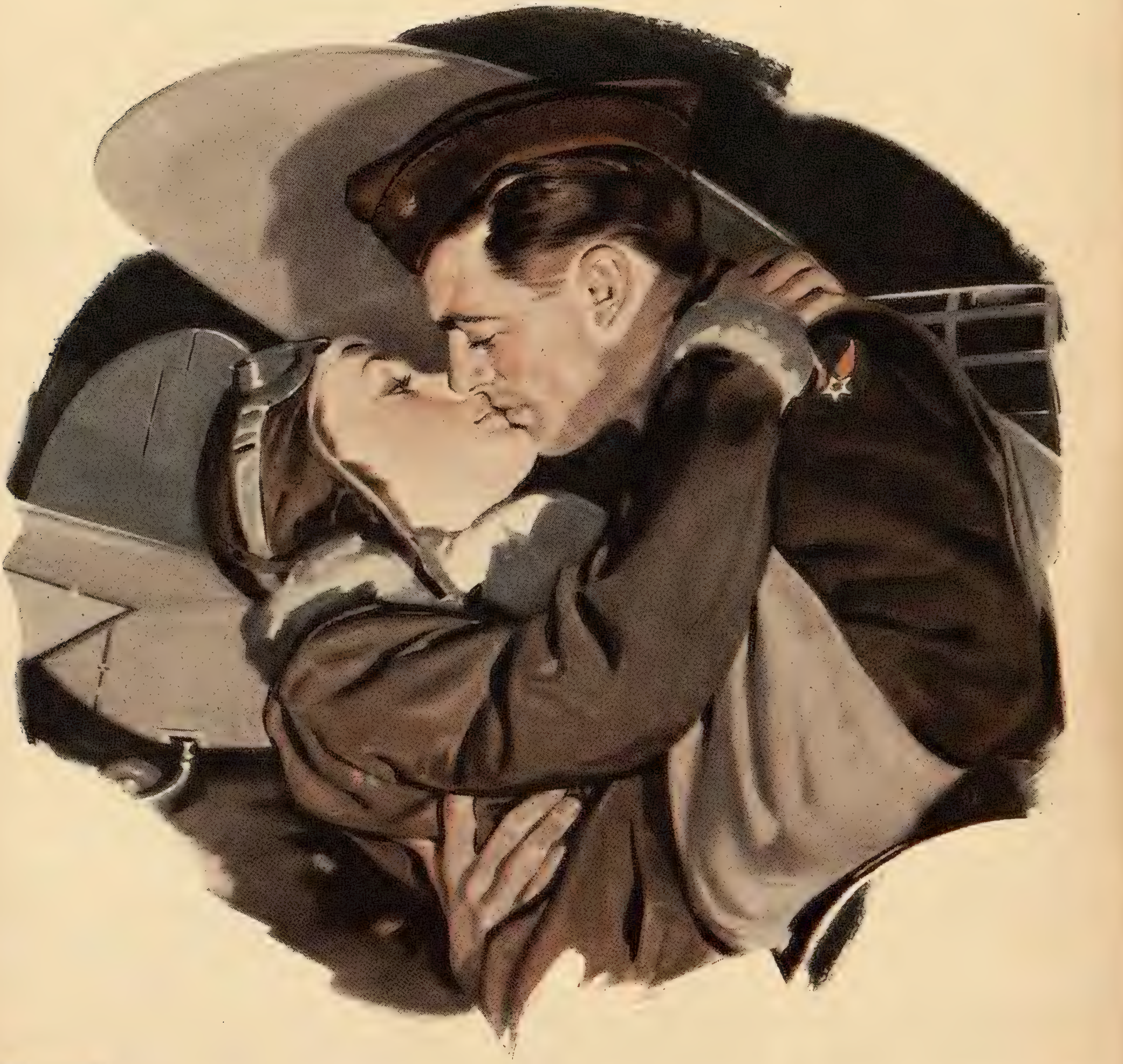
Whenever she saw them, she searched the wilderness under her wings—peaks that rose in austere jagged gloom above the timber line; twisted valleys and arroyos and canyons, their depths black with shadows. Here and there an isolated high mesa, spotted with rocks that were red and brown and even gold. In its way, it was all glorious. When she had flown over this land to deliver planes, she had marveled at its beauty. Now it no longer seemed beautiful—only rugged and lonely and desolate.

The sun disappeared. And suddenly, when she had been up some three hours, she realized she was over Arizona.

Below her the mountains were dwindling into hills; the foothills were rolling down toward mesquite- and chaparral-covered flatlands that would eventually reach the desert. Far ahead she could see a ranch—the small white house and the barns and, beyond, dark specks that she knew were bunches of cattle.

Lennie banked sharply. With her back to the fading twilight colors, she headed again for the mountains.

*Doris couldn't have come this far,* she thought. *From here to Penn Field*



"If you don't kiss me this minute, I'll—" He didn't let her finish.

*there's a hundred miles of rangeland. She'd have been seen long ago.*

No. If Doris Taggart's plane were lost—wrecked—it must be somewhere back in the jumble of those mountains; hidden in the shadows of some canyon or splintered among trees. She had missed it on her first crossing. She had to try again. Her face was drawn and resolute. She intended to continue searching as long as she had gas. And when the tanks were almost empty, she would race for the safety of Penn Field.

Darkness came swiftly, and with it a round moon rose in the east. In the new light the aspect of the mountains changed. They were no longer gray rock and green timber; they no longer showed red-tinted bluffs. All was black—a vast heaving region with deeper black to indicate canyons, and an occasional glint of silver where moonlight glanced off quartz-filled stone.

She flew at 8,000 feet. To go lower would have meant to risk a smash into some peak. The night air became bumpy. A new wind rose to slap at the wings.

But, worst of all, the darkness brought pangs of loneliness and despair.

Only in darkness did the sense of being alone high above the earth become fantastic, almost unbearable. You looked at the stars, and you were frightened. Somehow, you felt you had no right to be up here. This was not man's domain. You were an interloper. A trespasser in skies that were cold and still and hostile.

LENNIE shuddered.

She mustn't look at the stars. She mustn't think of herself. She had to keep on searching. The landmarks were still discernible in moonlight. She flew over them as low as she dared, the engine droning steadily, pulling her through the night at 160 miles an hour. It took an hour and a half to recross the mountains, and still she saw nothing.

But there was enough gas for some five hours of additional flight; and so, doggedly, she banked around and started westward again. With the moon higher behind her, she could see more clearly. Sometimes she could peer down into the depths of arroyos.

It must have been close to nine o'clock when, far to the south, she spied a speck of fire.

At the sight of it, she caught her breath in a gasp. It was—it *must* be—a signal fire! For what other reason would any one build a flame high among those crags?

Her whole being began to pound as she banked and opened the throttle wide. The plane leaped ahead, streaking like a bullet toward the distant fire.

And as she flew Lennie prayed. A fire meant at least one of them, Doris or Bill, was alive, able to gather wood and start a blaze. Her prayers centered on Bill. She couldn't help that. And her eyes, watching the fire come nearer, higher, were desperate with anxiety.

Though it was reckless to fly too low among those crags, she dropped to 500 feet above the narrow mesa.

She could guess now what had happened. Finding her plane useless, Doris Taggart had sought some bit of flat land on which to put it down. It must have been a desperate search, with air speed dwindling every second. When she had spied this tableland, she had probably dived for it. . . .

At 300 feet above the fire Lennie saw the plane itself in the shadows of a bluff. Its fuselage and wings were tinted red by the glow. It didn't appear to be damaged, and that filled her with a rush of hope.

An instant later she saw two figures running into the firelight. She was past them in the same second that she spied them, but as she banked to come back her heart sang. One of them was Bill Keith, and the other was Doris Taggart, and the energy with which they waved indicated that they hadn't been hurt.

*I can pick them up,* Lennie thought. *I can land if they did.*

She flashed her lights to signal as she passed them again. They were close to the fire now, staring up. In the moonlight she could see that the mesa offered plenty of flat ground. Of course there might be stones strewn over it, but she was willing to risk that. Afterward, if she succeeded, she could squeeze Bill and Doris into her cockpit and rush them to Penn Field.

Crossing low over the fire once more, Lennie studied the wisps of gray smoke that streamed from it. They gave her wind direction. Bill and Doris were still gaping up as at a miracle, now and then lifting an arm.

She couldn't avoid a smile. *They can't know who's up here,* she thought. *It's going to give them quite a jolt.*

But that was of little consequence. The important thing, the thing over which Lennie rejoiced, was the fact that she had found them and they were unhurt. She banked into the wind. She cut the motor and floated down to as gentle a landing as she could manage.

It wasn't bad. The ground was stony and uneven, so that the plane bounced a bit as it taxied along, but she brought it to a safe stop within a hundred yards of the fire.

Through the glass hood of the cockpit she saw Bill Keith and Doris run toward her. They hadn't yet recognized her. Pulling off her goggles and helmet, Lennie opened the door and jumped to the ground.

UP to a point it was as she had expected it to be. Bill Keith and Doris Taggart were stupefied. With the campfire leaping behind them, they stopped and stared as if she were a hallucination. Finally Bill whispered:

"Lennie!"

She was stripping off her gloves. "Lord, it's good to see you're all right!" she said. She laughed in sheer relief, waved to her plane. "Hop in! I'll run you home." Her glance swept over Doris Taggart's Granger liaison. "What happened to it?" And she saw suddenly that one of its landing wheels was broken. That meant it couldn't take off. She pressed, "Ignition force you down?"

Neither of them answered. They looked at each other, then back at Lennie; and their eyes were wide with bewilderment.

"I'm real," she assured them.

"For heaven's sake, Lennie," Bill managed, "what—what ever made you do a thing like this?"

"It's the old Girl Scout in me. Anything you want to take out of your plane before we start?"

"But, Lennie—" Bill Keith stopped. He seemed addled.

"Why all the astonishment?"

Doris Taggart answered now. And, to Lennie's consternation, her tones held downright disgust. "We *ought* to be astonished," Doris said. "But, frankly, I'm not. It's just about what we might have expected."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"It'll make quite a story, won't it? *Eleanor Chase Rescues Stranded Flyers.*"

Lennie's body went numb. She hardly knew whether to be indig-

(*Continued on page 66*)

---

**Jim Hurd, novelist and commentator, brilliant, unsettled, torn between his rock-ribbed New England conscience and his own desires, was loved by four women.**

## THE WHOLE HEART

### By Helen Howe

tells their stories and his. An abridgment to one evening's reading time of this widely discussed first novel will appear in Liberty

*Next Week*

# WHITE MAN'S FOLLY

### By VANYA OAKES

A Roving Correspondent's Inside Report on the Far East

In Asia, our strongest ally against our most implacable enemy is China — a country and a people akin to us in many ways, whom we should know better.

This report by a girl who got around reveals much of the mind and spirit of China — and also gives an illuminating picture of the East, which will be our neighbor after the war.

A Liberty BOOK

ABRIDGED TO ONE EVENING'S READING TIME

FOR generations there had been at least one Oakes in the Orient continuously. An Oakes who was a skipper in the old Canton Clipper days. . . . An Oakes trading along the Yangtze when it was first opened to steam navigation. . . . An Oakes in West China on a geographic-survey expedition. . . . My father in Manila for the International Banking Corporation. And so, unworthy to succeed such stalwarts, I arrived in Shanghai.

I had come to China to live—and by that I mean, to earn my living. I had just graduated from college, and, as much to escape a librarian's job which had been offered me as for any other reason, I said I was going to the Orient. Of course, it sounded romantic and important at the time, and it would also place me squarely in the frame of the family tradition.

Another contributing factor was that I seriously wanted to learn about the Orient. At first I thought I should support myself by teaching; but I hadn't been in Shanghai long when I decided my best chance to get to know the East was in journalism. I was lucky to strike a berth on the China Press, an English-language newspaper aimed primarily at the growing English-speaking Chinese population. I began working as the most lowly of lowlies, a cub reporter. But it was a beginning. It was also an incentive to take Chinese lessons, and it taught me some interesting things about the Chinese mind.

By established custom, the first step for a foreign missy was to acquire a capable Number 1 boy and a cook. As soon as the boy had mastered the idiosyncrasies of the new missy, including how much of the sugar, whisky, and other palatable supplies he could comfortably count on pilfering for himself, he took over the entire management of the establishment. He managed the coolies, the wash-amahs, the gardener, and—perhaps as significant as anything else—attended to rounding up the current gossip from the servants of Missy's friends.

I established myself in the mind of my boy as a definitely low-grade person when I let it be known that here was an American who was going to deal in person with

Copyright, 1943, by Vanya Oakes. Published in the United States of America by the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Price, $2.50.

her tailor. The Chinese tailor as an individual is a person of granite opinions. You swear a thousand times that he'll never do another stitch for you, but somehow he goes serenely on, telling you what you ought to have and seeing that you get it.

I learned this, once and for all, by ordering a skirt. I selected the material and explained the cut. We came to grips immediately over the length.

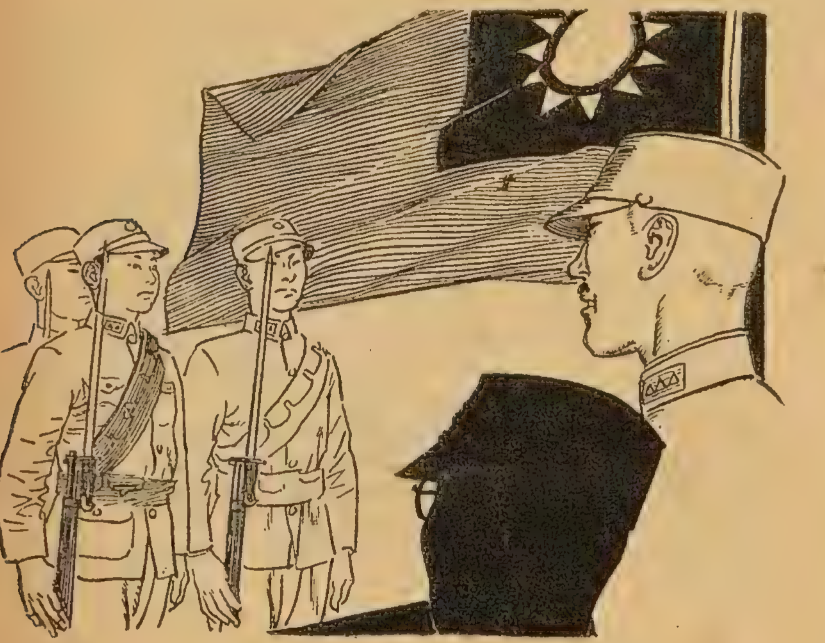
"But," said my tailor, "in the picture books more short."

Tartly I shut the picture book which was his tailor's Bible. "It makes no difference. Make the skirt the length I talkee." His face came as near reddening as a Chinese face can come. "All other missies Shanghai will wear so short. Shall then be no-good American Missy wear all-time bad length?"

"Tailor," I said with firmness, "I do not want skirt so short. No talkee so much."

"Yes, Missy," said the tailor with sudden submissiveness. "What day for try?"

On the appointed day he came with the skirt. The length was not as I wanted it but as he wanted it. I exploded, I shouted, I raved, I threatened. The tailor regarded me with interest and without awe. With a parting admonition that he keep strictly to my instructions, I let him go. "Yes, Missy," he said with politeness, backing out.



He came back with the finished skirt. The skirt was not my length but his. "This belong proper," he said firmly, stemming the words ready to pour from my lips in a cataract.

I looked at him. Suddenly I felt all wilted. In the end I should wear the skirt as he told me—I could see that. It taught me how to sympathize with the Generalissimo when he said a section of railway was to be laid here and those who were going to lay it said, "No; it is to be laid *here*."

One day the tailor announced to me summarily that he had a cousin, a furniture-maker, and as it was clear I wanted some furniture, he would arrange for me to become his patron. I asked with a puny asperity how he knew I wanted furniture.

He smiled at me indulgently. "Oh, boy have talkee," he said, meaning that my Number 1 boy, being in the habit of fetching me gossip of other households, was nothing loath to spread news of my own. With what dignity I could muster, I said he might send along his cousin.

The cousin arrived with a measuring stick and an ornate album, the "picture book" for furniture. When I had looked through it and was preparing to communicate my choices to him, he started to talk.

"Wantchee this fashion, Missy," he said, and it was not a question but a statement of imminent fact. "This side one piece chair—here one piece chair, one piece table—here desk, and one piece chair for fireplace."

I had a lightning sense of rout. This was going to be a repetition of the skirt incident, and even if I felt as hearty as a stevedore—which I did not—I might just as well give up first as last. I made a last stand, but none knew better than I how feeble it was.

"I'll need another chair besides," I said.

"No more place for one piece chair more," he said.

I said, "Oh, yes; over there in the corner." I added, loathing myself for explaining, that I should be having people in, lots of people, and must have plenty of chairs for them to sit on.

"Oh," said he with contempt, "one piece extra chair—my savvy. But—no wantchee good chair, all same others. This too dear. More better one piece this fashion." He flipped over the pages of his picture book to a chair of no style whatever, just a chair. No, I said. That chair wouldn't match the others.

He looked at me as one gazes at a fractious child. "Missy, this extra chair can make so-fashion," he said patiently. "Can puttee in bathroom if no wantchee use. Good chair cost ten dollar, this-fashion extra chair cost four dollar. This can do." He sauntered away, his long gown trailing mockingly.

In due time my furniture was delivered. Then my woodwork was painted and my curtains made under the scornful supervision of the furniture-maker—by cousins of his, from whom he, of course, received a commission.

### How the Chinese Get Results

VIA my tailor and his countless relatives, I was receiving a speedy and profound lesson in the Chinese nature. For instance, the quiet tenacity—a quality the Japanese were to learn to rue. For another thing, however far around the Chinese may go, he gets home in the end. At any number of points I should have guaranteed that the studio I eventually got would bear not the slightest resemblance to the one I wanted. Actually, it turned out exactly as I planned and wanted it. I learned that with any undertaking—be it cooking a meal or building a Burma Road—it is the invariable habit of the Chinese to establish first a basic atmosphere of chaos and destruction. To this is added the most appalling element of noise. But after a time, and quite suddenly, out of it all will emerge the desired thing—an almost offhand producing of the original objective.

I had my first impression of the gift of the Chinese mind for realism when I came in one day and found the tailor scrutinizing one of my Christmas cards. It was a picture of the Manger, and Mary and the Infant Jesus, and the Three Wise Men.

"Missy, what thing this?" said the tailor, unabashed at rummaging about in my things. "Before have plenty time see in other missies' house tree and Santa Claus and white rain. But this fashion—no see."

I launched into an interpretation of the Nativity. At the conclusion the tailor shook his head cheerfully and said: "No savvy. I savvy these master will bring present, all same Chinese New Year. I savvy this lady belong mother small baby. But, Missy, this no belong proper house—this for horse."

I explained the lady was so poor she had no house.

"But, Missy, where father? No have got job?"

Swallowing hastily, I stammered that there was no father. The tailor stared at me with a kind of contemptuous horror. Of course he had always known that foreigners were stupid. But this was beyond everything. How could even a foreigner suppose there could be a baby without a father?

Somewhat red in face, I tried to explain the Immaculate Conception. The tailor's eyes widened, bugged out. Too bad! Crazy Missy, talking about baby without father.

Slowly, with severity, he laid the Christmas card down on the table. "I no savvy how fashion this small baby so good—only beggar baby," he said disdainfully. "So poor can no catch proper house." I grew flustered, trying hurriedly to make out a respectable case for Christianity. He kept murmuring, "Small baby in a horse house," accusingly. In desperation I gave up. It meant leaving him to think ill—very ill indeed—of Christianity, but I couldn't seem to help it.

There is a Chinese proverb which says, "Put him off till tomorrow, and then another tomorrow; thus do you comfort his heart." I am convinced that—at least, until the actual outbreak of the war—that was the motto of all officials and diplomats, both Chinese and foreign, in all the confusion of a changing China. It was virtually impossible to get a definite statement about anything from any official. You could get words, yes; all the words you wanted or had time to listen to. At first I faithfully took down every one. Then it began to be borne in on me that in China words are often meaningless. An official is perfectly willing to spend hours spinning words at you. But at the outset he has made up his mind precisely how much information he will disclose, and beyond that point all is mere verbiage.

I soon collided with another national quirk. Ask a Chinese a question—say, "Is there going to be war with Japan?" or "How far is it to such-and-such a village?" —and, regardless of the facts, he will simply estimate what he believes you would *prefer* to hear. An official quoted as saying that war with Japan was absolutely inevitable might easily turn right around and tell a reporter that such an idea was nonsense. I have more than once walked three hours to reach a village I had been assured was but ten minutes away. After all, the sun was very hot. Foreign Missy would not like to think of walking three hours in the heat. So "comfort her heart" by telling her the village was within ten minutes!

After my apprenticeship with the China Press I went to work for the United Press as a member of the Shanghai staff. In 1936 I made a trip up the Yangtze. What I saw in North China, Manchuria, and Korea gave me what I considered abundant evidence that grave trouble was brewing, and I wanted to write about it for foreign consumption. In Hankow I had gathered an impression of the improvement in China's economy which amazed me and which I knew very well Tokyo frankly feared. The constant movement of troops on the Hankow-Peking railway, open military and economic-military activities in Manchuria, Japanese manipulation in North China—these were all visible danger signals.

But to my suggestion that I do a series of short pithy pieces which would warn, not necessarily predict, my bureau chief replied hastily, "Say, lady, this is a news bureau, not a missionary society."

Being young and enthusiastic, I persisted, "But I think the situation is moving fast, growing serious, and that journalism will have to move with it."

Whereupon he lost patience with me. "You're hired as a reporter, not a thinker," he remarked firmly.

As I look back on it, that was typical of the concept of journalistic policy in the Far East. A complicated international situation was to be "reported" as though it were a fire on Main Street in Pleasantville.

I think it is interesting to remember that the policy was laid down in press home offices in New York, and that it was not a case of newsgatherers being thwarted by Far-Eastern meddling. For myself, I devoted my time in the Orient to one frantic and consistent plea: "Wake up, America!" There was no longer any doubt in my mind that the Western Powers were going to be struck, and struck hard. To say that my pleas fell on distinterested ears is putting it exceedingly mildly.

## Old School vs. Flying School

ONE day I was visiting a family of Chinese friends—the Wus. The family consisted of the elder Wu, a Chinese gentleman of the old school; Dr. Jimmie, who had studied at Johns Hopkins and was now on the staff of a Chinese hospital; Jack, recently graduated from college; David, a sophomore at the same college; and Gladys, the daughter, a girl of about fifteen.

I had met the Wus when I first came to Shanghai, through a letter of introduction to the father, and we had become fast friends. I had received many kindnesses at their hands. Late one afternoon, Dr. Jimmie Wu suddenly appeared, asking me to come along to some sort of family conclave. A newly arrived Occidental being invited to take a part in the intimate affairs of an ultra-conventional Oriental family! But of course I went.

Well, the story was that the second son, Jack, having graduated in the spring, had gone on a visit upcountry to relatives. He had asked to talk formally with honorable parent the moment he returned. What about? About what he—Jack—was going to do with his life!

"My son will go into the business of his family," old Wu murmured complacently.

"But I have already been to a doctor," said Jack.

"A doctor? Is my son ill?"

"Oh, no. I have been to a doctor because I wish to fly."

"You wish to fly, and have gone to see a doctor?"

"Yes, father. That is customary. It is the first step."

"You must be mistaken. The young make mistakes. When I myself flew to Peking, it was no event for a doctor."

"You don't understand, father. I am going to learn to fly the *fee-gee* myself."

For some moments old Wu was speechless. Was this what came of educating the young?

When I was summoned, the family debate had been in progress some days. Old Wu had at least inquired about the flying school. Yes, there was such a one. It was run by General Chiang Kai-shek, and in it young men were trained to be able to kill the enemy (if they studied bombing) and to protect the Chinese people (if they studied pursuit flying). It all sounded very strange to old Wu. But he could understand that if his son joined this school he would then be a soldier—a special sort of soldier, to be sure, but a soldier nevertheless. Which was unthinkable for a son of the house of Wu. Then it had all happened. Jack had said he was very sorry that his honorable parent did not approve, but that it was already done—he was enrolled in the school and would leave shortly for Hangchow, where the school was.

Dumfounded, old Wu had flown into a rage.

As I went back in the car to my house, the whole episode began to take on a prophetic relationship to me. The thing I must do was take a trip, as extensive a trip as possible, to see how much the thing that was happening in the house of Wu was happening elsewhere up and down China. So, one July morning, I started off down the Whangpoo—the "Little Yellow River" which was to become the key to the destiny of China, a force important to the peace of the whole world. I was on my way to cover a small fraction of what I wanted to see—up the Yangtze to Hankow, over the railway to Peking, on through Manchuria and Korea to Japan, then back to Shanghai.

Once on the Yangtze one is, unforgettably, in China. In a matter of moments all the monuments to Western invasion are gone—gray factory buildings, grim vessels of war, multi-portholed ocean liners. There is only China: the jade greenness of rice fields, the ancient swirl and flow of life, the imperishable contradictions of a country stirring after centuries of sleep.

## Djing Baw Joins the Army

OUR first stop was Anking. I decided to seize the opportunity to go ashore, not only to look around but to visit a teahouse or two in order to listen to what the town was talking about. In one I encountered a very young boy in a very new uniform.

"Djing Baw," he said, when I asked his name—which means "bag of gold." He was the eldest son of the local cloth merchant, Liu, he told me, and was on his first leave. He told me how he had become a soldier. In the course of doing an errand for his father, Djing Baw came to the teahouse to warm his lungs with a bowl of hot tea, for the bitter wind was over the city. And there he heard about a big fighting that was to be, a big fighting against the Japanese men. Then in came a man in a fine coat, with some sort of gold-colored ribbon on it. He walked up to Djing Baw and said, "Well, you're a fine big fellow. How would you like to join the army?"

"The army?" Djing Baw did not understand.

"Would you like to be a soldier?"

"Oh, a soldier. Well, no. Thank you, sir. Not today."

The man laughed. "I didn't mean today. But soon. Soon we shall want all the fine young men like you. For there is going to be a Big Trouble."

"Well, no, thank you, sir," Djing Baw said, pleased. "You see, sir, I am soon to take my father's place in the shop. The shop of Liu the cloth merchant. So I shall not have any time to be a soldier. Thank you, sir."

"Yes, yes," said the man. "Well, just put your name here, and the name of the street where you live." This made Djing Baw feel important, and he thought it could do no harm that all should see that he could make his name.

In the evening, when the Liu family was around the table for the evening rice, and the bean-oil lamp was lit, Djing Baw told his father what had happened. But for a whole moon everything in the house of the cloth merchant Liu was as before. Then a man in a big coat with a gold-colored ribbon on it came to the shop.

"You are Liu the cloth merchant? I have come from the national government for your son. See, his name is here. Djing Baw. A fine son. Big and strong. He will be paid ten dollars a month, and food, and a place to sleep."

"Oi-yeh!" old Liu gasped in amazement. Ten dollars!

"He will get the boat for Nanking on Tuesday at the big stone wharf."

"But he cannot go to Nanking," said Liu pleasantly. "He can be a soldier here."

"We want soldiers in Nanking, not here, old one!"

And so Djing Baw had become a soldier, he told me. It was hard for him to learn. He asked questions cheerfully of men in fine suits trimmed with gold ribbons, and they yelled at him and said for him to salute and say "Sir." They pulled off his tunic, they punched him here and poked him there, and choked him with a piece of wood on his tongue. "Breathe!" they shouted at him. "I am breathing," he said, wondering if they were crazy with a sickness in the head. They pointed at him and cried, "You have lice!" and they rubbed him all over with an evil-smelling soap, and poured water on him, and more water, and more.

"Where is my gold ribbon?"

"You must learn to be a good soldier first," they laughed at him. "Then, when you have worked very hard, you will have a gold ribbon."

"I thought I would try," Djing Baw told me there in the teahouse, fingering a bit of gold ribbon on his tunic. "I wanted to have a gold ribbon."

One day the captain spoke to them thus: "This morning, in a few minutes, the general in command of all of China, General Chiang Kai-shek, is coming to inspect you. And after that he will talk to you."

The greatest one of them all! He was coming! Inside, Djing Baw felt his stomach go queer. Suppose he should forget something. How to stand, how to hold the gun, how to turn right, left. Think of it! Djing Baw, son of Liu the cloth merchant, was going to see the Greatest One of Them All!

The captain shouted an order to come to attention. "He comes now!"

## The Generalissimo Speaks

THEN—there he was. Why, he looked just like any soldier! No gold ribbons at all. He began to speak, the Greatest One. Why, even his words were nothing! Not long, learned sentences that could only be understood by scholars, but short simple sentences that even he, Djing Baw, could understand. Djing Baw felt cheated. That was not what a general, and the greatest of all generals, should be like!

The Greatest One told them that maybe soon they would have to fight the enemy, maybe before the autumn harvests. It would be a Big Trouble, and they would have to fight hard. And they must always think that they were fighting for China, not for themselves, not even for the officer in charge of them. They must think only of helping China. And if any of them was a traitor to China, he would be shot.

It would be a long war, maybe many years, the Greatest One said. (Ai-yah! thought Djing Baw.) The soldiers of China must never be downhearted at a defeat, but it was even worse to be too happy after a victory. They must only think that they were doing their duty to China and to their ancestors, fighting for the people of China. And they must always do as their officers told them. "Soon I shall call upon you, soldiers of China," said the Greatest One. "To fight for the people of China."

Djing Baw forgot all about gold ribbon and maybe even a silver medal. Djing Baw thought only of the Greatest in All the World, his General. He would fight for him, fight until he died.

I watched Djing Baw smiling over his bowl of steaming tea. All the walls of China were not enough, it seemed, to keep out the New Thing.

Hankow was nicknamed the Chicago of China. At best, it was as bleak and colorless as most industrial cities. But it was fast growing. It boasted not only flour and cotton mills and China's largest ironworks, but also served as a clearinghouse for much of the agricultural produce from the rich Yangtze Valley and West China. I stayed in Hankow just long enough to get out—about a week—which is to say that every day I would think I had a reservation on the Peking train, and every day some general had commandeered it.

## A "Can-Do" Railroad Train

PERHAPS if I had known better I should not have been in such a fever to get aboard the Hankow-Peking train; but I had neither traveled by train in China before, nor had I applied any imagination to what it might be like. When you make up a train of cars no two of which are alike, either in shape or color or approximate size, you are bound to have an eccentric creation. Some of the cars were green, some brown, some black; the ensemble looked like a roguishly camouflaged caterpillar. And the engine! It looked like an enlargement of the glass engines one can buy in sweetshops, containing bright sugary candies.

I had a compartment to myself in the Continental-style carriage. It had a fan and a door that would close, so I took off most of my clothes. I had noticed that the Chinese aboard took off their outer gowns before settling down, and in some cases even more. There was a certain accompaniment of noise from the next compartment, occupied by a middle-aged Chinese with two young girls whom I took to be his daughters; but as the trip progressed and I was finally able to catalogue the odd sounds, I learned that the girls were his concubines. As they were violently jealous of each other, the noise I heard was their spitting at each other like two cats. They kept it up all the way to Peking. The gentleman, on the contrary, was scarcely heard after we had got a few minutes out of Hankow.

Crossing the Yellow River bridge, I came upon another illustration of the Chinese idea. "That's good enough—can do." The train crew let you know of the approach to the bridge, and you then went out and stood on the platform until the train had crossed the river. This curious custom was due, I found, to the bridge's having been condemned many years earlier. No one had bothered to see that the bridge was rebuilt, but the idea had grown up that if the bridge should give way it would be preferable to be standing on the platform, whence one would presumably just slide into the river, rather than being trapped inside a car. When the fighting broke out in that area, the bridge was destroyed; so the Sino-Japanese War had one good effect, at least, in forcing the building of a new bridge.

I made it a practice to hop out at every stop, along with the farmers and their chickens and pigs and babies and loaded baskets. Protecting my eyes with dark glasses, I was forever an object of fascinated curiosity. There was nothing importunate about their interest in me. All they asked was to get a good look at my glasses. Once or twice I took them off and let some Chinese child look through them, whereupon the bystanders would rock with laughter and exchange streams of chatter among themselves. No one asked me where I was going, what I was doing in China, if I liked it, why I wore dark things across my eyes. I found out that the country folk in China regarded such things merely as part of a passing play about which they had no questions that seemed important enough to ask.

The wise foreigner soon learns not to probe, either. At one station I made the mistake of addressing a purely casual question to an old man on the platform. It was his obvious age that impressed me.

"How old are you?" I asked, with not more than casual interest.

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"How old?"

"Yes, how old."

"How old am I?"

"Yes; how old are you?"

The bystanders closed in about us. A wave of chatter rose, sounding like a big flight of enormous bees. Laughter. The question tossed from one to another. The old man provided each newcomer with a strict account of events up to that moment, all rather in the vein that the town had suddenly and unaccountably been visited by a crazy person from the West with a peculiarity of wishing to know crazy things, such as how old one was.

At the larger stations we always encountered civil-engineering crews. China was pushing construction on all sorts of communications, and surveying and telephone and telegraph units—all Chinese—were buzzing about like flies. Most of the men were unusually young. "My goodness!" said one of them to me. "This language business is awful. I am from Peking, so I speak Mandarin. My assistant is from Canton. Sometimes we can't understand each other, and all the time we can't make the local people understand either of us!"

"How do you manage, then?"

"Oh, when we get stuck on Mandarin or Cantonese, we use English!" he laughed.

On every siding we passed carload after carload of soldiers who were waiting to get back onto the main track. The farther north we went, the more hundreds of soldiers. At the larger stations there were always new batches of recruits. Many of them were mere boys. Sandwiched in among the troop cars were flatcars loaded with machine guns and pieces of heavier artillery, and occasionally we passed an armored train.

## A War Cloud Plain to See

AS WE passed north the countryside took on the unmistakable appearance of a country at war. Officers got on at flag stops. Once we were delayed an hour, waiting for a general. Convoys of soldiers and supplies were hitched onto the train. Every once in a while we noticed soldiers guarding piles of something heavily covered over with tarpaulin—presumably they were ammunition dumps—and on long stretches between stations we would notice truck and animal caravans being loaded and starting off for some inland destination.

I was astonished. In Shanghai there had been no talk of anything on such a scale. I was agreeably surprised, too, at the appearance and morale of the soldiers. All I had heard about the Chinese soldier had come via the gossip of the old China hands who, having been caught in some of the interminable complications with the war lords, dismissed all Chinese soldiers as either bandits who stole everything they could lay their hands on, or out-of-work ricksha coolies who hoped by this means to get free rice. It had been said that their uniforms were mere shreds, their rifles utterly useless. None of the soldiers I saw on the way to Peking conformed in the slightest to this dismal description. True, their cotton uniforms were faded, but that could not be helped under the summer sun; and though their armament was plainly not of the most modern sort, their rifles were certainly not rusty. The principal disparity with the stories I had heard was in the discipline. The soldiers seemed to me uncommonly quiet and orderly.

When I got out at a station, I asked a captain who spoke some English where the troops were going. "Oh, we're transporting munitions back into the mountains," he said. He added that they had been doing so for a year. When I asked him whether new soldiers were being trained all the time, he said, oh, yes, from every hsien and village they were taking new recruits. What were all the preparations for? He looked at me as if I were half-witted. Why, of course because there was going to be a war—every one knew that!

"Oh," I said. "You mean with the Communists?"

He gave me a long, pitying look. "Certainly not, madame. The Japanese." It seemed hard to have to bear all the responsibility of moving men and munitions, without having a stupid Western woman—a woman!—bedevil him with silly questions.

"Oh? The Japanese?" I said vaguely. "When will that be?"

"I do not know, madame. I am only a poor soldier." Pride at seeming to be in the know overcame his irritation, however. "But it is said that Chiang Kai-shek is afraid it will be too soon. A year, maybe."

He turned out to have been a pretty good prophet. It was a year almost to the day when the Japanese began their North China campaign.

The last lap of my trip took me through [redacted]kuo and Korea, where I saw the other side of the picture—the Japanese preparation for war. As Manchukuo flew past the windows, I noticed the road ran parallel to the tracks. It had obviously been carefully planned and built, yet everywhere automobiles were stuck in ruts, and the ruts were those of—oxcarts. The Japanese had built a good modern road, and the Chinese were simply plowing it up again with their oxcarts.

This offered, it seemed to me, a sort of symbol of what Japan must do if she were really to manage Manchukuo efficiently. The oxcarts would have to be eliminated, replaced with some type of rubber-tired vehicle. Obviously the farm folk of the region could not afford such modern extravagance. Therefore, if Japan was to maintain her road, she must also expend capital to purchase vehicles that could be used on it efficiently. Japan had rushed into Manchukuo with the idea that all she would have to do was tap the coal mines and, presto! there would be ample coal for the factories of Osaka. Actually, she had learned that, in addition to getting on the ground, she must make a tremendous outlay to get coal of good quality and a sufficiency of it.

As we drew nearer to Mukden, however, I began to notice awesome military developments. There were many factories, all obviously new, some completed and others still building. Around several I saw clusters of tanks and military trucks. Special railway sidings led mysteriously away from main lines. The skies overhead hummed with airplanes. Some of the factories looked certainly to be arsenals. Some were already camouflaged in the most up-to-date manner. It came to me with a stunning sense of shock that it was not the economic potentialities of Manchukuo in which Japan was primarily interested. It was her advantages as a military base.

No great effort was made to hide the fact that the whole land of the Manchus was pockmarked with arsenals, machine shops, barracks, depots, and the like. Long afterward, when I had returned to the States, I never heard people saying smugly, "Just you wait—wait till we bomb Japan—those paper cities and the factories, which, after all, are all bunched on one tiny island—we'll take care of Japan in a jiffy!" without remembering those factory sites in Manchukuo. Japan could burn from one end to the other, and it would not affect her concentration on the Asiatic mainland of factories and raw materials. What I saw with my own eyes in 1936 indicated a terrifying enough total. What must the number be by now?

August, 1937, saw the peace of the world annihilated from the Far East. I was back in Shanghai, and during the day, August 11, had watched Japanese warships come officiously up the Whangpoo and anchor off the shores of the International Settlement at Shanghai. At dinner that evening there was an incident in the dining room of the apartment hotel where I lived, in that section of the Settlement tacitly reserved for the Japanese population of Shanghai. For several days Japanese, ordered to evacuate, had been arriving from the cities up the Yangtze. The hotel, near the Consulate and therefore within convenient missing distance of bombs, was full of them.

## Serve the Japanese? Not China!

SEVERAL Japanese families came into the dining room. The maître d'hôtel, a Swiss, seated them. The Chinese servants proceeded to ignore them. And there they sat. Finally one of the men summoned the maître d'hôtel and said, "I demand that we be served instantly."

Casting a distraught glance about, the maître d'hôtel called out, not very authoritatively, "Boy, serve this table." The Chinese servants simply stood stock-still, their faces expressionless, holding their trays and water carafes like figures in Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. The muscles in the maître's neck stood out. Every eye in the dining room—except those of the Chinese staff—was upon the Japanese.

"No," said a Chinese boy calmly, as the maître d'hôtel snapped his fingers and jerked his head imperatively.

"Do as I say!" he shouted. The Chinese boy merely turned away. All the others turned too, flicking spotless tablecloths with napkins to remove imaginary crumbs. The maître d'hôtel, with a last despairing look around, served the Japanese himself. There was something prophetic in that Chinese boy's "No." For five years now nearly all of China has been saying No. Serve the Japanese? No!

That night I woke up, listening. Clop, clop, clop of feet marching. Creak and grumble of heavy trucks, moving away from quayside. Clatter of tanks and artillery. The Japs were landing on Chinese soil. Then came the horror of Shanghai, and war in earnest.

The Chinese have a traditional phrase: "There is a thing to be done." Machinery must be moved from Hankow; dugouts blasted in Chungking; new industries started; the Burma Road built. And so—the thing which was to be done was done.

I missed some of it. Part of my anatomy had inconveniently collapsed toward the end of the Shanghai fracas, and I had to take time out to get it put together again. But in the summer of 1938 I finally got started for West China. My way lay via French Indo-China by railway to the principal city of Yünnan Province, Kunming. Canton had not yet fallen, so supplies for China were still getting through by that route. But the Chinese knew it was only a question of time before Hankow and Canton would fall, so they were battening down the hatches up in West China against the day. And the Indo-China-Yünnan railway was the main way to ship in materials for the factories and equipment for the Road.

There was something very bewildering about the confusion in Indo-China. While the French assured me smoothly that everything was fine and shipments for Haiphong, the port town, were going through without a hitch, the Chinese had a very different story to tell. In such cases it has been my experience that the best way is to see for oneself. So I went to Haiphong.

The mess was beyond anything I could have dreamed. The docks were piled so high with cargo that you could hardly find a place to put your foot. Crates of heavy machinery, munitions, trucks not yet assembled, and trucks assembled and left out in the open so they were already deteriorating—mountains of railway ties and electrical equipment, everything in the most fantastic jumble I have ever seen. Some one had thoughtfully shipped in a fine standard-gauge railway engine. Inasmuch as all railways thereabouts were narrow-gauge, it was hard to see just what use was going to be made of it. Anyway, there it stood, haughty and imposing.

At the wharves, ships were jammed in like sardines. Some were discharging cargo. Out in the river, a long line of ships were idling at anchor, waiting for berths. The ship I had previously come down on was alongside, and I went on board to talk with the captain. He was blue in the face and cursing. Already he had been there five days without yet discharging an ounce of cargo. The French officials had told him casually that maybe in another three or four days they could round up some coolies to work his ship.

I said: "But that should be easy. Since when has there been any labor shortage in the Orient? Why don't you send out and hire some more coolies?"

"Ha!" roared the captain. "Go and tell that to the French! Let me hear you! I should be entertained! Why, these fools haven't added to their customs staff in the six months I've been making port here. They've added a few dock foremen, but they don't inconvenience themselves to speed things up—not they! And as to the *squeeze!* I've been sailing up and down the China coast these twenty years, and I've seen a lot of squeezing in my time. But, let me tell you, the French here can teach the Chinese things the Orient never heard of about squeeze! As mad as it makes me—you know, I'm kind of sorry for the Chinese. The job they've got on their hands to get all this stuff through this two-bit country!"

The next day I ran into an Englishman I knew who was in charge up in Kunming of a Chinese government enterprise.

"Hello. What're you doing down here in Haiphong?"

He glared at me. "I am trying—for my sins—to find some machinery consigned to us. Maybe you didn't know—it seems a lot of people don't"—his voice grew heavily sarcastic—"but in order to build a factory one must have machinery. In order to transport machinery to Yünnan it must be put aboard a train. In order to be put upon a train it must be found—among all this mess." He waved his hand angrily over the dock. "And it is I who must find it. I have waited four months for this machinery to arrive. It may be here—it may not. I may easily go to my grave without ever learning!"

Obviously he could search the dock for four more months without ever finding his shipments. He had all his bills of lading—but matching dockside documents were apparently also among the missing. He had a special injunction from the Chinese National Government, pointing to the urgency that the material should arrive in China without delay and requesting the co-operation of the French authorities. "Co-operation!" snorted my friend. "A fine word to employ here!" There was also the little matter of baksheesh, a shady but inescapable factor in permission to drive a truck through Indo-China, once it had been retrieved from the dockside. Some said the squeeze was approximately five hundred *piastres*—about three to one in terms of American dollars—per truck, but that was probably a little exaggeration.

I looked at row on row of trucks ready to be driven away, yet just standing there. I thought what an outrage all this foolishness was, when the trucks were needed so desperately in West China. And as I was thinking—who should appear, trailed by perhaps a hundred and fifty Chinese boys, but T. L. Soong, manager of the Southwestern Transportation Company.

Soong was mad. I have rarely seen any one madder. The boys at his heels were obviously truck drivers, all carrying their belongings.

"Get up in your trucks, boys," T. L. commanded the drivers. When they had done so, he summoned the French foreman in charge and stated that all the trucks for which there were drivers were leaving immediately.

"Oh, but—" began the Frenchman officiously.

"Oh, but—nothing!" said T. L. wrathfully. "Everything is in order. Everything has been paid for. Everything! Here are the papers. Your responsibility ends. The trucks are leaving."

Whereupon—to the awe of the Frenchman—they did leave.

In the Klondike what had happened would be called the fast shuffle. Weeks earlier T. L. Soong had been on the ground and completed arrangements to get the trucks through at a minimum of "squeeze." Chinese drivers had then been sent to drive the trucks away. When they arrived on the Chinese side of the border, they were stopped. Something was in error—some documents not fully made out—a trifle. The drivers sat down at the border to wait. And they waited. And waited. And waited. Finally some one up in Kunming asked casually where in hell the trucks were. Hence T. L.'s appearance. Hence the arrival of the drivers from the border. Hence the departure of the trucks for Kunming.

An attempt was made to import enough coolies to get the supplies on the docks moving; but it was amazing, the "trifles" that appeared, to delay matters.

### "Squeeze's" Cost in "Face"

THE Ministry of Finance had completed arrangements with the military authorities for the transport of a large amount of silver out of an area very much under fire at the moment. The truck convoy had driven in the dark of night over roads that had been shelled, and been bombed by day. When it eventually arrived at the Indo-China border, it had achieved a spectacular heroic accomplishment. The officer in charge forthwith presented his papers, stipulating that all duty payments had been arranged by telegraph.

"Oh, no," said the officer at the border. "Before your convoy can pass, you must pay these additional fees."

"No," said the convoy officer.

"Yes," said the French.

While telegrams were dispatched to military headquarters, the trucks sat, the officers swore, the Japanese bombed. It all made the greedy antics of the old-style war lord seem amateurish. The day was fast approaching when the foreigner in the Far East was going to have need of every scintilla of prestige he could point to—and these doings in French Indo-China were not calculated to add to it.

I went on to Kunming, the last outpost of ancient China. It had stood its ground stolidly, but now it too was beginning to feel the touch of the New Thing.

By the time I got there, holes had been broken in the Great Wall to allow the people to get out of the city more readily when there were air raids. And on the gates huge pictures were painted—propaganda, so that the people would have no doubt how bad an enemy they had. There, gazing eloquently at every peasant who came through the North Gate, was depicted a mother, her face streaked with blood, holding her dead child. On the other side of the gate there was a picture of a huge ox plowing a field, to indicate to the farmers that China must have rice for the soldiers who would fight the enemy, for the refugees who would be forced to flee from the enemy, and that therefore they must work all the harder. Strange scenes indeed to be depicted on the very gates to Kunming!

But a terrible emphasis was lent them in the long lines of trucks banging and jolting along the road past them; in the buses battered by the long trek from some city within range of Japanese guns, covered with mud, running always without headlights, mudguards dented, bodies sagging from broken springs, engines wheezing and coughing. And for days, weeks, the buses had been coming in loaded with refugees squashed between bundles and baskets and babies and tins of precious gasoline. This was China—moving out toward the west because a ruthless foe was at her back.

I would ask at the hotel to be directed. "Certainly, madame. Go this way, turn left there, then right at this crossing. You cannot mistake." The ricksha coolie would beam. "Yes, Missy. Know very well." I would wind up, like as not, at the exact opposite end of the city. The ricksha coolie would present a ludicrous face of bewilderment. "Missy, do not know where has gone. Was here." He would then bounce me over the cobblestones in the opposite direction for ten minutes or so more, and then turn around and remark brightly, "Where is Missy go?"

### Chennault and His Flying Tigers

THE one factor that gave life in Kunming anything like a fillip was the presence of Chennault and his covey of American pilots. To me they were a mixed blessing. They were "the" story of West China at the moment—and, to a man, they shunned the press as if it were an old maid with marriage in her eye. The press at Hankow had sent out a shower of stories, many of them highly imaginative, which frequently produced actual danger for the flyers, so they were in the once-bitten, twice-shy stage.

In these days Chennault was simply "the Colonel" to all of us. And it is no secret to add that his prestige at home was far from what it is nowadays. I was fortunate in being one of the people who hit it off with him. It simplified things for me; for, if the word got round that the Colonel said you were to be trusted, you didn't have to sit up nights devising ways and means of getting around obduracy toward the press. However, although his nod in my direction made a change in my social status, it didn't do me much good with the United Press, for the simple reason that, at the moment, there was every good reason why not much publicity should be given the activities of these Americans.

Saturday and Sunday were days off for the Colonel and his flyers. Beer and tennis, it was, at the French Club. Beer for the flyers, tennis for the Colonel.

Chennault plays one of the most atrocious games of tennis I have ever encountered. His serve is weak, his forearm drive erratic, his backhand sloppy—and he beats every one with whom he ever plays. At first it seemed hard to believe. Then it seemed that, at the very least, there must be some reason for it. Such an awful game—and always the winner. "Come on, Oaksie!" he would rasp. "I've been playing for three hours. You ought to be able to beat the old man now!" But I never could. I never did. I found out why, however. You can wear an opponent away by bad shots just as well as you can by good. The Colonel had the strength of an elephant. He could just simply keep on playing until, sooner or later, his opponents fell down dead. It never failed, and I have seen some of the best players in the Far East go under to the Colonel's horrible game.

Socially, the aviators as a group were children of Nature. It was a common occurrence, if a party lagged, for one of them to snap, "Time for target practice!" Whereupon they would hang a watch on a wall and shoot at it. If the innkeeper protested, he was hooted off the premises. And many a player who rather fancied his skill at poker lived to rue the day. I remember the particularly resounding downfall of one high diplomatic representative who was so injudicious as to say in the hearing of the aviators *(a)* that he never lost at poker and *(b)* that it just happened he had some five hundred or so dollars cash on him. At five the next morning the diplomat passed the hat, as you might say, so he would not arrive in Chungking flat.

The Colonel and his gang had brought more than expert flying to West China by the time I arrived. They had brought a taste of "civilization" by teaching the local tinsmiths to make cocktail shakers! Among the implements I wanted when I dug in and prepared to stay awhile was a coffee percolator. So I drew a picture of one and went off to one of the aviators' protégés. I explained with great care that the stem and the part to hold the coffee must be made in a way to fit down into the pot; for I had had weird experiences with having one thing produced when I had ordered quite another. The tinsmith took me at my word. When the percolator arrived, the stem had been fitted into the pot with solder, making it quite impossible ever to clean the contraption!

### Food—but Few Drinks

FORTUNATELY, food was not a major problem if you could be content to live off the land. Chinese pigs, after all, had been supplying the world with its bristles for shaving brushes and skins for sausages for some time. Chickens were always available. China is one of the largest egg-producing areas in the world. Geese and ducks abound. Rice grows plentifully, although, owing to poor communications, provincial graft, and the fact that so much of it was needed to feed the troops, it had become difficult at times to get. Vegetables and fruits were plentiful, though, and all you had to look out for was to cook away the dysentery germs. I learned that larger oranges and peaches were grown in West China than anywhere in America.

Of course, if your fancy ran to a can of sardines or a box of chocolates—too bad. But if you could adapt yourself to Chinese food, you could get meals in Kunming that were as good as anywhere in China.

It is not missionary talk but it is realistic to say that war flying requires the reinforcement of liquor. With few land routes open to the outside world, imported alcohol became the rarest of rare commodities, and the time came when no resident of West China would dare return from a jaunt to Hongkong or Rangoon without bringing at least a couple of bottles of whisky. Along with their chronic troubles, the Flying Tigers and their successors have often been short of high octane—under conditions where it is touch-and-go with annihilation to be thus short. The usual alternative, in such instances, was to get the gas from the *Japs*. How? A trial balloon in the form of a few bombs dropped up ahead on a Jap convoy. If any of the trucks exploded, it was reasonable evidence that the trucks behind were carrying gas too. First diving on the drivers, gangs of waiting coolies would then be directed by radio to the convoy, and with tins, buckets, any container that would carry liquid away from the scene, they would hijack the vital fluid.

In those early days Yünnan was the focal point of nearly all China's aviation activity, especially after the fall of Canton and Hankow. Kunming was the peak of a communications triangle with the outer world, to French Indo-China and Burma. China National Aviation Corporation (Sino-American) and Eurasia (Sino-German) maintained regular service to several points of China and with the outside world, using Kunming as the China terminal point in preference to much-bombed Chungking.

Quiet, self-effacing Charlie Day was in charge of the factory operated by the Chinese government at Kunming. Without hullabaloo he and his Russian engineer assistant, plus a handful of Chinese, literally hauled the factory piecemeal from Canton to Kunming, stopping by the wayside now and again to throw together an airplane or two. The only time I ever heard Day even imply indignation at the difficulties involved was when a long overdue shipment of machinery arrived with one essential part missing. He remarked tightly that "this business of lugging airplane factories about from pillar to post gets to be a nuisance."

With the new Chinese developments in West China came an influx of new German engineers and business interests. Leica, Siemens, Junkers all began erecting plants around Kunming. Nearly every bolt that went into the Chinese government factories was of German manufacture; nearly every packing case in the freight yards was stenciled "Made in Germany." Germany's Diesel trucks were banging busily over China's new highways long before our American ones put in an appearance. In short, Germany was making a big play for China, working industriously to swing her from the British orbit by giving practical help instead of high-sounding diplomatic phraseology.

And—make no mistake about it!—it registered with the Chinese, who were growing very sick indeed of fine words. Waiting for an appointment one day in an office, I overheard the representative of a British firm trying to explain to a Chinese engineer why a shipment of machinery had not arrived. The Chinese said with simplicity: "It is already more than a month overdue. It is holding up a great deal of work on the plant. If it is not here in a fortnight, we shall cancel the contract and order from a German firm. If we do that, we shall get our shipment."

"But," protested the Britisher, "we simply are unable to get the stuff moving in Indo-China."

"The Germans seem able to get their stuff moving in Indo-China," replied the Chinese. By such evidence as this, the Germans were having no difficulty in digging in.

### Hitler's Plays for China

OF COURSE the Germans did not stop at delivering machinery on time. They also delivered diplomatic representatives, and presently there was also an agent of the Gestapo established in Yünnan.

In fact, German activity in West China began to assume a well defined pattern. The objective was to establish relations on a thoroughly practical basis—with the thoroughly practical Chinese—and, secondly, a perpetual probe for peace by means of offers made to mediate with Tokyo. As I saw it, Germany had hit on the scheme of settling the war in the Far East before opening the European front.

That the scheme fell through was not so much that Germany was inept as that Chiang Kai-shek was too realistic to fall into any such trap. He was going to have none of any mediation. However, there were still other stakes for Germany, and she knew that such immense practical assistance as she was rendering China would not be wholly forgotten. So she made herself busier than ever. It was literally true, for a time, that the French Club had more Germans as members than French.

Later, when the Tripartite Pact was signed, all Germans left West China for Shanghai or other places in Occupied China. That is, all Germans left, excepting German missionaries.

On the surface that would seem harmless enough. But it struck me that, for an area its size, there was a very large population of German "missionaries." Moreover, during the year I lived in Kunming, every train seemed to bring more "missionaries." You would see them for a day or so, and then they would vanish into the interior. What mission board, I wondered, had the financial resources to send out so many new appointees?

In the course of my rounds I sometimes went to the Mission of the German Sisters in Kunming. These sisters were doing a particularly notable work for unfortunate groups of Chinese, especially the blind. All of us had wonderful sweaters made in the knitting school they established for blind girls. But it took me only a few visits to realize that whereas religious images and pictures are the normal adornment of such missions, Hitler's picture seemed always to be meeting the eye. It all strengthened my conviction that the Western Powers were overlooking a very significant clue.

The major activity in West China centered, of course, around the Burma Road—getting it built and under operation, then keeping it open. It was done in the typical Chinese manner. A vast clamor of chaos out of which you would emerge in a hundred years. Yet, along about Christmas, people began straggling in over it. By the time I myself went over it in May, 1939, there was regular traffic and, until the Japanese closed it up from the Burma end, the estimate of its regular flow was four hundred trucks a day. "There is a thing to be done" had certainly taken tangible form.

My first trip over the road in May, 1939, just after it had been opened to traffic, was what might be termed an erratic expedition. Several cars consigned to government officials up in Chungking were being dispatched in convoy from Rangoon, and I hooked a ride, so to speak. In the crowd was a contingent of volunteer drivers from Singapore on their way to the training school established by T. L. Soong. They were apportioned among the convoy, a pair to a car.

We had not gone far from Lashio when we came to a fork in the road. Our driver, Lim, purported to know where he was going, so no one questioned his choice. But we had gone only a few miles farther when the road began to show unmistakable signs of degenerating into a mere cow path. Still, there were tire marks in the soil, so no one seriously considered turning back.

On we bounced, the road becoming worse and worse. We crossed little streams on shaky bridges of bamboo, and the road became so narrow that the thought did just cross my mind, How on earth can five-ton trucks go this way?

Suddenly we found ourselves at the last outpost of the Burma Frontier Force. Which was certainly something of a surprise. We all piled out to look around. An extremely agreeable Indian officer strolled over and asked if there was anything he could do for us. There ensued a conversation which created a new high mark for comedy in my experience in China.

Said our spokesman: "We're on the way to China. Is there a bridge across the river near here?"

The officer looked nonplused. "A bridge? Why, no."

"A ferry, I suppose."

"Oh, no. No ferry."

"But, then how do we get to China?"

The Indian officer studied us. "You wish to go to China?" he said, with something in his tone indicating that he didn't quite believe it.

"Yes, indeed," we all said cheerily.

Staring off at the horizon, the officer was silent for a moment. Then, fetching a sigh from his heels, he remarked apologetically, "The only way I know of to get to China is—to walk."

We could hardly believe it. Walk to China, in the pounding sun, from the Burma Frontier Outpost on the banks of the Salween River? Oh, no!

Well, there was certainly nothing to do but turn around and go back over the horrible road by which we had come in. It began to rain. In no time the road was a river. The red clay of the earth became as slippery as glass. The car slid and slithered. At first our driver was blithe. Presently even he began to grow scared. Occasionally he remarked, "Road very skid—very skid—yes indeed."

We decided to get out and walk a little way. Rain came down in a torrent. Finally we were back at the point where we had taken the wrong turn. The driver paused to pass the time of day with a gas-station attendant. "Road very skid," he remarked cheerfully. I tried to remember whether the penalty for murder in West China was hanging or shooting.

Just then, who should appear on the scene but the Minister of Communications with a cavalcade of cars containing his entourage. They leaned out to say, "Where have you people been? What have you been doing?"

The Minister studied my bedraggled appearance. "Do you enjoy newspaper work?" he inquired courteously.

If we were not quite clear as to why we had been where, he seemed to know. "They've been down to see where the new railway comes into Burma," he announced blandly. And that, it seems, was *true*. We had been up a spur road used to move material up to where the new railroad was being built. None of us knew it till then. But at least I had earned a service bar as a reporter, in the eyes of the Minister of Communications.

The next day I watched the New Thing assume the guise of a steam roller. As had the Great Wall of China, the Burma Road had been built solely by the hands of millions of Chinese, using implements no more modern than the pickax. All along the way the government had simply conscripted the villagers wholesale—men, women, and children. The younger able-bodied men scurried up and sliced hunks out of the mountains, while the women and older men hammered out the boulders down below. The really old folk and the children would then break the boulders into small chips and pound them into the surface of the road. This was the basic technique by which the Road had been wrenched from the mountains. Naturally, there was room for improvement.

A steam roller had been delivered in sections, and now it stood here, all bright red and green and shining. I arrived on the spot just when it was due for its trial run. The gates of the yard were opened. Outside, the entire village had collected. The driver got things going and snorting and growling; the steam roller lumbered toward the gate. Panic seized the villagers. "Mogui! Mogui!" they began screeching. (Evil spirits! Evil spirits!) Every one knew that dragons were always red and green. In mere seconds the crowd vanished into thin air, leaving not a soul in sight. Then the swaba of the district took a hand. He came and personally guaranteed that the steam roller had no evil intentions.

## A Voluntary "Guinea Pig"

As I clambered out of the car, I heard a familiar voice laughing, "Well, look who's here!" It was Dr. Jimmie Wu, stationed there with an anti-malaria unit. My friendship with the Wu family thereupon brought me a rather macabre reward. Dr. Jimmie had been encountering great difficulty getting the women of the town and near-by villages to have the usual inoculations. They were terrified at the sight of the needle. Dr. Jimmie had a plan, and the promise of the swaba's co-operation, if they could find a "guinea pig."

The swaba had arranged for a medical lecture to be given in the market place. If I, being a woman, would submit to an inoculation in public, it would be a fine example for the village women, who would then see that there was nothing to be afraid of. The Wu family had rendered so many services to me that I could not very well refuse.

On a platform in the center of the square were Dr. Jimmie and several of his assistants, all in immaculate white, and me in the middle. Some two hundred townsfolk and farmers gazed on us. Many were tribespeople from the hills, and very gay in their gaudy colors, with tin jewelry jingling from their embroidered caps. Dr. Jimmie began to talk to them about the "summer sickness"—that is, cholera—and smallpox. He explained inoculation.

"Later I will give this medicine to all who want it," he finished. "But just now I want one of you women to come up and take it."

A sudden hush fell. The women looked grave and frightened. The men poked them, trying in vain to make them volunteer.

The moment was at hand. Dr. Jimmie turned to me, saying, "See—foreign *tai-tai* is not afraid. Maybe she would like some of the medicine."

I grinned like a Cheshire cat and nodded. With a great flourish, Dr. Jimmie sterilized a spot on my arm. A woman cried out in terror. Another said something loudly. Dr. Jimmie murmured to me, "Make a liar out of her—she says you're going to fall down dead!" I tossed my head about and grinned cheerfully.

"Now," said Dr. Jimmie, smiling pleasantly, when he had finished, "how many of you would like to have the medicine?"

The men began coming up eagerly. The women still hung back. "Think of something!" Dr. Jimmie hissed. I went down off the platform among the women. I said to a jolly peasant girl, "Come on. Surely you would like to keep on being fine and healthy the way you are now."

That won her. The moment she went up on the platform, all but the very oldest of the women queued up.

Change was taking hold in China. The New Thing was proving stronger even than antagonism born of ignorance.

For the four years preceding Pearl Harbor, China fought a war in Asia which was as much ours as hers. Now, late in 1942, when the white man's efficiency has been unequal to maintaining the supply routes that are so vital, Free China faces the new peril of being hemmed in completely, already being hemmed in on every side but India and Russia. And at such a perilous moment there are really two solemn questions about Free China's future.

Can Free China survive as a national entity? And, in view of having been hammered as she has, how active a part in the Allied war effort is she capable of playing?

The first question probably revolves around the element of morale.

One of the most important facts which my travel in China taught me was that the war had not merely penetrated the lives of the people—it had become their life. Twenty-four hours a day they didn't do anything not connected in some way with fighting the Japanese. Whereas other groups I had observed experienced the war as an external incident, the Chinese were simply one with the war, having no existence whatever apart from it.

For instance, I have been looking at an invitation I received. "Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Lee request the pleasure of your company at tea, honoring Mr. Yu," it reads, adding information as relevant as the word "tea": "spacious and safe dugout provided."

Even the children were not shielded from the experience that must be common to every one—literally every one—if a war is to be successfully carried on. In Chungking one day I saw a Chinese woman start with her five children for the dugout. Each small child had been given some special thing to carry—a matter of great common sense, for the fact of being responsible for something necessary to the well-being of the family tended to make the child less afraid. One carried a thermos bottle, another the basket of food, another the children's chamber pot. The eldest son brought up the rear, carrying a couple of bamboo stools.

"Is that all you're going to take?" called the woman, noticing the stools.

"Yes."

"And where are your schoolbooks, may I ask?" It is astonishing how much sarcasm can be got into the talk of people whom we regard as stoic. The boy mumbled something about the air raid, so there was no need to study.

"Is that so!" cried his mother amid the screech of warning sirens. "So you intend to spend three hours, maybe, safe in a dugout, doing no school work! And tomorrow, and the next day, and the next, I dare say! Go back at once, my son, and get your schoolbooks. The air raid does not stop the brain from working."

## The New China's Youth

ANOTHER illustration of morale revolves around my old friends the Wu family. One day, while I was in Kunming, I received a telegram from old Wu. His undutiful children Gladys and David had left Shanghai to attend college in Yünnan. Would I please find them and take charge of them?

For weeks I looked. All the university authorities could tell me was that groups of students were unquestionably on the way to Kunming from various points of the compass. But who could tell if Gladys and David Wu were among them? I came home one day, though, to find them waiting for me. Both looked rather thin, but sunburnt and healthy. They had already been at the larder and were eating ravenously. "We haven't had any food like this in months," they laughed, and plunged on.

"How did you come from Shanghai?" I asked. "By Indo-China?"

"Oh, no," said David. "We joined our university at Changsha."

"Just in time, too," said Gladys. "It was just leaving."

"How did you get here from Changsha?" There was no railway. Trucks and buses were being commandeered by the military.

"Walked," mumbled Gladys through a slice of bread and butter.

It was my turn to laugh. "No; but, seriously, how did you get here?"

Gladys looked at me with surprise. "I told you. We walked."

"Oh, come, now. Five hundred miles!"

"Well," said David casually, "it did take us nearly two months. But—here we are. It was very hard at first," he admitted. "None of us was used to walking six or seven hours a day, and we got big blisters on our feet. They hurt. Then, we had to cook all our own food, and none of us knew much how to cook. And then, the Japs were bombing the road all the first part of the way. But our own soldiers were so nice to us all the way—giving us rides in the trucks when they were coming back empty. In one place we helped build a bridge the rain had washed away, but we weren't really very good at that, either. Well, it was a long way to walk, but it was a wonderful trip!"

"Know what our motto is?" said Gladys. "Join the universities and see China." She said it with a laugh, but it struck me that she had expressed with a quip something which was pretty important to her generation. Any one knew that the great backwardness of China had come from people's not seeing enough of what was over the hill. But this was the New China, excited by the New Thing, and on the move.

I began noticing in the everyday life of Chungking not the patriotism that takes it out in hysterical shouting and flag-waving, but a dogged determination, a quiet tenacity it seemed to me the Japanese had not reckoned on.

When it comes to the question as to whether China can play an active part in the Allied war effort, the point is that, with Burma sealed, India is the key to China's participation as well as her continued resistance. If India is conquered, the Japanese can then heave a sigh of relief. That will not bring Chungking to her knees, but it will eliminate her as an active ally for the United Nations. And this would not only be serious but a criminally ironic thing for the Western Powers to have allowed to happen. Above all else, Free China has been invaluable to us as a base for getting at Japan and the Japanese-occupied China. If by default we contribute to the fall of India, we not only wrong China morally but we do ourselves a great practical harm; for if the India bases go we shall have lost the only means of sending adequate supplies in. In other words, Free China is no mere pensioner of ours. Being nearest the enemy stronghold, she is a bulwark.

Whatever happens in India, however, Free China could and should be developed as a base for a gigantic fifth column for the Allies, to spread throughout Asia. The Japs were greatly facilitated by a fifth column, and there is no reason why we should be too delicate to develop one. Inasmuch as only the Chinese can move about at all, they would have to be its backbone. China's 800,000 guerrilla warriors are the perfect messenger-service nucleus, augmented by agents working through the South Pacific. Thus, if Free China's potentialities as a base for both military and underground activities are utilized, I should say she can still be an active ally.

It should be remembered also that the Generalissimo has 5,000,000 men in the field and 15,000,000 more in training camps. That they require equipment as well as training goes without saying.

As a sound military strategist the Generalissimo is unquestioned. Several astute military observers have pronounced his the best military mind the Allied side contains. It has also been generally acknowledged that he is genuinely a genius as a leader. There is an almost complete absence of casual chitter-chatter about him. For instance, in the interval between the fall of Nanking and the fall of Hankow it was continually being reported that he was fleeing, had fled, was about to flee. I chanced one day to be at an airport at which he arrived. It was at a time when rumors were especially plentiful. The particular story was that he was on his way to Moscow. As an officer with whom I had been chatting casually left to go over and speak to the Generalissimo, I took a chance. "Ask the Generalissimo for me when he's starting for some place." The Generalissimo looked across at me, laughing. *"Mintien,"* he called to me. ("Tomorrow," that means.) The interesting thing to me was that, while he never bothers to deny rumors, neither is he ruffled by them. Nor does his military dignity smart under rumor, as is the case in some other countries.

## "The Greatest One's" Helpmate

TWO of the aviators in the A. V. F. noticed a transport at one end of a field, one afternoon, and strolled down to investigate. It would be there for about an hour, they were told; minor repairs. Their eyes picked out two "swell-looking Chinese dames" inside the plane, to quote their vernacular. One in particular was a "honey." They sent in an invitation to come and have a cup of tea.

As they all piled into a car, one of the aviators noticed a Chinese, in civilian clothes and rather muffled up, watching them. "Shall we take him along too?" said one of the Americans. "No room!" chirruped the other. And off they went.

They had their tea. All of a sudden a Chinese officer came hurrying in. "The plane is ready, madame," he said respectfully. The American aviators looked again. One of the ladies was Madame Chiang Kai-shek!

Considerably sobered, they proceeded to the car. As they got in, Madame said, with a twinkle of the eye, "Now we'll just stop and pick up the Generalissimo—whom we left shivering in the cold back there on the field!"

Madame Chiang Kai-shek has been catalogued in various ways: as a Joan of Arc, a Florence Nightingale, an astute politician and mover of forces on a chessboard, and simply and wholly as a great humanitarian. There is a certain fitness in each of the terms, but none of them completely describes her.

The reason Madame Chiang is so important to China is not, it seems to me, for her humanitarian service. Many women in China are doing valiant humanitarian service. Madame Chiang's genius lies in being a particularly powerful unifying force in a national pattern which is basically complicated. Her magnetism, her enormous physical and mental energy, the organizing ability which is a Soong family trait—she has thrown them all unstintingly behind the Generalissimo in the gigantic task he has undertaken.

What Madame Chiang has really done is to high-light for the rest of the world that Change which has come to China. As is well known, she frequently acts in public as the Generalissimo's interpreter. In private she interprets for the hardheaded Generalissimo events and motives of the Western World, of which she has an uncommon grasp. She has a natural gift for setting the right example at the right psychological moment. In effect she says, in humanitarian terms: "Old China is gone; New China says, 'Come out from behind the Orchid Door and go to work—work to build up a strong next generation.'" Suiting action to words, her war orphans' work, her nursing work, and so on have helped immeasurably to break down the rigid class distinctions of Old China.

Yet, for all she may be the epitome of New China triumphant, she has managed to keep *the* great tenet of ancient China: "There is a thing to be done." Thus she maintains an idiom which Old as well as New can clearly comprehend. If it means going in person with the Generalissimo to India to try to avert disaster, or if it means going down a Chinese road and stopping trucks in order to get her orphans evacuated before oncoming raids, then "It is a thing to be done"—and Madame Chiang simply does it. And I think it is the embodiment in Madame Chiang of this meeting of Old and New which has been a large factor in enabling China to resist so stanchly these many years.

The world is familiar, of course, with the strong, ruthless lines of the Generalissimo's countenance, the grim determination in the line of his mouth, the flint in his eyes. It is a face which eloquently expresses the iron will behind it. In public addresses he does no haranguing. He speaks with great definiteness, but simply, quietly. You never see newsreel pictures of crowds in China giving frenzied expression to adoration, because that is not the way crowds react to him. The atmosphere is one of respectful confidence.

This quality of calm certainly has kept him from stumbling, from floundering into premature utterances or actions. It has also given him a curious awareness as to when to act. It would be better if we in the West had mastered this art. Chiang never tries to muddle through. He does a thing or he does not do it. But he never shilly-shallies.

## The Way to Treat Japs

IN THE summer of 1940 I decided to go to Indo-China, which I was convinced was the Number 1 weak spot of the South Pacific. Even before I left Shanghai, an incident occurred which showed the Japanese hand. As we were about to leave, I was standing talking casually to the skipper and watching the coolies load potatoes. The skipper, a dour soul at best, was mightily disgusted with the way things were being handled. "That's all we're good for," he said contemptuously. "Lugging potatoes around, while the silk-hats in Downing Street play footies with the Japs. I don't know why they can't get it through their skulls that you can't afford to give the Japs an inch. Be nice to them, and pretty soon, wham! you just get socked in the jaw. I say, roust 'em around. Treat 'em rough. It's the only thing they can understand. They laugh if you treat 'em rough."

Just at this juncture a Japanese officer materialized on the wharf, awash with gold braid, sword, pistol. He started pompously up the gangplank. A young third officer intervened at the top.

"Your pistol, please."

The Jap gave off sounds. "I am an officer in the Imperial Army," said he, the cords in his neck beginning to bulge out warningly.

"This is a British ship, and it is forbidden to carry firearms aboard. Your pistol, please."

The Japanese glared at the officer out of narrowed eyes, then turned angrily and retreated to the wharf. The coolies had finished their loading and were standing about. A ripple of laughter passed among them. Face of honorable Mister Imperial Army no good.

It was getting on for sailing time. The skipper, mildly amused and somewhat triumphant, went up to the bridge. The Japanese officer noted that. He posed on the dock, evidently expecting that the third officer would lose his nerve and come off the ship to discuss matters. Bells clanged in the engine room and the third officer remained noncommittally where he was.

The Jap's face became a mask of rage and he made a sudden dash up the gangplank. At the top the third officer stepped forward, holding out his hand. No need to say anything. The Jap, with a look of hate, handed over his pistol.

I looked up to the bridge. The skipper was grinning. "See what I mean?" he yelled down at me. "Treat 'em rough. It's the only way."

In Indo-China the French should have been treating them rough too, but were not. Appeasement was in the air, and, over all, things were in a fearful muddle.

Politically, on all sides you heard the situation blandly alluded to as "obscure." In plain language, it was in one hell of a fix. As nearly as you could sort it out, it came to this: (1) With Singapore next door, it was necessary for Indo-China to keep in England's good graces. (2) The governor-general of Indo-China was a Vichy appointee, with all that that implied in the way of confusion. (3) Japan, whose demands were growing more shrill by the minute, must be placated.

It has been my experience that in such situations there is usually a mystery man. In this case it was Admiral Decoux, the newly appointed governor general. It was too early to be sure how much Vichy's man he really was; if you remember, that was a time when many things were not always what they seemed. Very hush-hush, it was imparted to me that Decoux really was an uncommonly close friend to Nishihara, the head of the inevitable Japanese "mission." Almost before I could turn around, I was assured—equally hush-hush—that, on the contrary, Admiral Decoux was the closest kind of pal to Sir Percy Noble. It really took me no longer time than walking the length of the lobby of the Métropole to acquire these two tips, but at least they gave me something to work on.

## Groans from the Governor General

ODDLY enough, the good Decoux was the source of a terrific feather for my own bonnet. All the reporters were after him like a pack of beagles. The admiral, naturally enough, preferred to hedge. I felt I should persist. It was upsetting to him to find himself refusing a lady. Matters took on a baroque kind of conspiracy. Now, if it were convenient and the lady cared to come around—say, in the late afternoon, when it began to cool off—well, one had to think about having an apéritif, hadn't one?

I should not exactly call the interview the most brilliant news story I ever read. But it was an interview—ahead of my colleagues.

As I entered the room, Decoux burst out, "The European debacle—*c'est terrible!*"

Yes, it was. What effect was the fall of France going to have on Indo-China? I didn't quite know what he would do, hearing it put so bluntly.

All he said was *"Incroyable!"* in a kind of groan.

I tried again. What did his information lead him to believe the Japanese were planning to do?

*"Les Japonais! Difficile!"* He looked at once dazed and angry.

Decoux himself was not an imposing man. He had a nondescript appearance, like many French military and naval men. Plainly he lacked imagination. He was hidebound, and at the moment he was laboring under the distinct disadvantage of not being an old hand in the Orient. As a personality I found him evasive, formless. Yet on occasion a certain sense of humor did come to his rescue, though I cannot say it did any great practical good. There was an incident about two o'clock one morning. Nishihara suddenly presented himself at the admiral's house, demanding to see him immediately. There was something which could not wait. Unexpectedly getting his back up, Decoux sent word downstairs by a servant: "If this something which cannot wait is to declare war on my country—then I must tell you that it is not so urgent that it cannot wait until tomorrow."

I stayed in Hanoi about a month. When you realized that Indo-China was caught in a murderous squeeze, you marveled at the dullness and monotony of everyday life. The Métropole was dreary in the extreme, though occasionally there was a wry diversion to be had from watching the officious Nips—who had at least taken over in their own minds—bustling in and out, up and down stairs and along the corridors, in bedroom slippers, with their shirttails flying, the very picture of a whole race of Mr. Soglow's Little Kings.

## "There Is None So Blind—"

ONE evening I chanced to have dinner with an Air-France pilot who had been flying to and from Paris for some years. He told me a disillusioned story which is interesting to remember in the light of the whole.

"I had flown for years over Austria and parts of Germany," he said. "Naturally, I knew about the airports. There were commercial fields and many emergency and military ones. About the military ones I knew something, and I had two eyes and could see what was going on.

"About a year ago I began noticing that small airfields were sprouting up like mushrooms. I began marking them down on my own maps. After a few months I felt disturbed, so I took my maps and my information to some proper authorities.

"'You must be mistaken,' they said. When I insisted that I had marked down only what I had seen, and had rechecked many times, they got a little sharp with me. 'This is not your business,' they told me. And, for the first time, I saw something terrible. What was going on they did not want to see."

I shall never forget the expression on the pilot's face as he said, almost like an epithet, *"La guerre comique!"*

"Well," he said, "the war began. *La guerre comique!* We continued flying, varying now always our routes, however.

"One day in April, 1940, I noticed that each of the fields was packed with planes. Packed with so many planes that you wouldn't know where they could get room to take off.

"In Paris I rushed to tell the military. They listened. '*Bien,*' they say, and nod to me to leave the room. *Bien!* I began shouting. '*You don't know what I have told you. You don't see!*' 'Thank you for coming,' they say to me, smiling. 'We will remember what you have reported.'

"But—all those planes—they are not there for nothing!' I yell at them, thinking I should be arrested.

"'Probably not,' they say. '*Bien.* We keep it in mind.'

"I went back to the other pilots. We all of us became very angry indeed. An officer happened to hear us talking. He jumped into our group, into our faces. 'Do not tell us what to do!' he yelled at me. 'You are paid to fly airplanes. *Bien,* then you go and fly airplanes, which is your business, and you leave us to ours, which is ours!'"

The pilot looked at me. As he dropped a little cognac into his coffee I could see he was not thinking about anything in that room, or about talking to me, but about the dreadful information he had had to give, and the dreadful casualness with which it had been received.

In this there is a terrible example for Americans. Since I have been back in this country I have been appalled at the way people simply shrug their shoulders. "Oh, we're producing thousands of planes and tanks," they say calmly. "Soon we'll be set on the synthetic rubber situation, too." Actually, we are confronted by gigantic difficulties which it will take twenty-four-hour vigilance on the part of every adult American to surmount. But—the facts are not pleasant and, like the French officials hearing the pilot, we are still saying, in effect, *"Bien. Thank you for telling us. We will bear it in mind."*

When I arrived in Indo-China, Catroux was still on the ground. Decoux had been appointed governor general to replace him, but Catroux had not left. It struck me almost at once that temperamentally Catroux possessed both the mentality and the courage to attack the paramount issues—if Vichy had left him free to do so.

Notwithstanding having been dislodged, Catroux set to work to try to salvage Indo-China by arranging a bridge of co-operation with Singapore. This fact has been given no emphasis in discussions of the whole incident.

On the heels of the fall of France, Catroux was ordered by telegraph to file his resignation. Adroitly he refused, on the ground that instructions received in that manner could easily be counterfeit. Communications were of course in a very disorderly state, and Catroux seized the advantage of time, until confirmation of the demand for his resignation could come, to try to retrieve the situation.

He set two devices in motion. First, he dispatched a mission to Washington, meanwhile throwing in his own reputation with the people to get public opinion to back him against Vichy. His scheme was a failure at both ends. Apparently nobody in Washington grasped the fact that this was not just a random mission from a French colony in the South Pacific, but a key—perhaps *the* key—to the whole outcome of the war. And the French themselves did not comprehend the importance of fighting with public opinion to save Indo-China from a diversion straight into Japanese control.

## Catroux's Last Effort

WHILE the mission was still making its attempt in Washington, Catroux realized that he could not postpone leaving Indo-China much longer. I got a message from him at three one morning, asking me to come immediately to see him. Even in the complex Far East it is not customary to ask correspondents to appear—male or female—at such an hour without a good reason.

When I got to his house, Catroux was so exhausted by events that he clung to a chair when he rose to his feet as I went into the room.

"Miss Oakes," he said, without any conversational formalities, "I want to know if you can think of any way in which I can show your country before it is too late the damage if Japan gets Indo-China. I think Washington believes I sent the mission there with nothing but help for Indo-China in mind. I don't think it is realized that action here, now, is the last chance to stop the Japanese from getting a real foothold throughout the South Pacific, and that the whole Allied cause will be bitterly involved in the consequences if the Japanese are not stopped. Why, the importance of the raw materials alone—"

I liked Catroux. I believed in his point of view and his motives. I should have liked to reassure him. All I could do was to observe the startled reflex of his sagging shoulders when I said: "I'm afraid you're right. Most of my own dispatches are not even getting into print in the States. New York keeps reminding me that America is really interested only in the progress of the European phase."

Catroux stared at me. "My God!" he said simply. I think he didn't so much feel anger as a kind of bewildered awe that such a thing could be.

The mission sent to Washington was headed by a capable and trustworthy man named Jacomy. In effect, what the mission was asking was that America immediately take over all Indo-China's export goods, whether we needed them or not, in order to prevent their falling into Japanese hands. The mission wished America to send necessary manufactured goods and to give some military assistance. Yet this was not the main point. What Catroux really wanted was authority from Washington to say to the wavering people and business interests in Indo-China: "America has given an undertaking to back us up. You will therefore be reassured that you need not be afraid of resisting Japanese pressure." Coupled with this, Catroux wished to be justified in saying to the Japanese: "Sorry. All our produce is sold to America, hence we have none left which we could sell to Japan." In which case, if the Nips still were determined to have Indo-China, they would know they had to fight to get her. Catroux had no doubt that Japan would make the fight if she had to; but he was prepared to risk that, dangerous as the risk was, if he could stall the Japanese long enough to get some equipment. Yet, as he remarked to me sadly, during that interview before dawn, "If we do not take the big chance now, we shall never take it, for we shall be lost. And as for risk—well, no course we could possibly take is without risk."

The mission accomplished exactly nothing in Washington. And the Japanese, taking over Indo-China by economic pressure, executed a triumphant war dance with a few bombs.

Looking backward, it is easy to remember only that the Japanese quickly overran the South Pacific. Exactly how they did it is involved, politically and militarily; but I think a few random anecdotes will go a long way toward helping us understand. They may also help us to meet the problems we face there in the future.

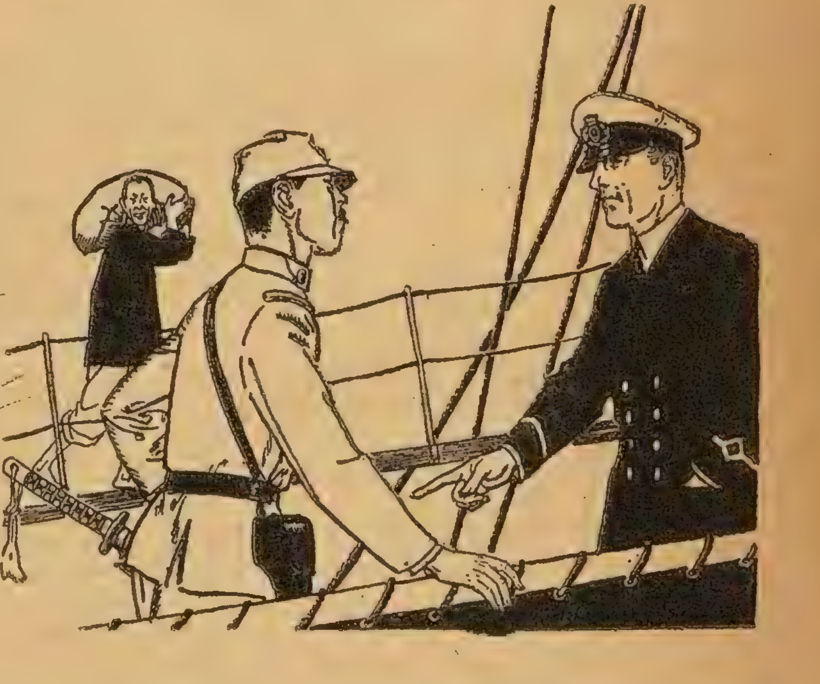
Thailand early became a Japanese "ally." Characteristically the Thais are an uncommonly peaceable folk. Being ardent Buddhists, war to them is an arch-sin. On the other hand, actual experience had made them very anti-British; yet they were very pro-American. Being interpreted, Thailand means "land of the free," and they seemed to have bridged the oceans to arrive at a spiritual affinity with America. That is, they had until the plane incident. In all my years in the Orient I never saw public opinion veer so suddenly.

A shipment of bombers consigned to Bangkok was stopped en route at Manila. The Thais, being unversed in the subtler forms of power politics, were outraged. They had earmarked the planes for use in recovering from the French territory that had once been part of Thailand. To the Thais, by stopping those planes at Manila we had in effect handed Thailand over to Japan, literally within the space of a few hours. For the Japanese promptly offered to supply planes—many more than the Manila shipment.

The most unpleasant hours of my whole journalistic period in the Far East were spent when the news about the planes became known in the Bangkok bazaars.

"You're afraid, just like the British!" one shopkeeper said to me scornfully. "Afraid of the Japanese, just as the British are." I had been on the point of buying some trinket from him. Abruptly he simply refused to sell it to me.

Anti-British feeling helped the Japs in their Asia-for-the-Asiatics racket. All they had to do was to set it in motion and it found its own momentum.



I had observed this anti-British feeling all the way along from China. It existed, and still does, among many Chinese within Free China. And I saw it in Hongkong, Burma, and Thailand as well as in Malaya.

I suppose it is Utopian to expect any native population ever really to "like" their uninvited masters. Nevertheless, the feeling against the British seemed disproportionately strong; for, after all, however one may criticize both the British themselves and their concept of colonization, it remained a fact that the natives were better off under British rule than they had been before it. And after the first gaudy piratical expeditions—which all the colonial conquests were—the British had not gone in for maltreating the natives.

I found one answer to this in Singapore. One day I was waiting in the car of an American friend, and his chauffeur—a Malay—remarked to me that he would not work for a Britisher.

"Why? Don't you like the British?" I asked.

No answer.

"Has any Britisher ever been cruel to you, injured you?"

"No."

"They pay well, don't they?"

"Oh, yes. They pay well enough."

"Then why would you refuse to work for them?"

It took him several minutes to find the words. Finally he said slowly, "They make me feel like an animal—like I ought to get down on the ground and thank them for a bit of meat—my money." His shoulders straightened wrathfully. "I am not an animal," he said simply.

### Van Mook with His Dutch Up

DOWN in the Dutch East Indies the Nips had a surprise. Indo-China had been a push-over. The New Order was doing nicely. Here were the rich Indies, a motherless country, unprepared to fight the Imperial Navy. Just another push-over. So the Japanese believed happily. The thing they forgot to reckon with was the Dutch character and mentality in general. And with one H. J. van Mook in particular.

Van Mook was amiable enough, but he was adamant. He said precisely what he meant and meant precisely what he said, and the words *appeasement* and *compromise* were not to be found in his dictionary. At every conference he gave and demanded forthright statements of policy and intention. He stated flatly what could, and could not, be done. He dealt always in fact, never in fancy.

In the earlier days of my acquaintance with van Mook, in Batavia, it startled me to walk into his office and find him playing solitaire. But I learned that it was his way, whenever he had a particularly difficult problem to work out, to turn to a game of solitaire. Van Mook comes from mixed soldier and peasant stock. His great-grandfather tramped with Napoleon's army to Moscow and back. That "and back" is important in understanding the present van Mook. He has the same tough spirit, the burly vitality, the fighting stubbornness. His amiable and passionless exterior held up, but he was never in doubt of the gravity of the decisions he had to make.

I spent several week-ends with the van Mook family in their hide-out. Perched on the edge of a mountain, on property belonging to the Bureau of Agriculture, "so no one can build near us," it had neither telephone, radio, nor electric light. Though Batavia was less than an hour's ride distant, one was really away from the world there. Like most of the mountain dwellings in Java, the house was unpretentious. Van Mook designed it himself, a version of the Sumatra type of native house, of brown wood with bright red trim. Out over the mountainside are so-called paths. Guests, all unsuspecting, were always taken for long walks to see the view. On my first visit we set out on such an expedition. We never saw any view, because the paths demanded complete attention. But I received an hour's lecture on the Dutch East Indies in their relation to the international situation while I sat on a tree stump and watched the blood drip down my shredded shins.

Van Mook admits writing poetry; says that if he could have foreordained his talents, he would like to have been a second Shakespeare. But his distinguishing quality—in addition to that of being a doer—is a keen sense of the exact moment for action. Witness his handling of the situation created by the signing of the Tripartite Pact. Obviously, the Dutch could not look with equanimity on this document. However, the government decided to take no formal action, withal allowing the press to say what it liked. The press said a great deal, and the Japanese protested. But they expressed themselves to the wrong man. "You may not care for our newspapers, gentlemen," van Mook said smoothly. "But then, we do not like your pact with our enemy Germany." Before the astonished Japanese could recover themselves, he went on:

"I should like now to ask you for a formal statement about the pact. Just exactly how is it intended to affect the relations between Japan and the Netherlands Indies? If Japan has become an active ally of Germany, all negotiations with the Netherlands Indies are hereby at an end. Nor should you make the mistake of expecting to include the Indies in your East-Asia sphere. All negotiations would be concluded likewise in advance of that."

He got the statement as to the pact—namely, that its provisions would not affect economic matters then in hand. "Of course, their reply is nonsense," van Mook said privately. "Naturally, the pact affects all future relations between the two countries. But I simply couldn't let them get away with anything of the sort without calling them on it."

In every cranny of the South Pacific the Nips were poking and prying, in every corner planning and plotting. The Dutch, for all their vigilance and intelligent intentions, were unable to stop all of it. In weird back corners of the island there were flourishing Japanese photography shops, though none of the natives possessed cameras. Japanese barbershops always seemed to be located somehow at the busiest street intersections in the larger cities. Although the Dutch had succeeded in thwarting large-scale Japanese economic penetration, they had not been able to keep pace with the many forms it could assume.

I came into possession of the texts of two communications from the Japanese consular offices which illustrate the thoroughness of Japanese activity in the South Pacific. One, a telegraphic report from a Japanese consul to the Foreign Minister at Tokyo regarding the defenses of Ambon, the Dutch auxiliary naval base, read as follows:

"In accordance with a report from the captain of the Tora Maru, who arrived here on the 9th, it is true that Australian troops have landed at Ambon. In all probability, there are from fifty to a hundred men. The manager of the Taiwan Bank has just arrived here. He reports there is steady transportation of iron bars and other building materials to Ambon. Moreover, there is a rumor that some nine hundred Australian soldiers are in Ambon."

The second was an order from Tokyo to the Japanese consul general in Batavia to gather details regarding the movement of foreign ships. "As from December 1," this order directed, "please telegraph in each instance nationality, name, port of arrival or departure, date of arrival or departure, port of destination, etc., of foreign merchantmen or warships in the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the South China Sea."

One day I ran into a German I had known ever since

I had been in China. He worked for one of the larger import-export firms. He looked thin and tired, and of course I asked him what he had been up to, to have dropped so much of his former beer-and-sausage corpulence.

"For nearly a year I've spent most of my time upcountry, opening up new markets," he said. "Working like hell to get trade from you Americans and the British." A somewhat startling candor, I thought! "It's hard work—getting at some of these Chinese merchants," he continued. "At first they say no. So I go back the next week. And the next. And then next month, and then a month later. It took me six months to get one big tea dealer alone away from Jardine Matheson [British] —but I got him!"

The cumulative power of the system lay, I saw, in its difference from the take-it-or-leave-it attitude the Americans and British had habitually employed with Oriental merchants.

"However," said the German, "that part of it is over now. I'll be in Shanghai and Tientsin mostly from now on. Two youngsters are due soon from Berlin—they're taking over the upcountry work."

I asked him if this would be so easy, since the youngsters would be new to China, not know Chinese. "Oh, they've been through training at home," he said. "They speak Chinese, all right."

For the first time since World War I, a German was a member of the Shanghai Municipal Council. And more disturbing than even this was the evidence of the care with which Berlin had been cultivating the ground. I discovered that, as early as 1938, the head of the Commercial Department of the Nazi Party in China had gone to Berlin to receive not only instructions but cash to purchase as much real estate as possible, with the express purpose of securing property votes in the municipal elections.

Early in 1941 Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had bases ready near enough to the coast and occupied China so that, if Chennault had been given planes and could have operated from them, the Japanese navy might very possibly have been crippled so badly that it would have been unable to go south.

## Our Promises to Chungking

IT IS always easy to be wise after the fact, of course. Nevertheless, figures do not lie. In September, 1941, Washington and Chungking agreed on one hundred and fifty as the number of bombers to be sent to Free China. The shipment never arrived. A little later a new arrangement was made, to dispatch sixty bombers to China bases. In the early summer of 1942 these had not reached their destination, either. By the end of June, 1942, only 11 per cent of the material contracted for between the United States and China had been delivered. And only 2 per cent had arrived in China.

Quite apart from the failure to discharge moral obligations, we did ourselves great and concrete harm by not delivering the planes as agreed. We were thus instrumental in China's incapacity to launch a 1941 spring offensive which might well have meant the difference between hobbling the Nips and leaving them with enough freedom to go south. And we were also instrumental in preventing the Dutch from lashing out effectively later.

The British were not alone in making mistakes in the Far East. From the time the first guns were fired in Shanghai in 1937 until Pearl Harbor, there was a dangerous laissez-faire attitude among American interests. In Hongkong an oil company of world-wide reputation was unblushingly selling its petroleum products to fly-by-night Chinese companies who were obviously disreputable and acting as Japanese purchasing agents to boot. The method was simply to put the oil aboard junks, ship it by night out of English territorial waters, and put it aboard Japanese destroyers.

One evening some of the newspaper correspondents taxed an oil-company representative with their knowledge of this unsavory business.

"Sure," he admitted wearily. "But just what do you expect me to do? These Chinese firms pay cash. It isn't my business to catechize them as to what they do with the oil."

When we suggested that under the circumstances—that is, oil was supposedly to go under lend-lease terms to Free China—it *was* his business, he replied acidly: "When the head office tells me to investigate and not sell to such firms, then I'll do so. But so far I have had no such instructions. When I was home on leave I did attempt to discuss it. I was told to stop being an old woman—my business was merely to sell oil."

The subject of colonization is manifestly not a subject to be treated in a paragraph. There is, however, one aspect which cannot be brushed aside until the time is more convenient to examine it. And that is, that we were definitely committed to protecting the peoples of the South Pacific from outside attack. And there is no blinking the fact that we simply did not do it.

## Too Little—and Much Too Late

IN Singapore there was the naval base. When I was there in the winter of 1940 there were no air-raid shelters. People were just beginning to think about blackouts and kindred measures. In Manila there was Corregidor. No plans whatever were formulated for taking care of the civilian population in case of emergency until just a few months before Pearl Harbor.

In both Malaya and the Philippines the idea seemed to be that all that was necessary was to stand still and wave a flag—either American or British—if the Japanese navy should show up, and it would forthright meekly turn around and go elsewhere.

Such sleazy methods had one very important and unfortunate effect. Seeing the self-appointed "masters" so calm and unconcerned, the native populations took their cue and remained likewise. They looked to us for leadership, and when we led them down the path of dalliance they simply followed.

In plain words, America's liberally publicized "arsenal of democracy" turned out, for all practical purposes in the East, to be like one of the sets built for old-time silent movies—front walls which would photograph, and nothing behind them.

When I first arrived in Batavia, some months after the fall of Holland, the Dutch were beginning to wonder about all this. They are not a people who condemn easily or leap to conclusions. But they are a literal people, and with them, if two and two are added, they must make four. They were talking about an American firm which had contracted with them for a large shipment of small equipment. The Dutch had paid the bill in full. When I left, in the spring of 1941, not a gun, not a bullet of this order had appeared.

In the situation of the Dutch, nothing was more important than planes. Their plan of strategy called for 2,000 front-line planes, which, they estimated, would take care of the Japs nicely. When I left, they were confident they would be in possession of the planes by the end of 1941. "We contracted and paid for them," they told me simply.

Alas! when the Japs did appear, the Dutch had nearer 500 than 2,000 planes. I was very glad not to have to see the expression on the faces of the Dutch as they asked themselves where the rest of their planes were. Most of us thought to ourselves that the Arsenal of Democracy was still in the talkee-talkee stage, but it would not have been easy for the neat-minded Dutch to comprehend that. I shall always remember van Mook, studying those of us who appeared in Java on one of the endless journalistic junkets. Gazing at us thoughtfully, he finally said gently, "I wish they'd send us airplanes instead of journalists."

Yet with the Dutch the percentage of deliveries was somewhat better than with the Chinese. Before the Japanese invasion began, the Dutch received 25 per cent of what they had ordered and paid for. But 25 per cent . . .

For all the ten years I was in Asia this monotonous mistake was repeated. There was time only to think of gold: none to think of survival. The Chinese understood it. Centuries ago they had built a proverb around it: "Gold is tested by fire; man by gold."

Well, the Bank of England still owns its gold, and in a hole in the ground at Fort Knox we have not only our own gold but the gold of many nations as well, France included. But, with all our gold, we have not got tin and rubber, quinine and hemp. We have no longer access to the rich Yangtze Valley and Free China's raw materials are bottled up. We have lost hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of investments, for all our Midas vigilance, in areas now held by the Japanese. Nor could all our gold save the life of one poor coolie cowering hopelessly in terror in the alleyways of Asia.

To say nothing of hundreds of thousands of them.

The Chinese have a proverb which says, "Without error there could be no such thing as truth." Obviously, our mistakes in Asia can only be chalked up now to experience. Very expensive experience, not only for us but in terms of the thousands and thousands of lives lost in the Orient. But if we are in any wise to redeem ourselves, it must be by determining, in the after-the-war planning, that our errors shall never be repeated. Henceforth we shall have to bear clearly in mind that "East is East, and West is West, *but ever the twain must meet.*"

I believe our tendency is to date altogether too much from Pearl Harbor. If I learned anything in the Orient, it was that Pearl Harbor was merely one by-product of the dollar-chasing impulse which we permitted to blind us against the nature of the sphere in which we had long exerted a patronizing influence. For a long time to come we shall have to reap the unappetizing rewards of our misunderstanding and stupidity. But the sooner we comprehend that the Far East has forever ceased to be the happy hunting ground for predatory foreign interests that once it was, the sooner we shall be on the way to rethinking the Far East in terms of our responsibilities to it.

Ironically, it was our preoccupation with commerce which, in the end, cost us the very fiber of that commerce —the raw materials so sorely needed in the crisis. In national honor we have put ourselves back a hundred years in the eyes of the Far-Eastern peoples, by preoccupying ourselves with power politics when we should have been practicing statesmanship. We should have evolved first-rate policies on the basis of a true and sympathetic comprehension of the Asiatics and their characteristics and aspirations. Instead, we pursued our plundering way, on the strength of the white man's legendary superiority.

The Chinese have another proverb: "The truthful words are never pleasant; the pleasant words are never truthful."

The thing left to determine is how much we are willing to sacrifice pleasant words—for truth.

THE END

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By E. A. PILLER

THE past few years have produced, along with all the other phenomena, a rapidly mounting interest in the mystery novel. Simultaneously there has been a considerably widening popular interest in psychology—to the point where everybody now knows exactly why everybody else does things, in terms of Freud.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a mating of these two should take place in American publishing to produce a "super-mystery." It is here under the fascinating name "psycho-thriller."

This is a mystery with a supercharge of thrills and a look at the psychology which produces them in the form of one or more murders. Of course, there have been other good hands at this, notably Dostoevski, who turned out a pretty fair job called Crime and Punishment.

Margaret Carpenter

But in its modern American presentation the psycho-thriller is meant to baffle the reader until the author is ready to release the riddle's answer at the end, and explain it in psychological terms.

It is a formula that is beginning to work well, and which comes as close to the mark set for it as any book so far in **Experiment Perilous,** by **Margaret Carpenter** (Little, Brown, Boston, $2.50).

This is the story of a very rich man who would undoubtedly have been philanthropic and utterly charming if his youth had not been clouded by an incident sure to produce psychological twists.

Vera Caspary

Thus we have Nicholas Bederaux, a man of outward culture and kindliness, and an inner compulsion toward murder, which has a devastating effect upon his sister and his pretty wife and young son, the latter two being saved by a Park Avenue doctor of humble origin but spectacular success and acumen. It all ends, according to formula, well and happily, though the threads sometimes unwind a little too slowly and deviously for this reader's short patience.

On the whole, however, if you'd like to know how the upper brackets live and solve their problems of life and death, and if adroit murder is your dish, this is your chance to get an unrationed share.

IN THE same groove is **Laura,** by **Vera Caspary** (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, $2.50), a slick plot held in suspense by the loves of Laura Hunt, glittering advertising executive whose rather inept handling of the men in her life leads to considerable trouble and a murder. The murder is capably solved by Mark McPherson of the New York Police, who is above average for murder solvers and a pleasure to meet.

RANDOM recommendation: **Journal for Josephine,** by **Robert Nathan** (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, $1.75), a quiet journal of Mr. Nathan's thought upon his Cape Cod habitat and the world at large.

**Never Call Retreat,** by Joseph Freeman (Farrar & Rinehart, New York, $3). A long, quite fascinating dramatic novel about an Austrian professor, his boyhood, his life up to and through the Nazi occupation, his imprisonment, his escape to America, and his attempt to re-pattern his life here. Good bits of political background thrown in.

**Thorn Apple Tree,** by Grace Campbell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York, $2.50). A quiet, idyllic novel of pioneer days in Canada. Engagingly written with a gentle charm.

# FREE TRAINING FOR WOMEN WAR WORKERS—Continued from Page 27

in vocational school, was to familiarize you with engine parts and with a few metals and their properties. Measuring Tools is just what its title implies—learning to know and use the tools that measure engine parts. The first hour at Operation Sheets seemed vague and terrifying. Gradually the meanings of these blueprint instructions for machine operations began to dawn on all of us. Marge remarked, "It's like learning to read again. Once your eyes become accustomed to the lines, it's easy."

Classwork was a toughening process from beginning to end. But it was a toughening so gradual and so well planned that it was easy to take. By the end of the week the girls discovered that the consecutive and constant doses of preliminary classwork had taken definite effect on mind and morale. On Saturday night of the first week the midnight homebound bus was full of surprise "that we could ever learn that kind of stuff again." Having made the grade in classroom work, the girls couldn't wait, to put what they had learned into practice on real machines. They were anxious to get going in the school's shop.

DOWN to the shop our trainees went on Monday of the second week. Street clothes had been exchanged for trim blue uniforms. Gone were the shoes with perforations and open backs and toes. Adequate protection from fatigue and accident are so important that low-heeled shoes with leather soles become the order of the day. For safety, every one's nails were clipped to fingertip length and hair hidden under regulation plant caps. And all jewelry—even wedding rings—was taboo in shop.

Plant requisition slips were consulted before the girls were assigned to machines. Age, weight, height, and the composite record of skill during training were the determining factors for assignments. Once again we all felt the underlying note of efficiency. Each woman would learn a specific job at a single machine during this week of machine training. Evidently there was a plant demand for "internal grinders," because Betty, Marge, Hilda, and Shirley were assigned to the machines that grind wrist-pin holes or grind slots for rollers in the rocker arms that operate the engine valves. Grace, because of her clerical knowledge, was assigned to "planning." (Planners become acquainted with various parts of machines and plot the work to be done by others.)

The *approach* to the machines, it seemed to us, was very subtle and careful. It was a step-by-step process evidently designed to remove the last vestiges of fear and unfamiliarity. For the first four hours on the grinders we went through all the operating motions with motor power turned off—this to create awareness of the motions, minus the noise which so frequently confuses novices. After this step had become familiar to all, the power was switched on. Then, with grinding wheels running, the same operations were performed —again and again and again. Next we practiced placing a rough piece of metal in position in front of the rotating grinding wheel. It was placed, and removed, until physical co-ordination became mechanical. Shirley remarked, "It's like driving a car. You can't do it well until it's automatic." After many hours' initiation, each girl finally brought her first project to the grinding wheel and actual rough grinding operations were done. And *rough* they were!

On the third day in shop "dressing the wheel with the diamond"—to sharpen and straighten it—was the operation taught. This was the introduction to precision. A micrometer—a "mike" to the girls—was used to check the sizes of work. Little by little, our trainees claimed they could feel their sense of touch developing. The measurements of ground pieces became more and more precise. Tolerances were reduced to one thousandth of an inch. (For comparison, tissue paper is two to three thousandths of an inch thick.) During the remaining four days, smoothness of operation and attention to precision were constantly emphasized. The repeated phrases of shop language became a theme song. Old familiar words like "dope," "contour," "punch," "arbor," and "oil can" took on entirely new meanings.

At the end of our course, sure enough, each girl could adequately perform one operation on one machine. In this "one operation on one machine" lies the secret and know-how of mass production. It was developed by the highly skilled *men* industrial workers who worked out the tools and methods for job simplification and make the success story of our girls possible.

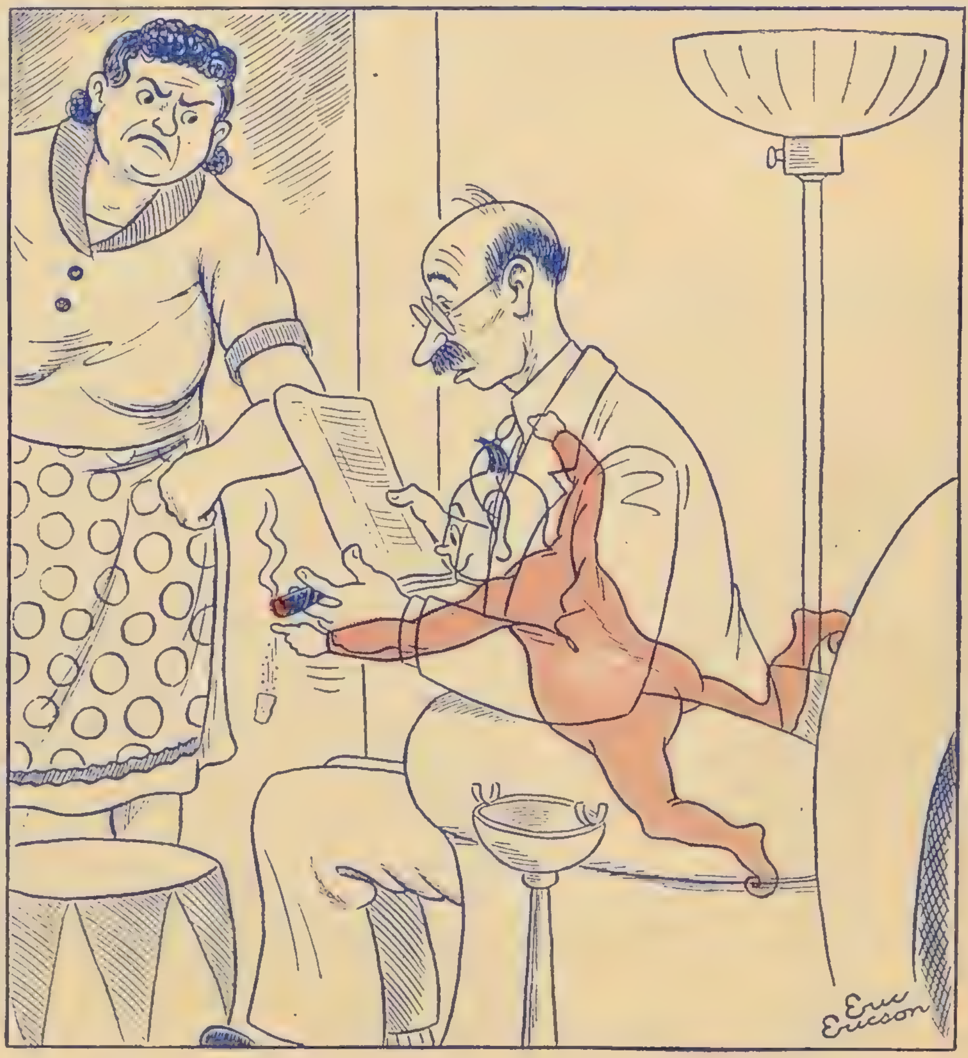
When the director pointed out to us that the class was actually ready to run machines, we were amazed at how much we had learned. Two weeks ago seemed like another era in which we spoke another language.

Graduation from our streamlined course didn't bring diplomas to frame—or hide away. It brought slips bearing the message to report to Plant 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5 immediately.

Into the ranks went new soldiers of the home front!

THE END

## THE GROUNDED GREMLIN



# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Gunnar holds the villagers in check, after an attack on Karen, with promise of aid from England.

Before the revolt starts, the leaders are caught, sentenced to die, and forced to dig their own grave.

But the village's revolt stays the execution. Karen and Gunnar take their places in the front lines.

### BY HARRIET GOULD

## EDGE OF DARKNESS

EDGE OF DARKNESS amply fulfills Hollywood's dual wartime purpose: to entertain and to reflect in dramatic terms the world today. Adapted from the novel by William Woods, it is the story of Trollness, a little Norwegian fishing village writhing under the Nazi yoke.

At the outset of the movie, the pilot of a Nazi patrol plane discovers that the Norwegian flag instead of the Swastika is flying in the occupied village. Fresh Nazi troops land to investigate, but find only a town of the dead. Bodies of Norwegians and Nazi soldiers alike lie thick in the streets. Only the village Quisling is alive, and he—demented by what he has seen and caused—runs gibbering through the streets.

The rest of the film is a flashback, revealing the events leading up to this horror. Gunnar Brogge (Errol Flynn), Karen Stensgard (Ann Sheridan), and Gerd Bjarnesen (Judith Anderson) are the ringleaders of the rebellious villagers. They try not to allow an open battle with the enemy to break out—instead keep the kettle of incidents simmering. Boats are sunk, here and there a Nazi is garrotted, a shipment of fish for Germany is left to spoil. With a fine hand, the saboteurs do as much as is possible without provoking open warfare. They are waiting for Britain to supply them with sufficient arms before they start a real fight.

But the pot boils over prematurely when the ringleaders are rounded up and sentenced to death. This provokes a fight which is memorable for its grimness.

Lewis Milestone, who made the seldom-surpassed war classic, All Quiet on the Western Front, directed Edge of Darkness. Besides Flynn, Sheridan, and Anderson, the cast includes Walter Huston, Ruth Gordon, Morris Carnovsky, Helmut Dantine, Roman Bohnen, John Beal, and Nancy Coleman—truly an extraordinary collection of acting talent.

The theme of Edge of Darkness—the resistance of a free people to those who would enslave them—has been used before but does not suffer by repetition. In fact it becomes more potent . . . as you will see.

(Warner Bros.)

## ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

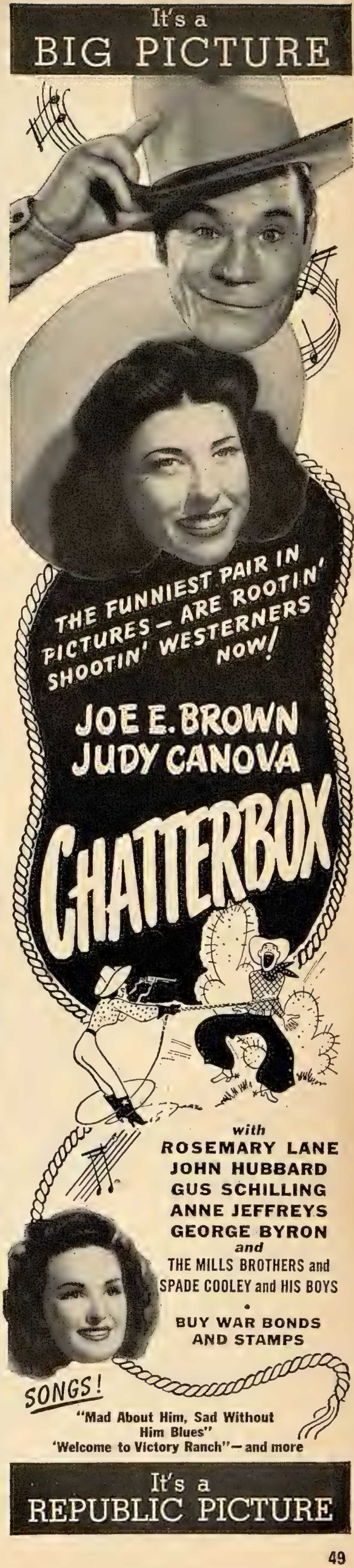
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

PIERRE AUMONT, who was a star in the French theater, plays a dual role in his first American film—a suspense-filled spy thriller. He is seen both as Corlay, a French traitor, and as Captain Metard, a spy for the British who impersonates Corlay. Metard's attempts to locate a hidden German submarine base and to evade detection—even by Corlay's mother and fiancée—make exciting sequences. The handsome star, who will soon rejoin the Free French forces in Africa, gets fine support from Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly, and Susan Peters.

## IDAHO

(Republic)

THIS latest Roy Rogers Western shows definite signs of compromise with the more sophisticated city-gangster type of film. The boys aren't after Indians or cattle rustlers this trip; the villains are a couple of robbers on the lam. But all the other aspects of the Western formula are there—the fight, the chase, and the rescue—backed up by good sets and an extensive production. Really good music is supplied by the Robert Mitchell Boychoir and Roy Rogers. Ona Munson, Dick Purcell, and Virginia Grey round out a competent cast.



It's a
BIG PICTURE

THE FUNNIEST PAIR IN PICTURES—ARE ROOTIN' SHOOTIN' WESTERNERS NOW!

JOE E. BROWN
JUDY CANOVA

CHATTERBOX

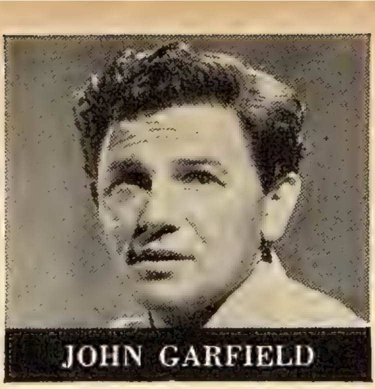
with
ROSEMARY LANE
JOHN HUBBARD
GUS SCHILLING
ANNE JEFFREYS
GEORGE BYRON
and
THE MILLS BROTHERS and
SPADE COOLEY and HIS BOYS

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

SONGS!
"Mad About Him, Sad Without Him Blues"
'Welcome to Victory Ranch"—and more

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

SUSAN HAYWARD


JOHN GARFIELD

JEAN ARTHUR

# CURRENT FILM FARE

| FILM | GIST | LIBERTY SAID: |
|---|---|---|
| AIR FORCE (Warners)<br>John Garfield, Harry Carey | *Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941). | A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43) |
| CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M)<br>Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson | *Musical fantasy* (Petunia tries to keep Little Joe away from the clutches of the devil and Georgia Brown). | Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43) |
| CASABLANCA (Warners)<br>Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid | *Melodrama* (the refugee problem and a novel love story against the background of French Morocco). | Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43) |
| COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia)<br>Paul Muni, Cedric Hardwicke | *Drama* (peace-loving Norwegians rise and fight back at the Nazis' "bloodless" occupation of their country). | Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43) |
| FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO)<br>Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall | *Aviation romance* (an aviatrix—reminiscent of Amelia Earhart—camouflages a naval mission as a flight around the world). | It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43) |
| FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO)<br>All-star cast | *Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941). | Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . but characterizations are gems. (4-10-43) |
| HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO)<br>Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, Tim Holt | *Drama* (the revolt of an American-born girl in Germany against Nazi "education"). | Vivid portrayal . . . story handled with restraint that enhances the horror. (2-13-43) |
| IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists)<br>Noel Coward | *Drama* (the thrilling biography of an English destroyer and its crew in the North Atlantic). | First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42) |
| JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO)<br>Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles | *Thriller* (American engineer and his wife chase through Europe with the Nazis on their heels). | Interesting and suspense-filled under Welles' able and unconventional hand. (3-13-43) |
| ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time) | *Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia). | Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43) |
| RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M)<br>Ronald Colman, Greer Garson | *Love story* (the end of the last war and an amnesia victim bring England's two worlds together). | Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43) |
| REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount)<br>Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne | *Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates). | A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42) |
| SALUDOS AMIGOS (Disney-RKO)<br>Donald Duck, Goofy | *Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America and makes some new friends). | Very amusing dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent color. (1-16-43) |
| SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Universal)<br>Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten | *Thriller* (an unsuspected murderer gets into the family bosom —until a shadow of doubt enters). | Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43) |
| STAND BY FOR ACTION (M-G-M)<br>Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Charles Laughton | *Navy drama* (conflict, jealousy, and fourteen rescued babies on a destroyer in a Pacific convoy). | Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together. (1-16-43) |
| THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY (Universal)<br>Deanna Durbin, Edmond O'Brien | *Comic melodrama* (Deanna pretends she's a widow to get refugee kids into the country—then falls in love). | Conclusive and delightful evidence that Deanna Durbin has really grown up. (3-20-43) |
| THE HARD WAY (Warners)<br>Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie | *Drama* (a ruthless girl discovers she can run her sister's life in the theater but not out of it). | Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter, uncompromising performances. (11-14-42) |
| THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT (20th-Fox)<br>Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara | *War drama* (inspired by the memory of his superior, a corporal guides a British patrol through Libya). | Compact, hard-driving movie . . . fine performances. (2-20-43) |

---

## BEWARE OF THE BLACK MARKET

Continued from Page 21

trying to crack down on a gang that is reported to consist of the loose ends of Al Capone's old gang, and that operates in the same ruthless way. There are reports that one gangster muscled into control of a small packing plant that has branches in other cities. It is said to act as a front for the gang's bootlegged meat.

These experts in intimidation (remember the beer barons and the little barkeeps?) have no trouble in getting rid of hijacked meat, coffee, sugar, or what-have-you. Chicagoans reportedly lose $1,000,000 a week to meat black marketeers alone. Is it any wonder?

The weak link in the control chain is, obviously, the farmer. He can slaughter what he wishes for his own consumption, and although he must keep a record of his killings, a sow makes no record of its litter of pigs. In past years farmers have sold pork and beef at butchering time to the city man, who relied on winter for an icebox or stored his supplies in a refrigerator locker. All he had to do was hack off his pork chops when he felt the urge.

How extensive even legitimate farm butchering is remains a mystery. But evidence reveals that the recent increase in such butchering is way out of bounds.

NOT content with meat, gangsters last fall began moving into the sugar market in a big way—as indicated by mounting thefts of sugar-ration books and 100-pound bags of sugar. Patiently federal agents tracked down a ring of safecrackers and petty racketeers who operated throughout the East. During their reign the gangs blew federal ration-office safes and stole food stamps and sugar-ration coupons which could have netted them hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of sugar and food. They operated in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Louisville, and other cities. The food stamps and sugar coupons were hawked to independent grocers by gang hangers-on called "coupon jockeys."

Gangsters also began stealing sugar for diversion to illegal stills, many of which have been operating since repeal in the New York area. Gangs terrorized small merchants into illegal diversion of their sugar. The mobsters feared the wartime shortage would destroy the hidden stills entirely.

Some merchants complain of stocks literally disappearing from under their noses. A store of 7,000 pounds of sugar left a warehouse although all windows and doors remained securely locked—typical of prohibition hijacking with the aid of an inside man. The sugar, wherever it went in the black market, brought about twelve cents a pound, while the government ceiling is under six.

The king of a beer syndicate during prohibition, a man who eventually served seven years of a ten-year sentence for income-tax evasion, was recently sentenced to a year in jail for running an extensive sugar black market in New York. He is Irving Wexler, better known during the roaring '20s as Waxey Gordon.

Wexler, who was released from prison only two and a half years ago, had no scruples about taking advantage of sugar rationing. He and two henchmen set up a dummy corporation, obtained permits for 500,000 pounds of sugar and earmarked it for the black market.

At the same time that Wexler was being sentenced, another federal judge was writing finis to another black-market case. The president-treasurer of a Brooklyn coffee and sugar firm was being handed a two-year prison term for his part in black-market operations. When this business man had made application for OPA sugar certificates, he had said he had 4,000 pounds on hand. The firm actually had more than a half million pounds stored away, according to the government's charge.

More than one warehouseman has been nabbed in the same way. When tax agents thumb through records and notice discrepancies, they want to know where the sugar is going. So does the OPA. If suspicions are confirmed, the sugar is safely locked up and so is the wholesaler.

The black marketeers watch the current scarcity lists closely. For example, in Los Angeles a truck loaded with 6,000 pounds of meat was hijacked practically in front of the owner's eyes. Not all of it went to the black market, however, for the thieves discarded 3,400 pounds of the load. It was bologna. There's no shortage of that. They only made off with the 2,600 pounds of choice cuts of meat that had a ready market.

THE bootlegging of gasoline, particularly in the seventeen eastern states, has been soaring, and the OPA considers this one of the most serious black markets in rationed items.

Early this year, as the gasoline shortage on the East Coast became increasingly critical, federal authorities closed in on a black-market ring that reportedly had channels through most of the country. The arrest of a young man in Miami, Florida, and the subsequent arrest of a former ration-board employee in Washington laid bare a black-market set-up that involved ration coupons calling for more than 2,000,000 gallons of gasoline. A large number of coupons were picked up in the Miami man's apartment. A great many more addressed to him were stopped at the Miami post office by government men. They were believed to be part of a theft of 2,000,000 gallons' worth of coupons from the safe of a Washington ration board.

An OPA official said the gasoline books were being sold throughout the United States and counterfeit coupons were also being distributed. In Washington the coupons were selling for two dollars a sheet or five cents each.

At the same time the government closed in on a local black-market pool that was a smudge on the nation's capital. A Washington operator had set up an illegal gas business in the very midst of the lawmakers themselves. It was short-lived, however, and the operator was given a year in prison and fined $2,500.

He had in his possession coupons representing 185,000 gallons of gasoline. He pleaded guilty to having il-

"I wish the Sergeant wouldn't keep saying 'Hip, hip, hip, all the time'."

LIGHTER MOMENTS
with fresh
Eveready Batteries

**FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line**

In this time of war "Eveready" flashlights and batteries are vital equipment, both at the front and at home. Here's how you can help conserve the critical materials they're made from: Don't buy a new flashlight if the old one can be repaired. Don't hoard batteries. Use them sparingly.

*The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.*

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

OCT. 1943
No. 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
A NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY PRODUCT

legally sold more than 40,000 gallons of fuel to motorists.

At Bayonne, New Jersey, a robbery netted books calling for 38,740 gallons of gas. At Newark, a group allegedly deep in the illicit gas racket was rounded up. The gang included two policemen, some ex-gangsters, and filling-station operators. The racketeers made a large haul at a New York office, getting books good for 11,000,000 gallons.

Gasoline itself is stolen, despite difficulty in handling, and secretly sent to station outlets for sale at prices double or triple ceiling prices. Some gas has even been stolen from railroad tank cars en route to the petroleum-starved East.

Just two weeks before national gas rationing was begun, the U. S. Secret Service nabbed three men in Chicago for having conspired to evade the new regulations by selling motorists ration stamps that had previously been turned in to refineries. All the men were from New York, and when they were caught with coupons good for 100,000 gallons they named four accomplices, one of whom worked for a large refinery. The three were nabbed in the act of selling a Chicago filling-station operator on the idea of becoming an outlet for black gas.

Their plan was to sell the coupons back to motorists. Selected filling stations were to sell these motorists gasoline at ten cents a gallon more than the regular price. The station operators were to take the black-market coupons and turn them back to the refineries so that they could refill their storage tanks.

THROUGHOUT the country, after national gas rationing began, fire inspectors sought out the thousands of gallons of canned dynamite that shortsighted people had stored in every conceivable container—even open washtubs. Some of it was buried, but seldom within the regulations of fire laws, and its use was a flagrant violation of the law.

A Cleveland business man, who applied for and received a C ration book, had two large tanks buried under his tennis court on his suburban grounds. A pump painted green and blending with the surrounding shrubs was near by, convenient to the driveway. Three months before December rationing he had the tanks filled with gas—almost enough to supply an A-card holder with his allotted amount for ten years. He thought his 2,000-gallon cache was safe. But city officials charged him with keeping gasoline in a restricted zone without a permit. He shamefacedly sent the gas back, and the court soaked him $500—the maximum penalty under the local ordinance.

Coffee, too, is a black-market favorite. Within three weeks after the start of coffee rationing the OPA convicted six New York restaurant operators of hoarding coffee. Their hoards, socked away in storage rooms and basements, were from 100 to 1,000 pounds each.

How far the racketeers will get in their development of the American black market depends to a great extent on how the people accept rationing. If there aren't any black-market buyers, there won't be sellers. The racketeers know, however, that many people want what they can't have. The gangs will work fast to supply the illegal goods.

The OPA has turned up many a method devised to beat the rules. A tire company at Youngstown, Ohio, lost its right to do business for the duration because the operators illegally obtained several thousand pounds of camelback, the rubber stripping that is used for tire retreading. The company sold the rubber to other firms in several other states. But it wasn't called camelback. It was a little thinner than ordinary camelback—so it became "tire repair material." Nevertheless it retreaded tires, and substantial amounts of rubber went on unessential tires that should have gone into a tank or a warship.

## DIDIE PINS

Tradition says a second looie
Should be rejected with a "Phooey!"
No matter how he talks or acts,
No matter what may be the facts.
His golden bars (forgive our sins)
In army talk are didie pins.
You call 'em that and laugh a loud
Long laugh and hope the barracks crowd
Will follow suit and chortle too,
As army cronies ought to do
Unless they are fifth columnists,
Or barracks sociologists
Who think that second looies should
Be granted chances to make good
Despite their leading with their chins
By wearing golden didie pins.

—*PRIVATE ANON.*

The loophole that created an extensive black market in tires was the ruling which allowed dealers to sell tires among themselves. Small firms that could not withstand having their stocks frozen were allowed to sell out. The difficulty was that crooked dealers often did the buying, then failed to register their stocks and sold the tires under the counter for exorbitant prices.

Municipalities have been stiffening the maximum penalties for tire thefts, and courts have been dealing out heavy sentences to the hoodlums who have been jacking up cars by the hundreds. Thousands of tires, however, have been stolen to swell the black-market reservoir.

One large gang which operated in Ohio with a reported stock of 25,000 new and used tires, maintained a supply truck line from the principal cities of the state. Many of the tires undoubtedly came from thieves who worked individual cars. The tires found their way to buyers through an apparently legitimate laundry.

WHEN the pinch comes, mere *professing* to be a good, patriotic American isn't enough. Extra cash doesn't find enough goods to buy and ruinous inflation results. To prevent inflation, the OPA nailed down the over-all price ceiling. But when prices cannot rise openly and goods cannot be sold indiscriminately, forbidden goods pass through the back alleys in the black market.

In the case of nylon stockings, the OPA ceiling took them off the shelves of the merchants. Although not plentiful, there were stocks that drew high prices. The OPA set maximums, and they disappeared because the merchant would lose money on those precious stocks which he had bought at high prices. It is supposed that some of the supplies went to the black market.

One woman in Cleveland thought she was getting a bargain when a man called at her home with sample nylons and sold her six pairs for eight dollars. The sample he showed was a perfect pair. But on opening the sealed package she found six pairs that were all worn out and full of runs.

For the most part, every one is ready to co-operate on the home front, but the individual too often disassociates himself from the war. With extra money in his pocket he sees no harm in obtaining that extra steak or gallon of gasoline. What he does not realize is that the success or failure of the wartime rationing program depends upon his individual acceptance of it, however small a matter that may seem.

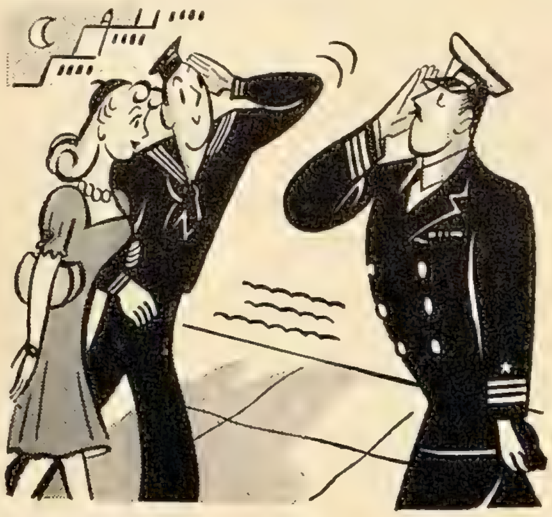
THE END

# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

NO finer response has ever greeted an item on this page than was evoked by the one several weeks ago about the left-handed salute given "Shavetail" at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. Wish I could take over this entire issue of Liberty and run *all* the letters. Instead, I'll do the best I can in giving you their flavor.

Old-Timer C. E. M., Providence, Rhode Island, said, "In the Infantry Drill Regulations of 1890, you will find that the salute rendered a commissioned officer by an enlisted man was with the hand farther from the officer, whether right or left."



Left hand

From J. C. McK., Peekskill, New York: "When I learned the drill as a Shattuck cadet (1895-99) the salute was regularly given with the 'outside' hand, and we were told this had been the American Army usage since von Steuben's time."

Several Spanish-American War veterans wrote in to declare that they were taught to salute with either hand and any veteran of that war could verify the fact.

Other letters from old Regular Army men quoted authority for the ambidextrous salute until shortly before World War I. Ex-Captain H. A. M., Muskogee, Oklahoma, puts the change in regulations at about 1912: "It was the year Ike Eisenhower coached our football team at Peacock Military College, San Antonio, Texas. He was a 'Shaver' then."

Captain C. L. P., Camp Livingston, Louisiana (who wants it noted that his Field Artillery outfit is *not* horse-drawn), brings up "a very technical point, but isn't there an A. R. which states that a dismounted soldier, while holding a horse, will render the salute with the left hand? Maybe 'Shavetail' didn't see the little horse that wasn't there, or maybe I'm wrong about the whole thing."

A number of Navy men called my attention to the Navy regulation: "When the right hand is occupied and cannot be disengaged, the hand salute is executed with the left hand." As one lieutenant (j. g.) put it, "The Navy takes care of everything—the right arm can be weighted down with bundles or blondes and the man can still salute with the left without reprimand." A point well taken.

Other sailors cited the case of the boatswain's mate who, when he pipes an officer over the side of a ship, uses his right hand for the pipe and salutes with his left.

Pl/Sgt. G. H. W., U. S. M. C., wrote from Camp Lejeune: "Another enlisted man entitled to render a left-hand salute is Gunnery Sergeant Donald L. Truesdell, awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for attempting to dispose of a grenade which threatened his comrades in Nicaragua, this act costing him his right arm. He not only salutes with his left but hunts and fishes at this post and brings home the bacon."

That's all I have space for, except a word from an ex-old sarge, J. P. B., Detroit, Michigan: "Technically, you are safe because you didn't stick your neck clear out and say that the left-handed salute *never* was. So you're still in good standing and we'll instruct the outer guard to let you in as usual when we other old sarges roll out the barrel.

"With all these smart kids now in uniform, we can't afford to let it get around that a sergeant doesn't know everything. At this late date, to admit there was anything we didn't know would make the streets quite unsafe for us. Some of 'them guys' from 1917-19 are still out looking for us, sarge. Remember?"

*You're* reminding *me?*

Thanks to one and all who contributed. It was grand fun.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

The public seems to think that when a man joins the Coast Guard he stays in the States for the duration. The public doesn't seem to know that our boys have been in on practically every landing party since the war began, not to mention our work in convoying troops and supplies to the many fronts. It makes me mad to hear us called the "Hooligan Navy" or "Feather Merchants" by civilians who are ignorant of the Coast Guard's work and accomplishments.

*J. H., U. S. C. G.,*
*Stone Harbor, N. J.*

Some dumb civilian must have been calling you names, Joe, to make you that mad. Forget it! All the people whose opinion you care about know what you've done and what you're doing.

* * *

May we impose upon you to settle an argument? The question is whether General Eisenhower's four-star rank is permanent or temporary, and, if temporary, what is his permanent rank?

*H. F., New York City.*

BUY BONDS HERE
MARKOW

War bonds

All promotions in the Army of the United States during the war are temporary. General Eisenhower's permanent rank in the United States Army is that of Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry. He has received the following temporary promotions: to Colonel on March 11, 1941; to Brigadier General on September 29, 1941; to Major General on March 27, 1942; to Lieutenant General on July 7, 1942; to General on February 11, 1943. There are four other four-star generals at this writing: Pershing, Marshall, MacArthur, and Craig.

* * *

Do I understand correctly that enlisted men are not required to work in officers' quarters without extra compensation? I do not feel right when I have to detail some of my squad for such duty. The men feel that the officers should look after the upkeep of their own rooms unless they are willing to pay for it. Am I right or wrong?

*Cpl. J. S. P., Bradley Field, Conn.*

Right or wrong, I can't say much for your attitude as an N. C. O. toward your officers. As a matter of fact, you are

**wrong. It is true that an officer pays his orderly, but a detail working in officers' quarters or rooms is not working for an individual, but rather, performing duty on the instruction of the C. O.**

* * *

What are the possibilities of applying for the position of instructor in cooking? Also, what ratings (both commissioned and noncommissioned) are available?
*T/Sgt. F. J. D., Atlantic Beach, Fla.*

**As far as I know, the Army Cooks and Bakers Schools find instructors among their own graduates. Students are of practically all grades—officers go to absorb the principles of mess management (mess officers, as a rule, perform as such in addition to their other duties), and enlisted men may graduate as first or second cooks or mess sergeants. Courses vary from a two-weeks refresher to several months.**

* * *

Does an applicant for Officer Candidate School have to agree to stay in the Army for the duration *plus a year*, rather than six months after the war ends?
*A. D., Tacoma, Wash.*

***All* service in the Army of the United States, whether commissioned or enlisted personnel, is for the duration of the war plus six months.**

* * *

Please understand that I am not bragging but am presenting these facts to show civilians they *can* buy more bonds and stamps if they *will*.

I get $66 a month. I am married and $22 goes to my wife. The premium on my $10,000 insurance policy is also deducted, plus laundry and other miscellaneous charges. Yet on every payday I buy a $25 bond for $18.75.

Thousands and thousands of other men in uniform, some making only a private's pay, are doing just what I am. *It can be done.*

Quite selfishly, I know I am making the best investment in the world. When the war ends I'll have a fine little stake to carry me through the readjustment period.

It doesn't seem much to ask to bet *at least* 10 per cent of your income on a sure thing, does it? There isn't a doubt that we'll win the war, is there? See what I mean?
*Cpl. F. E. McC., Augusta, Ga.*

**That's plain enough, corporal, and fair enough, too. You've put it on the line.**

---

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

## IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY—Continued from Page 17

very flattering! It reminded her unpleasantly of something Jill Marshall had said about Beth Sanders and her husband when Ed Sanders had left for service:

"All the casualties of this war won't take place on the battlefield; some will be on the home front. Lots of men are going because they have to go, but an awful lot are going because they want to go; because they're fed up to the teeth with their wives and their jobs and their lives!"

"Johnny certainly isn't going because he wants to!" Tessa had retorted. "And I don't think that's true of Ed Sanders, either."

Jill's blue eyes had been amused, sardonic.

"None of us knows an awful lot about our husbands really, Tessa. We know how much starch they like in their shirts and how strong they like their coffee, but sometimes I think they keep us strangers to their dreams and their real disappointments. For a lot of men this war's an escape. A breather. A chance to look around under the guise of patriotism, and see just what they want to do with their lives afterward."

"JOHNNY," Tessa spoke suddenly out of her thoughts, "I wish you wouldn't sound so darn — so darn *happy* about leaving me. It's not very flattering to me, to say the least."

She was sitting up in bed now, her hazel eyes regarding him soberly, and her mouth looked grave and hurt. Johnny pulled himself up in bed and his face, too, sobered, and the boyishness that had been there a few minutes ago was gone. His eyes were a deep intense blue, which was surprising with that thick black hair. His skin was healthy and ruddy, and he had a straight thin mouth and strong white teeth and a quizzical smile that was forever young. He was handsome as all healthy, well-put-together men are handsome, and there was an aliveness about him that made Tessa wonder how he would ever consent to growing old, and what he would look like if he did.

"I am happy about it, Tessa, in a way. I mean, it's the most important thing that's happened to me since—since I got married. After eight years of working at a job I hated for a pompous goat of a man I despised, I'm finally going to be doing work I like."

Tessa's eyes widened. "Why, Johnny, you never told me you despised Mr. Van Sinten!"

"What was the use of talking about it? I couldn't do anything. But, boy, did I get a kick out of kissing him good-by! Six years at the same salary. He'll have to pay somebody else fifteen thousand, at least, to do the work he was giving me seventy-five hundred for."

Echoes of Jill Marshall's remark floated through Tessa's mind. "We know how much starch they like in their shirts, but they keep us strangers to their dreams and their real disappointments. . . ."

Johnny was saying gleefully, "He had a fit because I wouldn't let him get me out of this commission. Pointed out all the war posters I'd designed, and how much good I was doing public morale, and how much I was needed here at home. But I as much as told him that if he got in the way of my accepting that commission, I'd knock him down!"

This was something new. This was something she had not known. Her heart was beating in a queer quick way.

"Then you didn't have to go into the army, did you, Johnny? I mean, you could have stayed out, if you'd wanted to. I understood that it was practically compulsory."

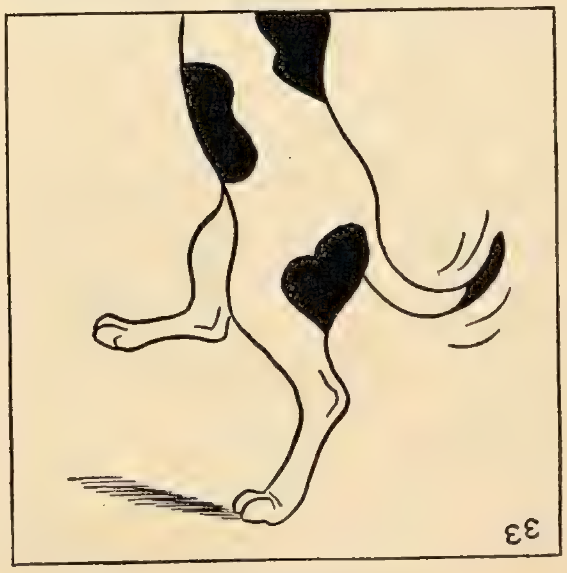
"Well, it was in a way. I mean, they need me down there, there's no doubt of that. And we *can* live on a captain's salary. Lots of people live nicely on a great deal less. I just couldn't turn the chance down, Tessa. I'll be learning a lot while I'm in there. When I come out, maybe I'll be able to make a living at photography. Get a good Hollywood job, or something like that."

"Yes, Johnny."

He stared at her. He began to look angry. "You needn't sound so martyred about it, Tessa!"

"I wasn't sounding martyred! I was just thinking that—that it makes everything different to realize you're going not so much because you have to go but because you want to go!"

## FOOTNOTES



Company.

Johnny's hand flung back the covers. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and his toes dug about beneath him for bedroom slippers.

"Well, what's so terrible about that? Why the devil wouldn't I want to go?"

"Why would you want to go, Johnny?" Her voice sounded stilled, quiet, asking the simple question. Everything—everything in the world depended on his answer to it. For all at once, everything that she had been taking for granted—Johnny's love, his happiness, his contentment with the life she had made for him—was thrown into a confusion so deep and so astonishing that she couldn't grasp the significance of what she and Johnny were saying to each other.

He sat there on the edge of the bed, his hands on the mattress at either side of him, and he was looking at her oddly, as though he, too, had to consider just what he would say to her. Actually, he was as much taken by surprise at the turn this conversation had taken as she was. He was beginning to see that questions and answers unimportant in themselves had, lumped together, revealed something he had never once admitted, even to himself. But it was there now, plainly, for any one to see. Yes, he was going not because he had to, actually, but because he wanted to.

"WHY would you want to go, Johnny?" Tessa had asked him; and he thought, I don't know. Why does any man want to get away? Of the millions of men who were going to war, thousands of them were going willingly, eagerly, anxious to get away from lives that had threatened to trap them in dullness and boredom for all time if they let this last chance of escape slip by.

"Johnny," Tessa was saying now, "it isn't—it isn't that you don't love me any more, is it?"

"No, Tessa," he said, "it isn't that. It hasn't got anything to do with loving somebody or not loving her. It's just—that life was getting pretty dull, pretty much a matter of routine. For both of us," he said. "We've been living beyond our means, and seeing the same little circle of people, and —and life was getting away from us and we weren't doing anything about it."

"But what more could we do about it? We're raising children and running a home, and—what else *do* people do about life, for heaven's sake?"

Johnny stood up. "I don't know, Tessa. Maybe nothing. But I'm going to do something about it. I'm never going back to work for Van Sinten,

RUMOR STOPPER
AIR RAID SECTOR MAP
SURPRISE BLACKOUT
BEAR DOWN ★ ON A ★ WAR JOB
Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
AIR RAID DUTIES
BE WISE!
Calvert
Calvert RESERVE
Calvert SPECIAL

Wise Rhymes for These Times

1. William Bear has got a flair
For helping OCD,
And as director of a sector
He knows a thing or three!

2. His busy mate works long and late
With women's groups galore!
Enlists the skill that helps to fill
The jobs to win the War.

3. Because they match like key and latch
They're perfect, happy mates.
And that's the clue to CALVERT too—
A blend of noble traits.

4. For you will find rare traits combined
In CALVERT Whiskey too—
The milder, lighter, smoother, righter
"Happy Blend" for *you!*

Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

for one thing. I'm not coming back to anything I've known, Tessa. Life might be better or it might be worse, but during the war and after it, I know at least that it's going to be different."

Never in her life, Tessa thought, watching this strange man who was her husband, had she felt so frightened, so bewildered. What in the world was Johnny talking about? What did it all mean? He was struggling into a dressing gown and heading toward the bathroom as though their talk had been casual everyday talk of the weather or where they were dining tonight. Down the hall she heard sounds of the children rising. In a minute they would come clamoring in, eager to be with their father on Johnny's last day at home. This might be the last few minutes she would have alone with Johnny until—until his first leave!

"Johnny," she called to him softly. "Come here, won't you? Sit here beside me for a minute."

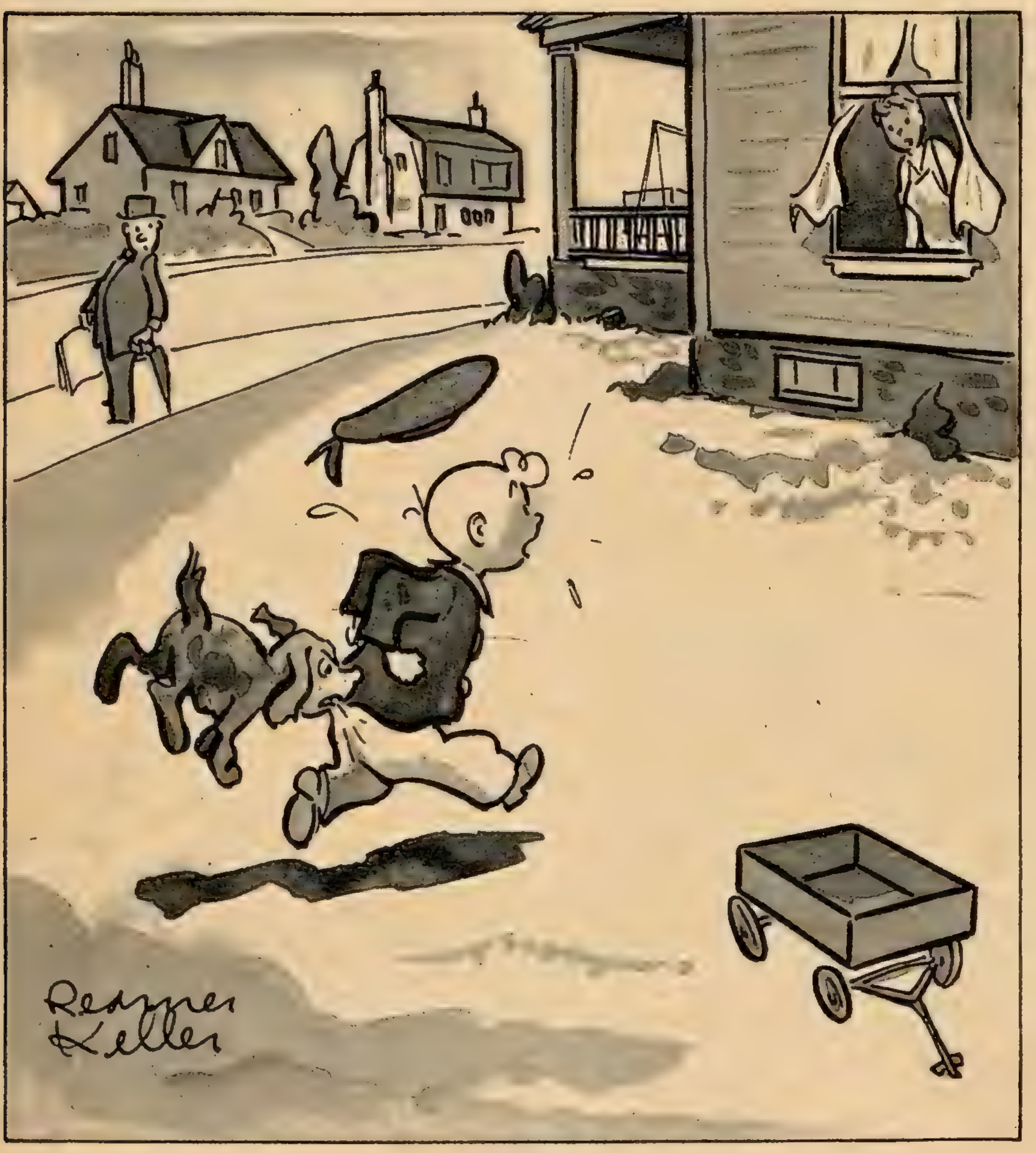
He came over, looking guilty and ashamed and defensive. He dropped down on the bed beside her and picked up one of her hands and toyed with the rings on her fingers, looking at them instead of at her. She noticed that there was no touch of gray in the strong black hair of his bowed head. Only yesterday her own heart had faltered to discover half a dozen gray hairs in her shining red-gold pompadour. It wasn't fair that from the day they were born, really, women should mature so much more quickly than men. Here was Johnny at thirty-one, handsome and young and more attractive than he had been at twenty-one. And Tessa, at twenty-seven, knew that for her the slender suppleness of youth, the glowing skin, the clear eye, the energetic restlessness were things that could only be retained by vigilantly watching her diet and how much she drank and smoked. At thirty-five the peak of her loveliness would be past, whereas Johnny, more successful, more poised, would probably be at his best!

"Johnny," she told him on a little smile, bending her head to look up into his face, "you're going to look awfully snazzy in your uniform, you know."

He grinned at her. He brushed her soft curling hair back from her face.

"I'm sorry I got sort of mad there for a minute, Tessa," he apologized. "I guess it was mostly because I know damn well I probably haven't any right to walk out on you like this when I *could* pull strings and stay here. But they do need me. Tessa. They've got very few people who can do the sort of work I can do. And besides, we have let ourselves drift into a rut, Tessa. In every way. My career was certainly headed for a nose dive, the way I've been feeling about my work lately—just slapping things out any which way."

**HARDTACK**



"Ants in my pants nuthin'! Towser's in my trousers!"

Tessa leaned back against the pillows and her eyes went above Johnny's head to look about her at their pretty, well ordered room. How could Johnny think their life together had been so empty and futile when, actually, it had contained everything? Up until now! It seemed to Tessa she had just got her home furnished and decorated the way she had always wanted it to be—that rose-glow carpeting in the hall that she had done without a new coat to manage; the mirrored, initialed wastebaskets in the bedrooms, the new draperies in the dining room—and now, completed, it was prettier than the homes of any of her friends. And she and Johnny had nice friends, and they had their clubs, and while life was probably unexciting, it was a good life.

"It's funny," she said slowly, oddly, "how all this past week I've been thinking how terrible it must be for you to be leaving everything and starting a new, hard life, and all the while you've been just itching to be gone, to be on your way."

Unexpected and unwanted tears sprang to her eyes, though the smile about her mouth still held for him.

"NO," he said, considering. "No, it's not quite like that, Tess. It's rather that I'm not sorry about it. This is a big fight. Everybody who can be in it wants to be in it. And afterward—afterward nothing is going to be quite as we remember it. The fellows who hang on the side lines, waiting for a return of yesterday—those people are licked. But if you get into it, in spirit if nothing else, and go along with it, you'll swim to the top afterward." He was looking down at her rings again, twisting them about on her fingers. "Of course I hate leaving you and the kids."

It seemed to Tessa, listening, that was sort of an emotional postscript. He wasn't really sorry. For the time being she was just another part of the life he was eager to be done with, for a while at least! The thought was staggering in its implications, and it brought into sharp focus all sorts of details about their life together that, until now, had seemed neither important nor out of the ordinary.

It brought to the front of her mind the realization that she and Johnny had not been lovers in—why, in months! She had paid no attention to his neglect of her as they went along, putting it down to overwork, to weariness. And, after all, no woman expects honeymoon adoration to be continued over into eight years of marriage! They hadn't quarreled, though. They hardly ever quarreled. Johnny fell in with any plans she made for them, going along unprotestingly, even to parties at the homes of people he didn't too much care for, so that Tessa had often found herself boasting to other women of what a darling Johnny was.

"HE'S sweet," she would say, "really. He doesn't fight about struggling into a dinner jacket, or playing bridge, or anything else I ask him to do. I can't understand you women who are scared to death to ask your husbands for extra money or a trip to the opera or something."

Johnny had always been grand about extra money. "If you're sure it's something we've got to have," he would say, and of course it always was something she had to have if the house was to look nice, and the children were to be well dressed, and her own appearance, and her end of local entertaining kept up.

Only now, at the end of that pleasant, easy life, did she begin to perceive that Johnny had hated much of it, disliked most of it, had gone along, marking time, and seized the first opportunity to break away.

"Johnny—Johnny darling," she said to him, "I'm sorry I've made such a mess of things for you. I didn't know you were so unhappy."

"Good Lord, Tessa, don't go making a mountain out of a molehill! This hasn't anything to do with us. It's the work I'm anxious to get into, whether it was here in Linton Heights or in the army or in Timbuktu!"

But the very vehemence of his denial betrayed some truth in what Tessa was beginning to divine about him, and he knew it. He was suddenly impatient with himself. What the devil's the matter with me? he asked himself that February morning. Tessa was swell, perfectly swell. She was pretty and young and she had done a grand job of being a mother and making a nice home for him. Why, a year or so ago, had everything gone as flat as yesterday's ginger ale for him? He was sick of cocktail parties and sick of the smart-aleck advertising crowd and sick of—no, not of Tessa, he thought, looking at her now. He wasn't tired of her, or out of love with her—or in love with her.

For an instant he let himself glance back over the path of his life, overgrown with mistakes, trying to find which one had been the corner that led him into this blind alley of—of emptiness. That's what it had been for him lately. Everything was cut and dried. He knew almost to the word what response Tessa would give to any question or opinion he might put to her. But that wasn't her fault. That happened in pretty much every marriage. What sort of heel was he, to want to walk out on a grand girl like Tessa simply because he knew her too well?

But the fact remained that he did; that he felt a compulsion to get away from her for a while. Lately he had caught himself flirting around with one woman or another. Nothing important, which was the awful part of it, for him. Nothing even genuinely exciting, except Catherine Lockhart, for that one blinding, shaken minute when she had walked into the pantry where he was fixing drinks and had looked at him in that maddening, mocking way she had, daring him, and he had found his arms going about her, and her mouth had been unlike that of any other woman he had ever kissed. Warm and soft and yielding and demanding, so that his heart had leaped at the thought of what it would be like to love a woman like that. Tessa's best friend. It was disgusting. He had gone out of his way to avoid Catherine after that.

Maybe it was all just because he had married too young. He had been twenty-three to Tessa's nineteen. They said that people who married too young were always trying to feel their way back along the path to youth, to look for the things they felt they had missed in their rush toward maturity. Or maybe it was just eight years. Maybe Tessa was feeling the same way. . . . But one look at her eyes watching his face told him that wasn't so. She was looking at him with her heart in her eyes, as she had always looked at him, and he felt ashamed of all the things he had said to her.

"LOOK," he said to her, speaking softly again and laying the palm of her hand along his cheek. "I'm only going to Washington, you know. Not to Africa. Not for a long while, anyway. Let's not be so grim about all this, honey."

Tessa's arms slid up around his neck. "Whether it's Washington or just next door," she told him, "when you feel like this about us, Johnny, it seems to me you're a long way off. I love you," she said. "I adore you. Don't get tired of me, darling, ever. Please!"

"I'm not tired of you," he said. He was holding her close and she felt warm and soft against him. How long had it been since he had held her like

## THE GYP OF THE WEEK

By *FRANK W. BROCK*

## SKIP TRACERS

WHEN Emerson P. Brown moved his family to Detroit shortly after Pearl Harbor, he left an "unpaid balance" on the books of one of the installment houses in the old home town. "Mr. Brown has gone to Detroit" was all the credit investigators could learn.

Because of that oversight, every man named Emerson Brown in Detroit got a thrill about four months later. Each of them received a discreet questioning letter from the "National Inheritance Service."

A return card was enclosed, so that the "missing heir" could fill in his past and present address, place of employment, name of his bank, and other pertinent information. If he wasn't the right Emerson Brown he never heard any more about it. But the Emerson Brown with the unpaid balance had provided the definite information which put his creditors on his trail.

This isn't written to forewarn absconding debtors of the tricks sometimes employed to identify them. But there is no reason why the many honest Emerson Browns and their wives should be deceived by a cruel hoax.

Not one but a dozen subterfuges are used. A Columbus "Safe Deposit Company's" come-on says: "We hold a safe-deposit box for an individual . . . and we are informed he is deceased. It is our desire to communicate with heirs or relatives."

A "Chief Statistician" with a Washington mailing address has patterned his questionnaire so closely after government forms that many replies have been mailed to Selective Service.

They may not be with us much longer. The Federal Trade Commission has initiated complaints which charge "misrepresentation in the use of unfair and deceptive acts and practices in commerce." But until the Commission's formal "cease and desist" order is issued don't let the fakers kid you into believing that you're a missing heir.

this? What had been wrong with him lately? Ever since he had kissed Catherine Lockhart, he remembered suddenly, Tessa had seemed—unexciting to him. That was crazy. Tessa was twice as pretty as Catherine. Tessa was swell. She was his wife, and he loved her, he told himself.

His mouth searched for hers, found it, and he held her tight, tight, and waited for that excitement to sweep through him, for Tessa's passion to waken an answering desire in him; but nothing happened, nothing at all, and that frightened him. He was relieved when the children, careening noisily down the hall, threw open the door of their room and shouted:

"Hi-ya, dad. Morning, mom. Dad, may we see you in your uniform?" Jackie demanded impatiently. "When are you going to put it on, dad? I told all the kids in school you were going to fly over Japan and take pictures and you'd bring some home."

"Well, son, I don't know about that, now—"

Patty, the baby, who was only four, stood there in her bathrobe, wide-eyed, more bewildered than excited. "Why are you going to be a soldier, daddy?"

Johnny bent down and swept her up into his arms. She was a lovely child, with Tessa's reddish hair and Johnny's very blue eyes and gravity of expression. "I'm not really going to be a soldier, Pat. Just sort of a soldier. And I'll be back to see you and Jackie and mother—often," he promised her, kissing the top of her head.

TESSA lay very still, watching them. The moment with Johnny had been shattered. Now the day, his mother, his family, the children, would claim him. Tonight there would be Catherine's party at the club, and from there they would take Johnny directly to his train. And it was awful to see him go. All that talk about everything being different after the war, all Johnny's eagerness to be off, the strangeness of Johnny in uniform, left Tessa with the feeling that he was going out to take part in something vastly exciting and important, a brand-new life of which she knew nothing, and from which he might or might not come back to her.

Once her only worry had been that he might be killed or wounded. Now she began to feel that, as Jill had remarked, all the casualties of this war would not take place on the battlefield! She got up slowly, reaching for her robe. A mood of depression and uncertainty settled over her that, try as she would, she could not shake off throughout the day. And as though things were not bad enough already, late in the afternoon Johnny told her about the house.

IT was a strange day. A day when the word "Good-by" beat against her ears until Tessa thought she could not bear to hear that word again! All morning the phone rang, and it was for Johnny—people calling to say good-by. He had many friends. All kinds of people liked Johnny.

He's alive, that's what he is, Tessa thought as she listened to his half of phone conversations. "He's alive, and the world I've made for him is just too small to hold all of him." There were parts of Johnny that she had not even been aware of, brought out now, given full play by this war. The soldier, the reckless adventurer behind the quiet husband. The patriot, grim and determined about this business beneath all the light banter of the little captain going forth to help fight the Battle of Washington. The man beneath the husband. And now for a while he would be all man and not husband at all, and if she wanted to get him back, ever, she must open her arms wide now, uncomplainingly, to let him go.

## APPRAISAL

To have no cause for jealousy
Is comforting, it's true;
But I'd appreciate you more
If some one else did, too!

—*KATHERINE KELLY WOODLEY.*

And so she listened to all the good-bys as she helped Joanna, the not-too-efficient maid, to straighten the house, and she tried to be gay about it, and pretended to him that she had dismissed all the unpleasantness in their early-morning talk.

She dressed carefully, too, for the luncheon at his mother's house, wanting to look her prettiest all through the day. She chose one of the two new dresses she had bought yesterday in a mood of reckless extravagance. She knew she couldn't really afford them, but Johnny's last day at home deserved a new dress! Johnny, coming into the room for some article he'd forgotten to pack, observed the dress lying across the organdie bedspread. Tissue still stuffed its sleeves, proclaiming its newness.

"Ummm," he said, "new furbelows, eh? Won't be able to afford many more like that, I'm afraid."

"I know, darling. It *was* extravagant, but I did want to look pretty for you. Though I don't know myself how I'm going to run this house on your army pay! We had all we could do to stay out of a debtors' jail on seventy-five hundred!"

Johnny opened his mouth to say something, closed it again. He said instead, "It won't be easy." He said, turning to go, "Don't be late, will you, honey? You know mother's one of these old original army wives who believes that being on time means arriving five minutes before you're expected!"

Yes, Tessa thought grimly, I know, all right! Mrs. Barnes was a hostess who made every one uncomfortable if they arrived late to a luncheon or dinner. She recited the things that their tardiness had spoiled. "I'm sorry the roast beef is so tough," she would apologize, "but I'm afraid sitting in the oven has dried it out." This, regardless of how succulent the roast might be. You felt, of course, that you were wrong, that it was tough, and that it was distinctly your fault, and the food became tasteless with your guilt.

WELL, Mrs. Barnes was a grand person, just the same, Tessa justified her mother-in-law as her eyes hovered between shades of lipstick. No one worked harder in the community, no one was more generous of her time and money. And Johnny's sister, Janice, five years older than Johnny, was a fine, good woman, too, though Tessa was glad not to have to see too much of either woman. As it was, their relations were cordial.

They'll probably want me for dinner every Sunday when Johnny's gone, Tessa realized. Well, she'd crawl out of that somehow, on the plea that the children liked Sunday at home.

"Hey, Tessa!" Johnny's voice called up the stairs. "It's almost one o'clock."

"Be right down!" She surveyed herself in the mirror, was satisfied with what she saw there. A small slender woman with a pale clear skin, really lovely hair, nice wide-spaced eyes. She could wish the lashes were a little longer, but they were thick, at least. Her mouth was wide, soft, tipped up at the corners because she was essentially a good-dispositioned person with tempers that blazed up, died out, and left no sulks in their wake. The new print dress had a pale green background which was perfect with her reddish hair.

Tessa nodded in satisfaction. "You'll do," she spoke aloud. There wasn't likely to be much competition at

Mrs. Barnes'. The party tonight would be different.

Jill Marshall had remarked, "I don't know why you throw Johnny and Catherine together so much, Tessa. He has much too good a time with her. When a woman amuses a man—that's dangerous."

"Oh, Jill, really!" Tessa had returned impatiently. "You're always looking for intrigues. Johnny and Catherine!"

No, it wasn't Johnny and Catherine she was worried about. It was Johnny and all the new exciting things he was going to find during this war. Even the danger, later on, would be exhilarating. It was the women who had nothing to do but wait and worry who had the hardest job!

*"Tessa!"*

"Yes, Johnny." She flew.

BECAUSE today was the last of everything—last breakfast together, last luncheon, last kisses—everything Tessa did with Johnny was suddenly pointed up and newly exciting. Sitting beside him in the car, having him reach out and take her hand as he hadn't done since they were engaged! She mentioned that.

"Haven't I?" Johnny said. "I guess I haven't been any great shakes as a husband."

"You've been a wonderful husband!" she protested. "I'm still glad I married you instead of George Worth. By the way, I hear he's back in town. He shot down I don't know how many planes in the South Pacific, and he was shot down and wounded, and he's quite the hero. Imagine George a hero!" and she giggled about it.

"Not so hard to imagine. He was a swell polo player, and he piloted his own plane when he was eighteen. He was a playboy but he always had guts."

"Aren't you jealous of him any more?"

"Gosh, no! I'd like to see him again, matter of fact. Bet he'd have interesting things to talk about. He's probably married by now."

"No," Tessa said slowly, "no, he isn't. Beth Sanders said he was more eligible than ever."

Eight years ago, when Tessa had eloped with Johnny, George Worth had said, "I'll wait around until he's begun to take you for granted, and then I'll step in again." Of course that was silly. George hadn't waited around for *her!* Still, it was nice to think about. It was especially nice to think about today when, though Johnny sat beside her, his thoughts had all left her and were busy with the problems that lay ahead of him.

"Well," Johnny said comfortably, patting her hand, "he'll be some one for you to have cocktails with while I'm gone, and you can feel nice and wicked and write me all about it."

She glanced at him, irritated that he should take her so for granted, that he should think he was the only one who might find the house and the children dull and trying!

The car turned up the last steep hill that left the town itself behind and began to spread out into countryside. Up here, more money was in residence, and the houses were guarded by fences and small signs announced the names, with warnings to tradesmen to use the back entrance. The smaller homes began to fall away, distances between them widening. The Barnes house was big and old and rambling, staggering under the weight of the original tax assessment so that there was never enough money for repairs. It was set well back off the road, in seven acres of ground, and in the summertime the heavy foliage of trees and bushes helped to hide the ugliness of brick and stone and gingerbread fretwork that had been so popular in the time Johnny's grandfather had built the house.

Entering it now, Tessa was glad all over again that her own house was small and doll-like, all chintzes and maple and organdie. She thought she would simply smother in a big old gloomy house like this.

JOHNNY threw open the door and a sea of chattering female voices almost drowned his own voice calling, "Hello, mother! Janice!"

Janice had come home to live with her mother since Sherwood Coates, her husband, had gone to Washington to serve on WPB. Janice had no children, and it had seemed logical and right to come back here where Mrs. Barnes had rattled about alone since Jack Barnes' death five years ago. It was Janice who came out into the hall to greet them now. She was a tall, thin, prim woman, her hair brushed in neat rolls back from her face. She dressed well and expensively but so quietly that she achieved dullness instead of smartness. Her manner was brusque and a little cold toward every one, and Tessa had always wondered why Janice had married, since emotionally she had always remained an old maid. Her husband always seemed an intrusion in her neat, well ordered life.

"I'm afraid you're a little late," Janice said. "It's all right—you must be frightfully rushed, your last day—but mother's gone out to see about helping Chloe keep the creamed chicken from drying out. Johnny, you look superb—simply superb—

## DIRECT HITS

Against the invasion threat, the Germans are converting famous Dutch coastal resorts into fortified zones and evacuating them. The Dutch are quite cheerful about this, however, and look forward to the visitors they hope to entertain there this summer.

According to a Gallup poll, approximately one half the country favors a government lottery. Apparently the other half would just as soon continue along with Bingo.

This year many of us who never planted a seed before will be hard at work in our Victory gardens. Our major spring problems will be how to raise our first vegetables and our second income-tax payment.

One of New York's largest stores has opened a new department: A barnyard to sell chickens and chicken-raising equipment.

Repeated rumors are that both Finland and Italy would like a separate peace. In Mein Kampf, Hitler laid down the rules for conquering the world alone. It begins to look now as though he will have a chance to try.

American supplies are being shipped to Spain to maintain Spanish-American amity. We trust it is not true that these are being transshipped to Germany and that all Hitler will allow Franco to keep is our friendship.

The new zinc-coated steel pennies look like silver when minted, but soon turn black. Americans are advised not to worry about this, though. They are just as good as the copper ones, and besides, nothing is that cheap any more.

Rabelais remarked: "War begun without good provision of money beforehand for going through with it is but as a breathing of strength and blast that will quickly pass away. Coin is the sinews of war." Today that means you had better buy more you-know-what.

After Madame Chiang showed up in slacks at Wellesley, the authorities removed the ban on the students' wearing them. Evidently it's all right if it's an old Chinese costume.

*E. A. P.*

in your uniform!" Janice held him out at arm's length admiringly. "Oh, I do wish Bill had wangled a commission instead of going in as a buck private! Mother's still sick about it."

"Pretty tough to wangle a commission at nineteen," Johnny observed humorously, "though they tell me it's been done in the Air Corps! How is Bill?" he asked.

Janice frowned. "All right, I guess, Johnny. But lately his letters talk about nothing but some girl he's met and fallen in love with—or what passes for love at nineteen! We're hoping he doesn't do anything crazy, like marrying her. Her name is Nicky. That's enough, isn't it? Imagine—Nicky! Sounds phony to me."

MRS. BARNES came through the dining room then, carefully remembering to shut the folding doors after her. Mrs. Barnes was an energetic woman, and she bore down on Tessa and Johnny now with reproof in the very cordiality of her greeting.

"Johnny!" she said. "I thought you'd forgotten me! I know how difficult it is for young people to be on time—goodness, it seems to me nobody bothers to be punctual any more—and, fortunately, I planned luncheon for half an hour later than I said it would be. You look wonderful, Johnny! I do wish your father could be here to see you now! The dream of his life was to see one of his sons wearing the uniform of his country. Now both of you are wearing it. I'm glad and sorry, Johnny, all at once. But I'm proud of you for what you're doing, what you're giving up. I'm sure Tessa is, too."

She looked at Tessa expectantly, and of course Tessa was proud of him, but all at once, unreasonably, she wanted to say something that would startle Johnny's mother, who was standing there looking so brisk and competent and capable, the waves in her still dark hair as rigid and even as her broad back.

"Of course I'm proud of him," Tessa said, "but it isn't as though he had to go, as though he had to give up his career and everything."

"Why, Tessa! Johnny's a reserve officer!"

"I know," Tessa said stubbornly. Once in this, she had to go on, though Johnny was beginning to scowl. "But his boss could have kept him out, Johnny says. He was doing a lot for public morale as it was—posters and everything, and air-raid wardening, and coastguard patrol."

"Tessa Barnes," Mrs. Barnes said, shocked, "you know perfectly well that you wouldn't have wanted Johnny to crawl out of doing something his country needed him to do! Especially since he knew that his family would be well cared for while he was gone."

"What do you mean, Mother Barnes—well cared for?"

"Why, Johnny, haven't you told Tessa?"

"Told me what?"

"I'll tell you later," Johnny said. "Meanwhile I'm supposed to be a guest of honor, aren't I? I'd better make an appearance."

But Tessa knew what it was already. She knew, she *knew!* Johnny expected her to bring the children here, to give up her lovely, lovely home and move into this great ugly barn of a house and have Mrs. Barnes shushing the children and listening to everything Tessa said over the phone and concerning herself with every detail of Tessa's life. And I won't do it! Tessa stormed inwardly. I won't! Johnny can't expect me to. We'll manage, somehow. But we'll manage in our own house!

Tears burned against her throat and anger toward Johnny flamed through her. How dared he make an arrangement like that with his mother without even consulting her? The luncheon was a nightmare which she thought would never end. There were many more women than men, of course. That was true all over. But these were older women, important women, with husbands serving on one board or another in Washington. They approved Johnny in his uniform. It was important, Tessa knew, in this small town to have them approve his wife and the spirit in which she was taking this. But anger made her reckless, and she made enemies that day which she was always to regret having made.

Janice happened to mention George Worth. "He's to speak at Rotary next week on his experiences in the Solomons. Isn't he an old beau of yours, Tessa?"

"If he is," Mrs. Barnes cut across what Tessa had been about to reply, "the fact that he's back in town won't interest Tessa."

"Oh, I don't know," Tessa said deliberately, suddenly wanting to hurt Johnny's mother. "It might prove interesting. Johnny gave me his permission to meet George for cocktails, didn't you, darling?"

"I was joking," Johnny replied curtly.

Sherwood Coates, home from Washington for a month before leaving for England on a confidential mission, looked down the table at Tessa and winked. Janice observed that, and Tessa was ashamed of what she had let herself look like. Sherwood was a philanderer. Every one in town wondered why Janice closed her eyes to so much. Janice, putting away her knowledge of that comradely wink that had gone down the table to Johnny's wife, wondered, too. She looked forward to his going with relief. Especially since Tessa was to move in with them. Janice shuddered inwardly as the thought of Tessa's two noisy children passed through her mind. The house would be a shambles! Even the thought of that coming chaos caused Janice's head to ache. If, some day, Sherwood should betray himself in one of his flirtations, how Janice would seize upon the chance to live alone!

Mrs. Barnes rose and pushed back her chair. "We'll have coffee inside, beside the fireplace. Keeping a house at sixty-five means that drafty rooms like this one are downright cold."

THEY had coffee, but no liqueur of any sort. Mrs. Barnes did not drink, nor did she approve of it. Tessa often wondered if Mrs. Barnes had any idea what a great deal of it her younger son had done since he had left home! Reports dribbling back from his camp indicated that he was becoming somewhat of a problem along those lines.

As Tessa sat down, she moved a chair slightly. When she left the house, half an hour later, she noticed that Mrs. Barnes quietly moved the chair back to its original spot. *That's how it would be,* Tessa thought, *day after day!* And this house was so far out of town that, without gasoline, she would never be able to get in to see her friends, nor would they be able to get out here!

---

*Here's a revealing human novel that reflects the here and now. Read in next week's chapter of the new problems Tessa faces, of what can happen to love and faith when a home is disrupted by war.*

## STRATEGY ON ICE—Continued from Page 13

The stranger had on dark ski pants, and the seat was soaked. He began picking at it as he looked at the new house.

"So this is the Bishop place!" he said. "Well, he certainly's building himself a layout!"

"Yes, he is," Emil said, missing the mocking tone and thinking this must be a friend of Bishop's.

The man stepped ashore and took hold of the bow, and Emil took hold with him.

"Up into those cedars," the man said, and they dragged it clear up there. Emil noticed the compass set in a splintered mahogany panel loose in the bottom, half covered with slush, and a creep went over him.

EMIL'S one boat was beside the cedars, on pole ways, its bow close to the windlass. Stout little boat with a tarp over the engine.

"Ready to go any time, eh?" the man said.

"Always," said Emil, thinking it was all kind of queer.

"If you've got a fire up there," the man said, "I better get close to it. I'm good and wet."

He walked ahead, in Emil's fresh tracks. He was better than six feet and over two hundred pounds; maybe thirty-five years or so.

"Better come in the kitchen," Emil said. "Cookstove's better for drying than the fireplace."

He led the way. The big man stopped in the doorway, looking it over with his hard gray eyes.

"Two of you here?" he asked, nodding at the cots.

"Oh, no. That's my brother's. He hurt—'

"Got it!" the man said. He eyed the radio. "Use that much?"

"Quite a lot," Emil said, putting in wood. "I get the war news, and evenings I listen to lively music."

"What station for war news?"

"Traverse City."

The man grinned. Something about it made Emil's back creep again.

"Listen to the news last night at ten?"

"Yes."

"I was on the air from Traverse City."

"You *were?*"

"I'll say! Right up in front! I'm Hilton."

After a long wait Emil said, "Oh," and his voice sounded sick.

"Yes. Pat Hilton," the man said. "The lad the law thinks it's got cornered yonder." He nodded toward the mainland you couldn't see for the last of the snow, and took off his cap and rumpled his light wavy hair. "The one they want for murder in Illinois," he said, as if to see how Emil'd take it.

"I— You— If—" Emil couldn't get words out.

"Skip it!" Hilton said. He reached inside his jacket and brought out an automatic pistol, and Emil made a whimpering noise.

"Easy!" he said, hefting the gun casual, like. "Just get me straight. You play along and we'll get on slick. Like chums," he said, spacing his words out. "It'll be smart to keep in mind I'll be hard to take. Or hard to stall. I killed a punk over a woman, and it's against me all the way. If they take me, I'm washed up." Then he added, sort of offhand: "I don't plan to be washed up."

The sun came out just then, and the snow threw a glare into the room, and Hilton scowled and shifted his back to the window.

"I happened into Michigan because they crowded me," he said. "Knew the country, though; used to run liquor up here for tourists.

## REWARD

Girls who think of others,
And always do their best,
Get the homage due them—
When they are laid to rest.

—SIS WILLNER.

"I got by fair enough," he said, slipping the gun back in his shirt. "I was just a tired war contractor relaxing on skis," he said, using that mocking tone again. "Then something slipped. A state cop looked at me in the Northport beer joint last night. He took one gander and looked away. He looked away too quick, though.

"But I hadn't been asleep," he said. "Leelanau's a bad county to lam in. Like a finger sticking into Lake Michigan. If you scram by land, there's just one way: south. So—

"I knew all about you and this set-up, for one thing. Among others, I'd cased the green cottage under the bluff yonder, and had its boathouse keys and a compass bearing on this island, a week ago. I ran rum on Lake Erie and know my way around on water," he explained.

"So, when the cop looked at me and looked away too quick, and went out and said something to a hay-tosser on the street, and he pointed to a store the sheriff'd gone into—" He spread his hands. "I went out the back way. A truckload of calves was moving towards the street. Messy, but a hell of a break!"

He grinned, and Emil tried to swallow and couldn't.

"Using a lot of words," he said, "just so you'll rate me a thorough worker. Get that straight; it'll save trouble."

Emil nodded and said, "Sure," and his good knee jerked.

"The calves took Route 22, and that was another break," Hilton went on. "Nearest road to the green cottage under the bluff. Besides, I knew that road damned well!" He nodded, proud of himself. "A big tree'd come down across a guard rail at the top of a hill. They'd cut the top off, but the trunk was there, running from the rail to the top of the cutbank. Walking that, I left no tracks.

"So," he said, "I got to the green house. I knocked the compass out of their speedboat and ran the rowboat down to the water on the little car. Shore ice wasn't bad there. I got the car back and locked up just as it started to snow. The wind'd blown the steps to the house clear. The radio was there, and the juice on. So I knew what the law was doing, and got into the boat before it snowed much, so even if they comb the country they'll find no sign."

He laughed, half out loud. Emil certainly looked good and blank, because he'd never run into anybody whose mind worked like that!

"WONDER why I headed here?" Emil nodded. "Had you pegged among the other odds and ends I'd picked up. All I had to do was listen. You boys worked on the house all summer. Then Joe took a Brodie and cracked his spine. Since then you've held the job down alone. Every noon, when it's clear, you pour old engine oil in the fireplace, and Joe's watching from his bed in his house on the bluff ashore. That smoke means all O. K.

"A fish tug's got nets south of the island. They lift about every third day. On the run home they swing in here. If you need anything you tell 'em and they put it ashore next trip. The set-up made a natural for me, Emil.

"I won't ask much," he went on. "Got no yen to hurt you, but one more killing would only make two. Just make a note of that. The radio," he said, "may cut it short. When they cool off, I'll move. Maybe you can run me east and land me near Charlevoix, so I could get to Detroit. Or north, and put me off near Manistique, where making Wisconsin'd be a cinch. That'll be all I'll ask. That, and no two-timing."

"Of course, there were some strings attached to it."

He nodded good and sharp and pulled off his white jacket, and Emil began to breathe again, even if it did make him hot to hear Hilton talk about his murder so casual.

"Got a gun?"

"No."

"Fine—if it checks out. Right now, how's about a little grub?"

What else could Emil do? Fifty years old and not a pound over a hundred forty and with that bad leg. He set out bread, jam, and cheese.

"I aim to cook at night," he said. "Forenoon I just—"

"O. K.," Hilton said.

HE moved to the window as he ate bread and jam, looking toward the mainland.

"Damn!" he said to himself, and fumbled in the breast pocket of his jacket for sunglasses, and put them on and stared out the window until he'd downed three slices of bread.

"Now, Emil," he said, pleasant as could be, "let's look around."

He went through boxes and baskets and bedding; he even felt clothes hanging on the walls.

"If it's a gun you're after, I told you I got none," said Emil.

"Good boy," Hilton said, but kept looking regardless.

He ransacked the whole house. Every time they went from one room to another, Hilton motioned Emil ahead. But what could he do? Hilton had said that another murder would only make two!

"Check!" the man said finally. They were in the pumphouse then. "That your used oil?" He kicked a can and looked at his wrist watch. "About time for the smoke sign. Let's be on the dot."

Feeling almost like he was party to a murder, Emil drew off some oil and took it inside and poured it on the fireplace coals. In a minute they could see the shadow of that thick plume on the snow.

"Swell!" Hilton said. "Now good old Joe'll know we're jake."

At supper they listened to news. It said the state police had all Leelanau roads blocked and were sure they'd get their man. That made Hilton laugh.

Emil did a poor job of sleeping. Hilton didn't fool him. As soon as he figured it was safe, he'd make Emil put him ashore in his power boat, and it wouldn't be just "Thanks" or "Good-by," either. A man like Hilton in such a fix wasn't going to leave anybody behind who knew where he was headed and in shape to tell about it. No, sir!

By morning a breeze stirred and a tinkling came from the lake. That meant the shallows had skimmed over. A still zero night now, and Emil knew the lake would freeze and he might make it ashore. He didn't waste much time planning that, though. Hilton could make two miles to his one.

After breakfast Emil went to work. Hilton came in before long, and stood looking out the window. Suddenly he took off his glasses and asked if that was the tug.

Emil saw it a long way out. "Yes," he said. "Movin' easy. If they opened her up, that thin ice'd cut her bottom out."

"Hell you say!" Hilton grunted..

"Fact," said Emil, and told about thin ice and planking, and Hilton listened close. It was the first time anything had come up that Emil knew more about. Even while he talked, he thought to himself that maybe a man could use little things another *didn't* know as well as anybody could use little things he just picked up.

Hilton watched until the boat passed behind the island point. Then he went out and walked up and down, but stuck to the west side of the house. That, Emil figured, was so anybody holding a glass on the island wouldn't see him moving around. From the tail of his eye he saw Hilton put on his sunglasses, even if he was walking in the shade. The snow made a terrible glare.

They'd had lunch before the tug headed in.

"You go out on the step, Emil," Hilton said—and his voice was like sandpaper under silk. "Don't step off. Tell 'em you don't need anything. I'll be right here," he said, crowding into the corner behind the door, where he couldn't be seen from the lake, and pulling out his pistol.

Emil felt so much like a skunk he didn't have room to be scared. He could let out a yell and warn the tug, and even if he got shot for it, Hilton would never get off the island. But he'd try, and likely somebody else would get it, and that was the thing gave Emil a little comfort. By obeying orders for now, he was likely saving somebody else's life.

"Not a crooked move, now!" Hilton said.

Emil stepped out. The motor shut down, the lifter gangway opened.

"Want anything, Emil?" a man called.

"Not a thing," yelled Emil, his voice a mite husky.

"Big doin's on shore!"

"So I heard on the radio."

The man grinned and waved; the motor picked up; the gangway closed.

"Good boy!" Hilton said. "You're doing elegant!"

Emil looked at the barometer before he went back to work. It was steady as a rock, and he felt some better; but there was one odd or end he couldn't figure how to get his hands on, and that worried him.

THE thermometer said four below at bedtime, and the lake froze, that night, as far as they could see. The sun came up through frost dust that scattered its light in a billion points.

"How long before it'll break up?" Hilton asked.

"Sometimes just a day or two, but I've seen it stay a month."

"If it sticks, what'll you do for grub?"

"If it got solid, I could walk across."

That noon Joe's signal went straight up. In the middle of the afternoon Hilton went down and kicked a hole in the ice, but it wasn't much over a half inch thick. It made in the night, though. Began to boom and rip right after sundown, and the racket made Hilton nervous.

"If it don't move," he asked, "how long before it's safe?"

"Depends on cold and snow. Heavy snow slows her down. I'd hate to chance a long walk on less 'n four inches."

"A man could make it ashore in under six hours," Hilton said, "and hole up during the day, and start out at night again."

"Cross at *night?"* Emil said, shaking a little, because it was his first try at using some of the odds and ends he'd picked up. "Mr. Hilton, you're braver than me! Why, a man's in a bad enough fix if he's on the ice and she starts to move in daylight. At night he's beat before he starts! No, sir. And you never can tell when it'll move. No, sir!"

"Don't hand me any line!" Hilton snapped, and his teeth showed. "If that ice stays until it gets thick, we're going across!"

Emil swallowed, thinking pretty fast for him. Hilton was getting nervous, and that fitted in with Emil's scheme to use what he'd gathered up; but he had to work it out just right, or it wouldn't jell.

"Well, you're welcome to try it," Emil said. "But me, I'd as lief get shot with that pistol—if that's what you got in mind—as get in trouble on ice. It's a hard way to die," he said, and went on to tell about men caught on ice when it moved.

Hilton listened good and close, like he always did when learning something.

"We'll go, all right," he said, his voice gritty. "Two'll have a better chance than one. They're off guard yonder," he said. "Now's my chance to make a break."

IT went to twelve below that night, and the ice roared plenty. After daylight they saw a pressure ridge had come up. It cut across a couple of miles south of the island and ran about southeast. In places where the field got a good heave on itself it would be high as a man's head.

"Oh, my!" Emil said, feeling good while he tried to sound worried. "A body'll have to cross that to get ashore. There'll be open patches along it and they'll freeze over again and sometimes you can't tell 'em from old ice and never can trust 'em," he said. "That's what makes it so bad at night."

In the middle of the forenoon Hilton walked out from shore. The sun was only about half bright from the cold and his breath was like a plume. Frost gathered on his sunglasses and he had to wipe them off between the holes he chopped.

"There's a good four inches there now," he said, stuffing his glasses into his jacket's breast pocket. "That'll hold a regiment!"

"Sure," Emil admitted, "but it won't hold much wind."

"We'll get an early start, before it has a chance to blow," he said, his face getting dark. "But that's that, punk! We travel tomorrow!"

"If it don't blow," Emil said, good and calm outside but sort of quivery in his stomach. He knew it wasn't going to blow. He'd watched the barometer. He'd bet his right arm tomorrow would be fair, but he still had an odd and end to pick up, and it worried him.

While Emil washed the supper dishes Hilton began rummaging in a box, and came up with a sheet.

"Here we are!" he said, almost in that old mocking way. "Just fills the bill!" he said, and tore a piece off. "See, Emil? We take your blue cap —so." He took the cap off its hook. "And a couple of safety pins—so!" He took pins out of a cushion that hung on the wall. "And we make a white cap out of a blue one—*so!"* He spun it on his finger, grinning.

"Then we cut the sheet down a little," he said, "and slit the middle so it'll go over your head like a poncho. That," he said, "with a couple more pins, 'll cover up your brown mackinaw. You'll wear your

# Smoking Less–or Smoking *More**?

*Govt. figures show all-time smoking peak

You're SAFER smoking PHILIP MORRIS!
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
Call for PHILIP MORRIS

T*his* is *the* cigarette scientifically *proved* less irritating to nose and throat.

Eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . report that:

**When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS—every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!**

NOTE: We do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS—*BUT*—here's *real* proof that they are *less irritating* . . .

**FINER PLEASURE . . . PLUS REAL PROTECTION**

## CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

*America's FINEST Cigarette*

white overalls and I'll wear Joe's, and when brother Joe takes a gander through his glass for the smoke that won't come up tomorrow noon, he'll not notice two men walking in from this island."

He laughed hard, and Emil had to admit it was smart. Just like ski troops in the army. He certainly wished his own plans were as complete as Hilton's!

"Come here," Hilton said. "Try it for length." Hilton threw the sheet over his head and cut off the bottom and jerked it up again, and Emil turned, and tipped the chair over that had Hilton's white on it, and picked the jacket up and hung it on a hook by the barometer, and said they'd better take the coil of light rope behind the door, and the clothesline pole too, for trying the ice when they had to cross the pressure ridge.

Hilton listened good and close.

"O. K.," he said, "but I'll carry the pole. Just in case you've got any ideas in that square head of yours!"

"I don't like for you to talk that way to me!" Emil said, mighty sharp for him. "Here I feed you and—"

"Can it!" Hilton said, his face darkening, and turned on the radio, and Emil felt he was over the hump.

Emil was out of bed over an hour before dawn, and first thing he did was scratch a match to look at the barometer.

"What's it say?" Hilton asked.

"Ain't moved a hair," Emil said, dropping the match. He leaned closer to the window, looking out. "Stars are bright, too. Not a cloud."

Then he went over to the stove and lit the fire, feeling easier than he had in two-three days.

THEY were on the ice long before the stars faded, Emil wearing that piece of a sheet and carrying the rope. Hilton carried the light clothesline pole. Hilton started off at a good clip, walking away from Emil.

"Best you can do?" he snapped over his shoulder.

"If you had one leg two inches short you wouldn't be so spry, either!" Emil said, kind of snappy himself.

After that they didn't talk any until the sun rose. Just walked, feet crunching in the snow. The sun wasn't clear of the horizon yet when Hilton stopped dead.

"Where're my glasses?" he said. "They were in this pocket when you tipped that chair over last night!"

"I don't go for name callin'," Emil said, more forceful than usual.

Hilton looked back at the island and at his wrist watch, and Emil's stomach got tight until he said, "Come on! I won't be needing 'em long now!" Then Emil felt better. Some better. A man couldn't feel any too good, figuring that if Hilton's plans went through he was due to get shot. That's how Emil had it figured: that Hilton was too scared of ice to cross alone, but that he planned on shooting him down the minute they hit the mainland.

Their natural course was about south-southeast, and an hour after sunrise that brought them close to the pressure ridge, which snaked away pretty near southeast, further than they could see. The cakes were piled up about breast high right there, and when Emil had to stop to rub his hip—it was aching pretty bad—he could see a little piece ahead where water'd run up over the ice and frozen.

"WE'RE taking the long way around!" Hilton said, like Emil was to blame. "Why don't we get across here and head straight for where we're going?"

"See that dark spot up ahead?" Emil asked, and watched Hilton close when he looked that way, holding one hand up to shield his eyes from the sun. "You walk up there and jab the end of that pole into it," he said. "That'll show you," he said.

Hilton gave him a doubting look, and walked over with the pole and jabbed at that skim of ice on top of the other ice, and the pole went through and water bubbled out. Hilton kind of jumped back.

"If you want to cross, place like this, go ahead," Emil said. "I'll even hold the end of the rope. But me, I don't fancy getting soaked when it's only a hair above zero and no firewood handy. If you want to—"

"And if I broke through, what?" Hilton said, his teeth showing. "I suppose you'd hang onto the rope instead of letting go! Come on, sucker; travel!"

So they went right on. Right into the sun, with Hilton jerking at the peak of his ski cap every now and then, and holding his hand up to shade his face.

By the end of another hour Hilton was walking stooped over a little and most of the time holding his one hand against the peak of his cap to shield his eyes better. It gets brighter than you'd believe on the ice on a clear day, remember; specially when the only shadows are behind you. Even Emil, every little while, would put one hand over his nose so the brown leather of his glove would soak up the light and rest his eyes.

The ridge got higher. Higher than your head in places. The edges of those big upended cakes caught the sun and glinted like diamonds. Every now and then they passed a dark spot where water'd come up under the pressure, and Hilton kind of shied away from them. He looked back at Emil now and again, and by eleven o'clock his right eye was shut tight all the time and tears leaked out of it.

"My gol!" said Emil, looking at it when he had to stop and put his hand down in his pants and rub his hip again. "Bet that hurts! Want to eat a sandwich now?"

"Hell with it!" Hilton had his back to the sun and his shoulders hunched up and both hands over his face. "Get going!" he snapped, kind of muffled. "When in hell are we going to get across this hump so's the sun'll be out of our eyes?"

"Hard to tell about a pressure ridge," Emil said, "but I wouldn't be surprised to find a safe place any time now."

They found a place in an hour—just about noon. Emil took the pole and tried it, and then scrambled over, and Hilton followed him plenty spry.

"Need this damn pole any more?" he asked, and Emil, after taking a long look towards shore, said he guessed not, because there didn't seem to be any more ridges in the way. "Then come on!" Hilton said, and led off, and swore some more. They'd changed their course a little, but it didn't help Hilton, because the sun had moved up too. They were still headed about into it.

Hilton wouldn't eat. Emil did, though. He rubbed his hip with one hand and held a sandwich with the other, and Hilton just walked around and around, stamping and cursing. His other eye was half shut by then, and the lids fluttered when he looked at Emil.

Just after two o'clock, with the mainland not more than three-four miles away and a puffy little breeze starting to make, Hilton stopped and turned around, and stood there with his head tilted back so he could see through that slit left in one eye.

"COME here, you fool!" he said, when Emil stopped too. "Up close!" he said. "Turn around!"

Emil's heart certainly went up in his throat then. "Turn around?" he asked, his voice crackling, he was so scared.

"So!" Hilton grabbed Emil and spun him around, back to him. "Stand there!" Hilton said, his breath kind of stuttering, and jerked the coil of rope off Emil's shoulder. "Damned sun's getting me!" he said. "But I'm a long ways from through yet! You'll lead me home, punk!"

He took a turn of the line around Emil's waist, and tied it tight, moaning as he moved. And Emil knew how that was. He'd once seen the sun get another man.

"Now," Hilton said, "you go ahead. If you make a crooked move, I'll feel it! I may be damned near blind, but a pass from you, and you're plugged, see? Look!" Emil looked over his shoulder. Hilton had his pistol out, holding it in his bare hand. "The gat'll be in your ribs, and from this range I couldn't miss!"

Well, that wasn't so good, but it wasn't so bad, either. Emil was in a fix, one way of looking at it. But they were still right into the sun, and Hilton had the rope in one hand and his pistol in the other, and they hadn't made another mile before he began to stumble; which meant he couldn't see anything to speak of.

"I got to rub my hip again," Emil said, after Hilton'd stumbled a half dozen times. "We'll have to stop."

"Rub it while we keep going!" Hilton snapped.

That was all right, too, because even if his hip did hurt like sixty, Emil could stand it. But while he pretended to rub his hip he got the front of that sheet he was wearing up to his chin and tucked it into the neck of his mackinaw, and stripped it up his sleeves too.

That made a dark splotch out on that blinding white for Joe to see. And Emil knew Joe'd be looking, too; because on a day like that, not seeing any smoke from the island at noon, he'd be worried sick. Covered up with white like he'd been, Joe wouldn't have much chance to pick him up. But with his mackinaw showing, he would; and Emil commenced holding his arms straight out and up and every which way. He knew when Joe saw him acting crazy like that he'd do something.

AFTER a while Emil saw them come out of the woods, foot of the bluff. There were four, coming on a run. But he didn't want them in yelling distance with things like they were, because that pistol muzzle was only two feet from his back.

It took Emil quite a while to figure that one out, such a pinch being brand-new and he having to be shown how to do most things, anyhow. But he got it, just before the four came in good yelling distance.

"My pac's come unlaced," he said, sort of hating to because it was an out-and-out lie. "I'll be tripping any minute."

"Tie it, then!" Hilton said, and rammed the gun into Emil's back as he knelt down. "How far's shore?" he panted. "How long—"

Emil had made sure both Hilton's eyes were tight shut. Then his strong, warm carpenter's hand clamped down on that cold one holding the pistol. It went off, of course, but pointing away high, and in a second the pistol itself was bouncing through the snow thirty feet away and Emil was scrambling on all fours away from Hilton, who kind of gibbered as he swung in the empty air for something to grab. . . .

By the time they got up the bluff a lot of cars were there. The state police handcuffed Hilton and put him in a back seat with a trooper on each side, and Emil up front by the heater because he was pretty well bushed.

There'd been a lot of compliments and questions, but Emil'd been too tired to say much. After they got towards town, though, the sergeant driving started in again.

"You're plain lucky, Emil, him going snow-blind," he said. "He'd have plugged you the minute he made land if he'd been able to see. What beats me is why he didn't cross at night. Nobody'd have seen him and he'd have slipped past us easy enough."

Emil nodded. "He sure would," he said. "But, you see, he didn't know a thing about ice, and that kind of opened the way."

The sergeant scowled at him like he didn't understand.

"Then, too, the way he used his sunglasses," Emil went on. "Couldn't stand even a little glare. He don't know ice and can't stand glare. Up here, we all know about ice, and we've seen plenty cases of snow-blind, too.

"Yes, sir," he said. "It was just a case of pickin' a bright day. The ridge, it was made to order. Followin' along it made the trip three-four miles longer, but it kept him headed into the sun all the way. I had to stretch things a little," he admitted, "about how dangerous a pressure ridge is. But then—he didn't know different."

"But he *had* dark glasses, didn't he?" the sergeant asked.

"Oh, sure! That was the ticklish part," said Emil. "Had to get 'em last minute, when he was all flustered about settin' out. If I'd done it before, he might've caught on why. Or might've shot me, for all anybody knows. He always kept 'em in his jacket pocket, and I fixed it to hang it by the barometer last night, because I'd be right there first thing in the mornin'. I was, and kindled the fire with 'em."

"That's coppering all bets!" the sergeant laughed.

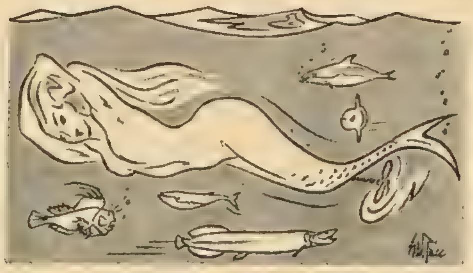
"Well, couldn't say," said Emil. "But it beats all how you can use little things you run across. That is," he said, "after somebody shows you how."

"Hold it!" a trooper in the back snapped, because Hilton had leaned over and lifted his handcuffed hands as if he'd like to hit Emil—which he probably would.

THE END

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

## FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



**WHIRMAID:** An up-to-date mermaid equipped with a propeller.

**BARETENDER:** A guy who mixes drinks in a nudist colony.

**SPLITIGATION:** The proceeds of a law suit divided between the lawyers.

**ACCIDENTIST:** Watch out when he works on your teeth or he'll pull the wrong one.

**FRANTIQUE:** Just crazy about old things.

**DAKARBUNCLE:** When it was a sore spot in Africa for the Allies.

**COMMENTRAITORS:** Lord Haw-Haw, Ezra Pound, and others who sell out their native lands.

**ATMOUSEPHERE:** Afraid of mice.

**BRIEFSTEAK:** What you get at the butcher's these days.

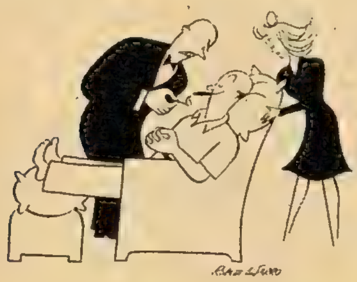
**SHIRKLGRUBER:** He helps Herr Schicklgruber by failing to buy Uncle Sam's War Bonds and Stamps.

# ? GUESS WHO SAID IT ?

**Conducted by ERIC DEVINE**

WELL known people are speaking below. Read what they say, carefully watch each clue, then try to be "superior" by guessing seven of the ten. Page 74 for the answers.

**1.** You've seen this "Guy" in dozens of movies. A character actor: *"Week-end guests should be made to feel at home even when you wish they were there."*



**2.** *"Success has killed more men than bullets."* She was queen of night-club hostesses of the prohibition days. From the Southwest.

**3.** A penitentiary was this man's home for many years, from which he could see the Hudson River: *"Never give a man up until he has failed at something he likes."*

**4.** *"Every anarchist is a baffled dictator."* If a jutting jaw and a booming voice could have won the world, he might have done it.

**5.** Remember the young English poet who died in Rome? He said, *"Of all God's creatures a poet is the most unpoetical."*

**6.** *"Finer far for old age to claim its duties than to enjoy its privileges,"* was stated by a rabbi whose last name is as sagacious as himself. A New Yorker he is.

**7.** Recently married, he gave up Broadway for the army. He's Californian, wacky, revolutionary, and answers to the name Bill: *"Noble imagination is the thing that is absent from the life of our time."*

**8.** Civil War nurse, poet, bachelor, with a handsome beard: *"I never could explain why I love anybody or anything."*

**9.** *"Government should be human; it should have a heart."* From a friend of F. D. R., an ex-Governor of New York.

**10.** Famous West Pointer, four-star hero to all Americans: *"A sound idea is the only thing in the world that you cannot stop."*

## LADY WITH WINGS—Continued from Page 30

nant or shocked or enraged. After a moment she said, "You—you don't think I did *this* for a story, do you?"

"What other reason can there be?"

"Isn't finding you reason enough?"

*"Finding* us!" Doris Taggart tilted back her lovely dark head and laughed in mockery. "That's good. That's perfect!" Then she looked hard at Lennie, and her eyes flared in resentment. "We didn't have to be found by *you!* Bill and I got the radio fixed hours ago. We've reported our location. They're going to pick us up in daylight."

FOR a second or two Lennie was too dazed to grasp this. Bill came close to her, his eyes in torment. He tried to make the situation clear, talking in a low, tight voice.

"They'd have sent planes to pick us up tonight, Lennie, except that in darkness they couldn't be sure of the landing terrain. You took quite a chance."

Lennie felt a little faint. She looked from Bill to Doris, appalled by the thought that she had done all this for nothing. She had thrown away her future, made an utter idiot of herself, risked a Granger plane—

"You didn't have to do it," Bill said. His reproof was gentle. "Of course, you did locate us, and the army planes failed. They had no way of knowing just where to search. But considering that we got our radio working—"

"I didn't know that!"

Doris flung out, "Don't hand us that! Control back at Granger knew it hours ago. They must have notified you. It's the first thing they'd have done!"

Lennie's throat was too tightly constricted to make a reply.

"Naturally," Doris added, with her old sarcasm, "letting the army pick us up in the morning would have interfered with the Chase technique of grabbing headlines where and as they lie, wouldn't it? Why wait for the army? Why not do the job yourself and get your picture printed as the lady who made the heroic rescue?"

It was more than Lennie could take. She became white. Something in her mind burst. She had an abrupt and savage desire to slap a hand across Doris Taggart's mouth.

The wildness was in her face as she went toward Doris. Bill Keith saw it. He seized Lennie's half uplifted arm, compelled her to stop. The bulk of his tall body came between the girls, a hard, immovable barrier, and he looked down into Lennie's eyes with an implacability that stunned her.

*"That* won't do any good," he said.

Lennie didn't speak. Her thoughts were a prayer: *Don't believe her, Bill! Don't!*

Over his shoulder she saw Doris Taggart's cynical face, and realized how easy it would be to crush the tall girl. All she had to do was reveal the fact that her plane carried no radio; that Control at Granger couldn't have notified her. But a harsh voice in the back of her brain urged, *Wait. Not yet. Give her enough rope.*

She sucked in a trembling breath. They stood there in darkness, with the firelight flickering over them and a cold wind pouring out of the mountains. And suddenly Lennie realized that Bill Keith's expression had changed. His eyes were searching for something in hers; his jaws were working in a curious way.

"You don't have to explain anything to us, Lennie," he said. "I know. I knew it the instant you stepped out of that plane. You came because you thought we'd been hurt. You came because you—you feel about me the way I feel about you."

She stared at him in amazement.

"I know it," he said. "And I love you, Lennie. I've loved you since the beginning." He ignored the presence of Doris Taggart as if he'd forgotten her. "I've loved you and wouldn't let myself give in. I kept fighting myself and fighting you. I kept doing it because I used to believe the Bonham crash was part of a stunt. But now— Don't ask me why. I can't explain it. All I know, just looking at you, Lennie, is that the Bonham crack-up couldn't have been a stunt. No more than *our* having to land here today was a stunt. And if you want the truth, I feel like a heel. I—I sort of wish you'd hand me that slap you were getting revved up for delivery. I deserve it."

WHEN she attempted to answer, Lennie found her voice clogged. Doris Taggart blinked at Bill, and her dark face became gray. She might have spoken, save that she saw she didn't belong in this. There was no place for her. She turned dazedly and started toward Lennie's plane. Over her shoulder she left a few stammered words trailing:

"I—I'll tell Penn Field we're being picked up."

Neither Lennie nor Bill heard her. Lennie was lifted off the earth by a sense of joy such as she had never before experienced. It surged up through her, beat in her wildly. It shone in her eyes. This was the moment for which she had prayed. To hear Bill Keith say exactly what he had said. To hear him say it exactly that way, out of his own convictions and his own faith in her.

"Lennie," he asked, with a simplicity more gripping than fervor. "Lennie, do you love me?"

"I've loved you for a year," she answered. "I've *hated* you for a year."

"And now?"

"If you don't kiss me this minute, I'll—"

He didn't let her finish. He threw his good arm about her and pulled her against himself, and his lips stifled the rest of her words. It was a long kiss. An overwhelming kiss. The mountain wind blew upon them, and they didn't feel it. The fire crackled, and they didn't hear it.

When at last Bill Keith released her, she was dizzy. But she was filled with the kind of drunken happiness she had never known before. Even the danger she faced didn't matter much. Yet she had to tell him about it. It was all part of this moment.

"Bill," she asked, "will you feel terribly let down if I'm thrown out of the WAFS?"

He was amazed. "Why the devil should you be thrown out?"

"I practically stole that plane to find you."

HE looked at the plane as if he hadn't noticed its presence until now. Doris Taggart was coming out of it. When he brought his gaze back to Lennie, he scoffed:

"You won't be thrown out. That's absurd."

"Everything's against me, Bill. I took the plane without orders."

He grinned. It was the most comforting grin she had ever seen. "Lennie, you've been doing things like that—things on the ragged edge—all your life, and nothing's ever happened to break you. It won't happen this time, either. The WAFS have spent four weeks and a lot of money making a ferrying pilot out of you. They're not going to waste all that. Besides, you *found* us, didn't you? They're not going to penalize you for succeeding."

His complete confidence made her want to laugh in sheer exaltation. You *had* to believe Bill Keith when he spoke like that.

But she couldn't be too joyous then, because Doris Taggart stood in front of her, and Doris Taggart's dark, beautiful face was tortured.

"Lennie," she said in a ragged voice, "you *should* have hit me. I wish you had. I feel like a rat."

"What did you do—try to use my phone?"

"Yes." She looked at Bill. "There is no phone."

He smiled, not at all surprised.

"I'd like to take back," Doris said slowly, "those stupid cracks I made. I'm sorry, Lennie, damned sorry!"

"I've forgotten them," Lennie said bluntly. And then, on sharp decision, she added: "But there's one other thing I want to straighten out. Something I'd like to drag into the open once and for all time. About Eddie Bonham."

She saw Doris glance away as if the mention of the name hurt.

"You've always thought that I've lived for nothing but publicity," Lennie went on. "Well, there was a time when I *did* hunt publicity. I loved it. Why not? I wasn't harming anybody, and it pleased my vanity. I liked the way I was living. I liked the thrills, the adventure, the recognition. But all that changed after Eddie Bonham died. I liked Eddie Bonham as much as any one did. He was one of the swellest men I've ever known—*and I didn't kill him!*"

She paused.

"Of course, there's no way I can force you or any one else to believe that. I have no proof, no evidence. You've either got to take my word for it or call me a liar. You'll have to make up your own mind. I know it looked as bad for me then as coming down here today looked a moment ago. . . . That's all I want to say, and I'm never going to speak of it again."

Doris swung her gaze back to Lennie. Then, a bit haggard, she looked down at the ground.

"It's pretty easy to make mistakes," she said in a whisper. "Especially when you *want* to make them. That phone business made me feel pretty small, Lennie. I feel even smaller now."

LENNIE did an impulsive thing. She yielded to a gesture that would have been impossible five minutes ago. She slipped her arm through Doris Taggart's in the friendliest of ways and led her toward the plane.

"You've got a wrong idea about *yourself*, too," she said. "I think you're pretty big!" Then, as if the whole matter were part of the past, she changed her tone. "We'd better put out the fire before we go."

A few moments later she watched Doris climb into the Granger. Then she helped Bill get in; it was still an exertion for him, with one arm useless in its sling. When he was inside the door, he smiled down at her and gave her his good hand. And as she took it she knew, with a deep sense of satisfaction, that this wasn't going to be merely another flight through night skies. With Bill and Doris on her side, the army and the WAFS on her side . . . *It'll be a flight through heaven,* she promised herself.

THE END

# TRICKS of TRADES

### Latest Hiccup Cure

AN old remedy for halting a mild case of hiccups in a hurry was to fit a paper bag around the lower part of the face and have the victim breathe into it until the spasm stopped. The exhaled carbon dioxide taken back into the lungs cured the trouble. Today many doctors are having success with a later version of the same stunt. Instead of relying on the patient's breath to release the gas, a four-inch square of dry ice and two ounces of water are placed in the bag before holding it to the face. This ensures a quick flow of carbon dioxide and the hiccups usually stop in a few minutes.

### Bronze Powder Secret

BESSEMER was a rich man before he ever made Bessemer steel. He made his money out of bronze powder. Before him all bronze powder came from Germany. English and American attempts to crush bronze into grains came to nothing. The powder was dull. Bessemer examined some German bronze powder under a microscope, and saw that each particle was flat, for which reason it reflected light like a mirror. He devised a process to produce bronze powder in tiny flakes—exactly what the Germans had been doing. German bronze powder was crowded off the market. Bessemer made enough money to develop Bessemer steel.

### That Python Squeeze

IN an African movie two pythons squeeze each other to death. The movie man staged the whole scene. He chloroformed his pythons and wrapped them around each other. When they revived and uncoiled, he began turning the crank. The snakes disentangled and started to crawl away. At that point the cameraman stopped. The film was reversed on the screen. Thrilled movie fans saw two pythons coiling themselves in an embrace that ended in apparent death.

**Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.**

## BARNEY ROSS'S BIGGEST BOUT

Continued from Page 25

but I'm gonna try anyway. I owe a lot to this country. Maybe I can pay a little back."

The next day he applied. Despite his retirement, he was still in good physical shape. Most important of all, he had a fighting heart. He was accepted.

Barney went in as a boxing instructor. There were the usual publicity pictures, and the story has it that he might have stayed at a base in this country, safe from bullets and bayonets, but he didn't want that and soon after he left for the Solomons.

The night before he left, he dropped into Lou Costello's Bandbox in Hollywood to say good-by. While in training at the Marine Corps base at San Diego he had spent as much time as he could in Hollywood, trying to lead his old life as in the days of his glory. He hadn't always had the money to pay the checks; had done a little mooching. So on this last night, when he wanted a package of cigarettes given him, Costello was reluctant but finally handed the package over. "But look here, Barney," he said. "I want these back."

"You'll get them," Barney answered, laughing.

Months later he did. A sailor walked into the club and said he'd just come in from the Solomons and had a present for Costello. He took half a package of cigarettes from his pocket. They were Japanese cigarettes and they were bloodstained. "They're from a fellow called Barney Ross," he explained to Costello. "He asked me to give them to you." Inside was a note. "Dear Lou," it read; "the fellow I got these from won't need them any more."

BUT long before this the papers had been full of the story of Barney's return to the ring in the South Seas. It came in from an island base from which the marines later took off on their historic engagement.

One day the native king of the island insisted that Barney meet the island champion in a boxing bout. Barney looked the fellow over and declined. The champ was six feet four, weighed hundreds of pounds, was black as night, and looked as if he could lift Joe Louis with one hand and tweak Joe's nose with the other.

But the king still insisted. The fight came off in the midst of the marines and the islanders, and Barney ducked a few wild rushes and swings, then proceeded to knock the champ out. It was a little like knocking down a bull with your bare fists, Barney admitted, but he did it. Then the king brought out his daughter, a comely damsel with a ring in her nose, and offered her in marriage to Barney.

It took a lot of explaining to the king that Barney had a wife back home.

But the real story about Barney in the South Seas comes from Guadalcanal.

ON the night of November 19, 1942, his company was spearheading an attack for a big army push above the Matanikau River, about five miles northwest of Henderson Field. Barney, forbidden to accompany such commando patrols because of an arthritic knee, had coaxed and coaxed, until his C. O. had relented. They had pushed back the Japs, had wiped out some mortars and light machine-gun nests, and were lying low waiting for the army to take over and storm a Jap-infested hill ahead.

They had been out for thirty-six hours, and the order to retire would soon come, the objective having been attained. With his friend, "Heavy" Atkins, who weighed 215 pounds, Barney crouched in the low brush. Atkins sighed wistfully. "I could eat," he said.

"Me, too," said Barney.

Dusk was closing down rapidly when the order came. The patrol got new energy, began to backtrack.

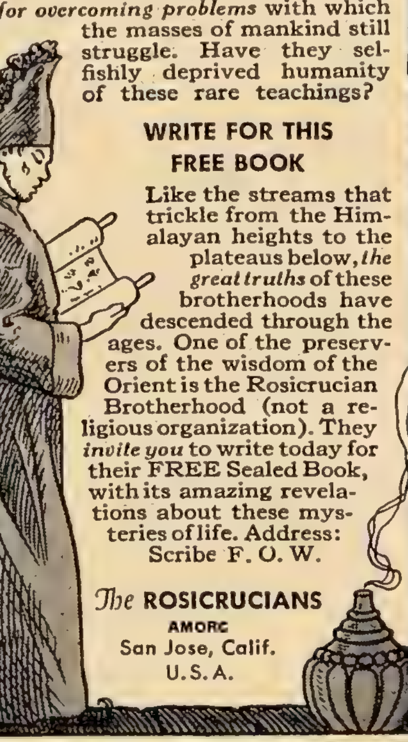
"How would you like a thick juicy—" Barney was teasing when a terrible burst of machine-gun fire spluttered. Everybody hit the deck, and Atkins' big hand swept about him in an arc. "Look!" he whispered. A man crashed near by, groaning.

They had been ambushed, mousetrapped. The jungle clearing was full of Japs. Little men moving forward, little men coming from the flanks. No wonder the marines had found the going easy, passing Point Cruz on the way in! In the dusk the Japs advancing through the scrub were like figures in a bad dream.

"Scatter," came the quiet command.

They scattered, but the Japs were only ten yards away and could be seen setting up their machine guns. A marine was hit, and a stretcher party, organized hastily to carry him out, dropped, legs riddled. Marines fired back and the Jap fire grew more furious. The order flashed through the brush: "Withdraw—leave casualties—fire too heavy!"

"Hey, Barney, aren't you coming?" cried a marine, crawling by fast.



Monastery Secrets

. . . THE FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE OF TIBET

What strange secrets of nature are locked within the mountain fastness of Tibet? What control over the forces of the Universe do these cloistered sages exercise? For centuries the world has sought to know the source of their power—to learn *their mastery of life*, and *their faculty for overcoming problems* with which the masses of mankind still struggle. Have they selfishly deprived humanity of these rare teachings?

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Like the streams that trickle from the Himalayan heights to the plateaus below, *the great truths* of these brotherhoods have descended through the ages. One of the preservers of the wisdom of the Orient is the Rosicrucian Brotherhood (not a religious organization). They *invite you* to write today for their FREE Sealed Book, with its amazing revelations about these mysteries of life. Address: Scribe F. O. W.

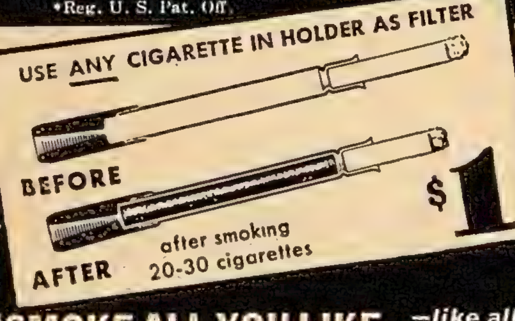
The ROSICRUCIANS
AMORC
San Jose, Calif.
U.S.A.

NEVER SCRATCH ITCHING SKIN

Do This for Quick Relief

Does the almost unbearable itching of externally-caused eczema make you want to scratch, Scratch, SCRATCH? Would you like to see that fiery redness subside quickly and the scaly skin become soft and smooth? Then get a 25c jar of Sayman Salve and apply this medicated ointment to the affected areas tonight. Let it help quickly ease the tormenting itching and painful soreness.

SAYMAN SALVE


USE ANY CIGARETTE IN HOLDER AS FILTER
BEFORE
AFTER
after smoking 20-30 cigarettes
$1

SMOKING TOO MUCH?

Get a *ZEUS

Filter CIGARETTE HOLDER

Eliminates major part of nicotine and tars—by official laboratory test

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE —like all you smoke"

AT ALL GOOD STORES L & H Stern, Inc., B'klyn, N. Y

"Yeah, in a minute," Barney Ross answered. "I'll join you in a minute." He had made up his mind to stay with the wounded boys.

The tropical night fell swiftly. Bullets and shrapnel tore the earth. A mortar shell traced a bright arc over the trees. Barney dived headfirst into a shell crater about six feet across, protected by a heavy log. As the mortar shell exploded, two other boys jumped in with him. They were slightly wounded. A third wounded marine was already there.

During a short silence of the Jap guns there was a groan. "Who's that?" Barney called.

"They got me." It was Atkins. And a flare's blaze of light showed the big marine lying near by with upturned face.

Crawling through a rain of bullets, Barney closed his hand over Atkins' arm.

"Come on, Heavy. I got a nice hotel room with a pretty nurse over here for you."

"Listen," Atkins said. "I can make it. . . . I'm lucky. . . A guy over there is hit in the stomach. . . ."

He was soon crammed in a shell hole with the badly wounded man. Barney made them as comfortable as he could. When the man cried for water, Barney wet his lips slightly. He knew water is not good for a stomach wound.

No star shone in the black sky. The machine-gun fire grew heavier. Mortar shells kept exploding brightly.

"Me—I don't care for them mortars!"

"I don't know. You see 'em coming."

"Yeah, but it doesn't do no good to duck."

BARNEY kept watch. Maybe help would come; probably not. Meanwhile fight, fight with all you'd got. That was all there was to do.

"Every time I poke my head up," he said to Heavy, "those machine-gun bullets bounce off my helmet." Later they found thirty furrows in his tin hat. "This calls for a little counterattack," he said. He crept out of the shell hole and, close behind the log, lay down on his back, his face to the sky, and began hurling hand grenades toward the machine-gun nests.

Now a sudden spurt of mortar fire told him and his wounded comrades that the Japs were about to attack. His grenades all gone, he seized his rifle and poured shot after shot in their direction. When he had fired about eighty rounds he discovered his bandoleers were emptied. So he reached over and got a tommy gun and rifles from the wounded men.

"I fired and they loaded," he said

Laughter...Romance...Adventure
to put Spring in your heart

OSCAR SERLIN PRODUCTIONS

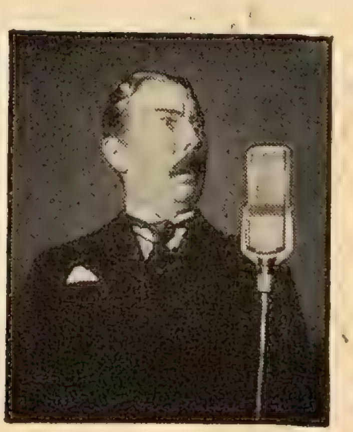
Comedy, romance, adventure and eccentricity are the sharp ingredients in this engaging story of a refugee Russian family living in Tientsin, China, with a strange conglomeration of lodgers.

the Family
by
VICTOR WOLFSON
based on the prize novel by
NINA FEDOROVA
with
Lucile WATSON · Carol GOODNER · Evelyn VARDEN
Nicholas CONTE · Elisabeth FRASER · Arnold KORFF
Staged by BRETAIGNE WINDUST
Production Designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes by Carolyn Hancock
Lighting by Moe Hack
•
WINDSOR THEATRE, N. Y.

4th YEAR!
"Still one of the best comedies ever written for the American stage, and played as freshly as in the first week of its run."
—Burton Rascoe, *N.Y. World-Telegram.*

CLARENCE DAY'S
LIFE WITH FATHER
Made into a play by
HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with
DOROTHY STICKNEY • HOWARD LINDSAY
Directed by Bretaigne Windust
Setting and Costumes by Stewart Chaney
EMPIRE THEATRE, New York

Now on 2nd transcontinental tour
LIFE WITH FATHER
with
PERCY WARAM · JUNE WALKER



Presenting—ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST RADIO SHOWS!
"FAMOUS FATHERS"
Inspired by the Broadway Hit "LIFE WITH FATHER"
HOWARD LINDSAY
AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Plus A Huge Array Of The Country's Most Famous Fathers!
KFWB, Los Angeles—KROW, San Francisco-Oakland, Calif.
WOL, Washington, D. C.—WHBQ, Memphis, Tenn.—WACO, Waco, Texas
WGAC, Augusta, Ga.—WSLS, Roanoke, Va.
See your Local Newspaper for Time and Station in Your City

afterward. "We must have thrown about three hundred lead punches at those Jap machine guns."

Toward midnight they had a bad scare when two figures slunk in from the dark. But the two were Washvillo and Guarnett of the infantry. They had a tommy gun and a Garand and—thank heaven!—ammunition. Barney's was almost gone.

Then the rain came down—softly at first, hitting their hot faces almost gratefully, then cold and clammy and drenching as only a tropical rain can be. Still the men loaded, still Barney fired. This went on till they were soaked to the skin. Then they ran out of ammunition.

"This is the last round," said one of the marines.

"So what?" said Barney Ross. "So we'll get 'em with our bayonets. I've handled worse than these guys!"

Atkins' voice came through the dark: "No good big man was ever beat by a good little man." Barney ragged back: "Yeah—when they show, Heavy, you fall on 'em!" After that nobody said anything. They knew their last chances were probably gone. All they could do now was pray.

And so they did pray. Barney prayed as his mother had taught him to, years before. "If mom were here she'd be praying too," he said. "She always prayed when she knew I was in a fight." Later he said: "We must have been there a solid hour, praying with all our might and our eyes wide open, looking forward."

At dawn there was a sudden spurt of fire on all sides. "I'd never heard a gong that sounded so good to me," Barney said afterward. "The army had moved up and had opened fire. Those bullets sang a tune I certainly never will forget.

"As soon as it was light I jumped out of my hole behind a cloud of smoke from an exploding mortar shell, and dashed over to my pal Heavy. I asked Washvillo if he'd go back for help, and left the soldiers who were O. K. to help the other wounded marines."

Although Barney's pal Heavy weighed 215 while Ross weighed but 140, Barney was about to pick him up with a fireman's hitch and carry him to safety on his back when he saw a stretcher-bearer and hailed him. The next person he saw was his commanding officer, Captain O. K. Le Blanc of Abbeville, Louisiana.

Together they manned a stretcher and removed Heavy from the shell hole. Another stretcher party carried out the badly wounded marine.

"Then, by half crawling and half walking, we reached the main lines," Ross said. "Bullets were still coming a mile a minute. Every six or seven yards we fell flat on our faces. The army guys meanwhile managed to get the other wounded marine to safety."

WHEN they finally staggered into their own lines, Captain Le Blanc put down the stretcher and said, "Barney, consider yourself a corporal—as of now!"

But Barney barely heard the captain, for he had sunk down on the ground and was passing out. He had killed 22 Japs for sure, and maybe seven more, and had earned the promotion—but by now he was shaking, having chills. Malaria! Also he was slightly shell-shocked, and not until they carried him into the field hospital and looked him over did they discover that those rips in his sleeves and marks on his hands had come from bits of shrapnel. It's doubtful if Barney Ross himself had noticed them. He had been hurt too many times before in fights—but had always gone on fighting, once with a painfully broken hand.

The sports writers of the nation were not to be restrained, however. Unanimously they awarded the medal spurner a handsome silver trophy, naming him the Outstanding Fighter of 1942. It was the first time in history that the award had been made to a boxer who had retired from the ring. And Ross had been out four years. But what fighter ever deserved it more than this likable little chunk of a smiling man?

THE END

DON'T put a cold in your hamper!

DURING COLDS I USE KLEENEX*TISSUES, THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL. SAVES WORK, SUDS AND ELECTRICITY!
(from a letter by D. McE., Jacksonville, Fla.)

Clamour Girl
I CLAMOUR FOR KLEENEX AND TURN DOWN CLERKS WHO CALL OTHER TISSUES "JUST AS GOOD". I'VE BEEN FOOLED BEFORE BY FLIMSY, SCRATCHY KINDS!
(from a letter by W. T. F., Los Angeles, Calif.)

TAKES THE CAKE
WHEN SENDING THE BOYS CAKES OR COOKIES, FILL CREVICES OF THE BOX WITH KLEENEX. PREVENTS BREAKING!
(from a letter by M. R. E.. Moscow, Tenn.

WIN $25.00 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH.
WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR
ADDRESS: KLEENEX • 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

*T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

NOW I 'MEMBER— ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!

# WOMAN-TALK

**THE PROBLEM AT HAND.** It doesn't take a mystic to divine your character from your nails. You need only use common sense. Tiny chewed-off nails mean you are nervous—that you haven't conquered your childish habits. Extremely long mandarin-like nails indicate that you either have exotic qualities or would like to have them, and that you are a bit of an exhibitionist and demand to be the center of attention. Trim, tailored, well groomed nails reveal a fastidious, neat person.

The natural shape of your nails tells much about you, too. Long, tapering nails disclose you are given to temperamental outbursts and are impulsive. Blunt, squared nails are evidence you have a stubborn, sulky nature. Large nails show a generous nature, while small nails mean you love the good things in life and will brush aside any obstacle to attain them. Perfect oval nails are the mark of the quiet, retiring, and sensitive type.

Now look at your nails, and remember—even if they don't tell you a lot, they may tell others!

**TRAVELER'S AID.** Lovely Marie Nash, the lush thrush who is touring the country with Sigmund Romberg's orchestra, has a timely tip for any one who travels. Before she reaches her destination, she scampers through the train, gathering up all abandoned magazines she can find. When the train pulls into the station, Marie heads for the nearest USO canteen with her load of literature.

Results: Less work for the train porters, and more reading matter for the servicemen.

**GENTLEMEN STILL PREFER—** Although women have long struggled to be considered the equals of men—not simply as females—in business, in politics, and education, a "double standard" persistently lodges in many masculine minds.

It cropped out not long ago when a boy, aged ten, brought his five-year-old sister to the school he attends, for her first day in the pre-primary class.

"Here's Sally," he told the teacher, thrusting forward an enchanting little blonde. "She's not very bright," he added apologetically, "but she's pretty, so I don't suppose it'll matter much."

**PRELUDE TO A PERMANENT.** Here's some sage advice from Jessie Ogilvie of the famous hair-expert sisters: "Don't expect your permanent to cover a multitude of sins. Start at least two weeks before on an intensive course of reconditioning.

"This includes twice-daily brushing with a long-bristled brush, daily massage with the palms of your hands, and a weekly shampoo with a reconditioning oil."

**SCENT AND SENTIMENT.** In case you've wondered how they think up those fantastic names for perfumes, here's something that's guaranteed to contribute nothing toward clearing up the situation. Dorothy Fields, who helped write the Broadway hits, Something for the Boys and Let's Face It, is a niece of Herbert Harris, president of Charbert cosmetics, and loves to putter around the laboratories. In the course of her puttering she mixed up something that, to every one's surprise, smelled good. Uncle Herbert thought so too, and lo, a perfume was born. Its name? *Méchante,* which means "naughty."

**A TIMELY DIDJA KNOW.** A jewelers' journal cautions that habitual use of perfume may stop your watch because most perfumes are easily absorbed by oil. When the perfume molecules gather in the lubricating oil in the watch, it stops. If your watch is mysteriously erratic, here's a clue.

## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

PHOTO BY MICHAEL G. SPOTS

**"MY ONLY REAL AMBITION** in life is to be a singer," confesses Isabel Moore, "though nothing so frightens me as the sound of my own voice." But we're glad she's a writer, as you will be when you read her serial, Time to Say Good-by, which opens in this issue. Her husband is a captain in the army, she has two little girls, and she puts in a full day at the typewriter—from nine to four—including Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays.

**EVERY ONE KNOWS** Mark Sullivan as the Dean of Columnists (more than sixty newspapers run his commentaries) and as the author of the six volumes entitled Our Times — The United States. He says he does his best thinking on his truly-rural farm outside Baltimore. His article on The President's Job, on page 14, is drawn from this "best thinking" of his. F. D. R. often picks him out in jest or earnest at his White House press conferences. "Ask Mark," or "How about that?" Roosevelt will say as the newspaper lads hang on the next word.

**HAROLD TITUS ADMITS** having two great and lovely luxuries—a wife and children. "Fly-fishing is my vice," he says. Also dallies with fruit culture, reforestation, and the works of Joseph Conrad, and is a member of the Michigan State Conservation Commission.

**ART CREPT ALL OVER** him about the time World War I broke out, confides E. Franklin Wittmack, whose double-spread painting, The Rescue, adorns this issue. He is one of the famous Harvey Dunn pupils. The real thing.

*THE EDITORS*

## THE PRESIDENT'S JOB—Continued from Page 15

One effect of the two-party system is this: The same forces that elect the President, whether Democratic or Republican, are apt to elect also a considerable majority in Congress belonging to the same party. When that happens, a member of the majority in Congress has two loyalties. One is to Congress, as the parliamentary body having interests apart from the President. But the other is to the President as head of the party. Frequently a member places his political loyalty above the parliamentary one—he will vote for legislation he does not personally believe in, or does not inquire into, because it is the policy of his party chief in the White House. As party leader the President receives support in Congress which might not be given him otherwise. The effect on the relation between President and Congress is far-reaching.

IT is in the light of this condition that we must read the story of Mr. Roosevelt's ten years of power. He came in with the largest popular vote, and the largest number of states, ever carried by any Presidential candidate. With his personal strength came (as happens with the two-party system) the largest majority in Congress either party had ever had—in the House, 313 Democrats to 117 Republicans, five third-party members.

To this immense strength Mr. Roosevelt had in Congress, add the public mood of the time, a mood of unparalleled anxiety concerning the state of the nation. Add the momentum Mr. Roosevelt had, as a new figure symbolizing hope. Add his personal popularity, the persuasiveness of his voice and manner, the confidence his personality radiated. Add the plausibility of the measures he proposed, the genuine merit of many. Add the unfamiliarity of most of Congress with the causes of the depression, or the devices proposed for remedy.

Result: Congress was willing to enact practically any measure Mr. Roosevelt sent to it. Far from jealousy upon, or even exercising at all, its prerogative and obligation of initiating legislation—of having measures written within Congress and subjected to the scrutiny of committees; of limiting the President to his ordinary prerogative, which is merely to recommend legislation in broad general terms—Congress now accepted from the President measures drafted to the last comma by his subordinates. And it passed them with almost panicky speed.

### SHARE YOUR LIBERTY

Wartime paper restrictions limit the number of copies of Liberty available on the newsstands.

With demand growing, some readers may miss out occasionally and be unable to get their copy.

It will help relieve the situation if you pass your copy along to a friend or neighbor after reading.

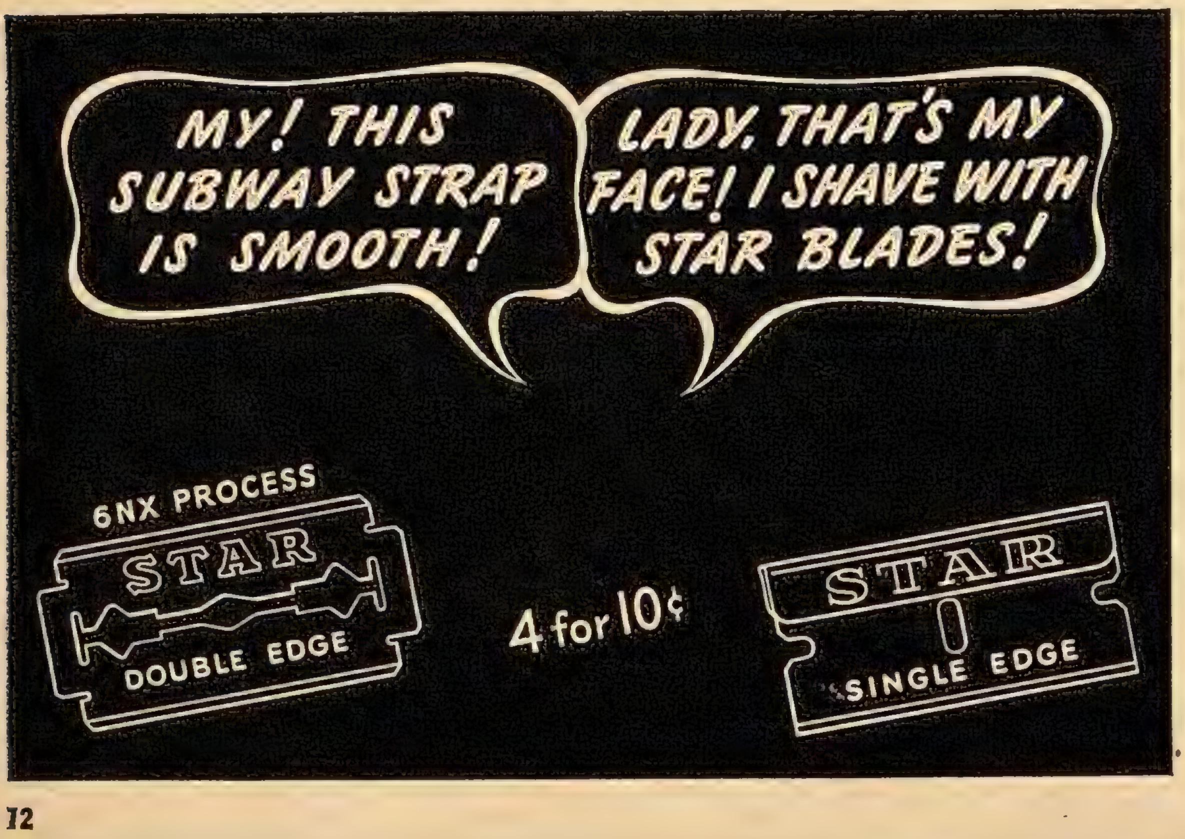
In that spirit Congress passed the most politically disagreeable measure ever proposed by any President to any Congress—the economy measure of March, 1933, designed to reduce government expenses drastically. Among other effects, it reduced pensions and compensations to ex-soldiers. Nothing like that had ever been seriously attempted by any President or Congress. And it reduced government salaries by 25 per cent—including the salaries of members of Congress.

In much the same spirit, Congress passed the President's early program of social and fiscal legislation. Those measures, initiated by him, in some cases written by his subordinates and sent by him to Congress as formal drafts, were passed by Mr. Roosevelt's first Congress, the one that came in with him, that contained the largest party majority any President had ever had; the Congress in which the President—in his role of party leader rather more than in his role of Chief Executive—had more control than any former President had ever had.

Came the Congressional elections of 1934, which would elect Mr. Roosevelt's second Congress. Astonishingly, his party majority increased—the Democrats had 322, the Republicans only 103, third party 10. With this increased party strength, Congress passed, on July 5, 1935, the National Labor Relations Act, in some respects more far-reaching than the President's previous measures.

CAME the 1936 elections, with Mr. Roosevelt running for a second term. He won with a majority sensationally exceeding his first, carried all the states except two. With him was elected a still larger party majority in Congress—333 Democrats, 89 Republicans, 13 third party; in the Senate 75 Democrats to 17 Republicans, 4 third party. Mr. Roosevelt had now a majority nearly 4 to 1 in the House, larger in the Senate. The swing of power and prestige to the White House had gone far.

In the elation of that spectacular personal victory, with the assurance of so immense a majority in Congress, Mr. Roosevelt "and/or" some of his associates determined to balk the body that had invalidated some of his measures and remained a threat to others. One of his inner circle wrote a measure which would enlarge the Supreme Court from nine to fifteen, give the President opportunity to appoint six Justices of his own way of thinking—a measure which would give the President, in addition to and by means of a


MY! THIS SUBWAY STRAP IS SMOOTH!
LADY, THAT'S MY FACE! I SHAVE WITH STAR BLADES!
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

willing Congress, a willing Supreme Court. The project was kept secret. Only three persons knew about it.

On February 5, 1937, Mr. Roosevelt sent for his party leader in the Senate, Robinson of Arkansas. Robinson arrived at the White House about nine thirty in the morning—the hour was significant. To Robinson, astonished and dismayed, Mr. Roosevelt handed a mimeographed copy of the court measure. As Robinson left the White House, showing in his features the inner concern he felt, he passed the newspapermen coming in for the President's scheduled press conference at ten thirty.

To the newsmen Mr. Roosevelt read the court measure—they were told of it before any one in Congress except Senator Robinson. That afternoon the court measure blazed before the public. In Congress, one of Mr. Roosevelt's mimeographed copies was handed up to the Speaker of the House as a bill to be passed.

## CAMP FOLLOWER

Whither thou goest I will go,
So long as I can hie me there,
Come heat or rain, come sleet or snow,
Come weather foul or weather fair.

For I was always one to hoard
My life and times with you, my lord.
I doted on you long before
The devil conjured up this war.
I didn't need a Hirohito,
Or Adolf, or his stooge, Benito,
To help me get my values straight
And teach me to appreciate
The charm of every golden minute
That had the grace to have you in it.
So let me follow while I may,
And live at least from day to day.

—*MARGARET FISHBACK.*

By the court measure President Roosevelt drove a willing horse too hard; in another figure of speech, it was the straw that broke the camel's back. Among the many consequences, one was especially fatal to the President's power in Congress.

While Senate debate on the measure was under way, Democratic leader Robinson died suddenly of a heart attack—the cause, some of Robinson's friends felt, being partly spiritual distress, the party duty of advocating a measure which many of his party did not approve. In the election of a leader to succeed him, there were two candidates. One, Senator Barkley of Kentucky, favored the court measure—and was favored by the President. The other, Senator Harrison of Mississippi, opposed the court measure and was supported by most of the Democratic senators who took that position. The President's candidate won by only one vote, 38 to 37—the margin being achieved by pressure of a degree Mr. Roosevelt had never before been obliged to exert.

The period of Congressional docility was over. In the distribution of power, as between Congress and President, the balance swung back to normal. From the day Mr. Roosevelt sent the court bill to Congress, although the Congress remained for nearly two years the same that had been elected in 1936, with a four-to-one majority of the President's party, nevertheless it scrutinized measures proposed by the President, resisted some, defeated some, refused even to consider some.

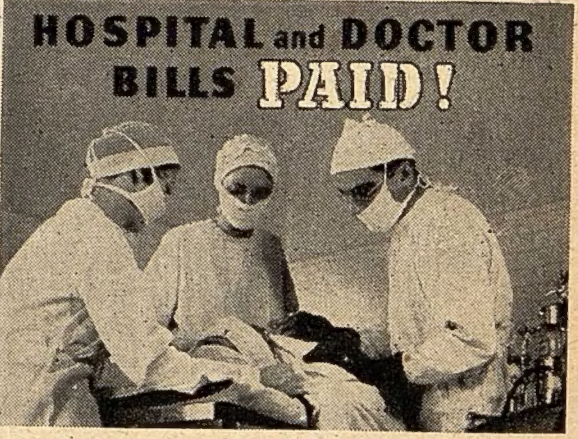
IN the next election, November, 1938, the number of Republicans was almost doubled, from 89 to 169. Added to Democrats who opposed some of the President's policies, there was a majority in the House (though not in the Senate) adverse to the President. That Congress, when it assembled in January, 1939, set out not only to oppose the President's measures but also to undo or modify some that had been passed, especially the National Labor Relations Act.

But before much of this could be accomplished came the approach of war in Europe. The disposition in all Congresses to let the President have more power at such a time was increased by an incident which enhanced the President's prestige in the public eye.

Mr. Roosevelt had felt war was coming. In anticipation, he asked Congress, in July, 1939, to modify the neutrality act. Some senators did not believe war would come—Borah of Idaho declared he had information superior to the President's. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee decided against recommending change in the neutrality act. Congress went home. Within a month, on September 1, the European war broke. Mr. Roosevelt did not need to call attention to his prevision. His summons of Congress into special session, three weeks later, was enough. Congress, obeying the President's request,

STOP
GOO
HESSON GUARD
MILANO $1
WDC
NO GOO CAN PASS
HESSON GUARD
IT'S CUSHION
SEALED
HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE
Spotless
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT

Asthma Agony Curbed First Day
For Thousands of Sufferers
Choking, gasping, wheezing Bronchial Asthma attacks poison your system, ruin your health and put a load on your heart. Thousands quickly and easily palliate recurring choking, gasping Bronchial Asthma symptoms with a doctor's prescription called **Mendaco** to help nature remove thick strangling excess mucus and promote freer breathing and restful sleep. **Mendaco** is not a smoke, dope or injection. Just pleasant tasteless tablets. Iron clad guarantee—money back unless satisfactory. **Mendaco is only 60c at druggists.**



HOSPITALIZATION PLAN
POLICY PAYS
Hospital and Doctor Bills for Sickness or Accident up to:
$6.00 Each Day HOSPITAL $540
Room and Board for Adults up to 90 days
$25 Each Week LOSS of TIME $300
from work up to 12 weeks
DOCTOR Expenses $135
LOSS of LIFE $1000
Many other liberal benefits. All plainly stated in Policy.
costs about 3¢ A DAY
Don't go into debt when Sickness or Accident strikes. Be prepared—protect yourself NOW! This dependable Hospital and Doctor Expense Policy PAYS YOUR BILLS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY exactly as provided. Any recognized Hospital and any Doctor may be selected. Policy issued to Individual or Family. No red tape—no medical examination—no agents. Write today!
**George Rogers Clark Casualty Co., Rockford, Ill. Dept. 4010**
MAIL COUPON NOW
George Rogers Clark Casualty Co. Dept. 4010
Rockford, Illinois
Please rush FREE information about Hospital and Doctor Expense Policy.
Name ..................................
Address ..................................
City & State..................................

amended the neutrality act in November, 1939. That Congress, as respects measures having to do with preparedness for war, practiced prevailing deference to the President's proposals.

The next Congress, Mr. Roosevelt's fifth, was elected in November, 1940. Even though the war had come nearer and nearer, and even though the President, running for re-election, was head of the ticket, the number of Republicans did not materially diminish—from 169 to 162 in the House. That Congress, coming into existence in January, 1941, paid much wartime deference to the President, yet usually with a large minority in opposition. Several measures he proposed passed by only slender margins. An important one, final modification of the neutrality act, urged by him on the very eve of our involvement in the war, passed the House by only 212 to 194.

In November last year came the election of Mr. Roosevelt's sixth Congress, the present one. The Republicans had sensational success—elected to the House 210 out of a total of 435, within 8 of a majority.

Nevertheless, this Congress, and the one preceding, have been obliged to recognize that in time of war a President must have unusual powers, unusual discretion, opportunity to act quickly without waiting for Congress. In this recognition these two Congresses have practiced a degree of deference to Presidential leadership they otherwise would not. Surrendering temporarily some of their power of the purse, they have passed some blanket appropriations, giving the President discretion to use the funds in his judgment. They have passed measures giving broad and elastic powers to the Executive, enabling him to take steps, by Executive order, which ordinarily would only be taken by act of Congress.

But Congress, while yielding to the exigency of war, has remained conscious of its prerogative and jealous for it. Upon the extraordinary war powers conferred on the President it has been careful to set a limitation of time, in some cases defined as the end of the war, in other cases a fixed future date.

THE END

---

### Answers to Guess Who Said It? on Page 66

1. **Guy Kibbee.**
2. **Texas Guinan.**
3. **Warden Lewis E. Lawes.**
4. **Mussolini.**
5. **John Keats.**
6. **Stephen S. Wise.**
7. **William Saroyan.**
8. **Walt Whitman.**
9. **Herbert H. Lehman.**
10. **General MacArthur.**

---

**APRIL 17, 1943**

# THE DRAFT BLOWS EVERY WHICH WAY

THE "in again, out again" operation of Selective Service has almost every family in the country in a dither.

There are few Americans who would not serve willingly if called upon to do so. But the way the draft sometimes operates makes people uneasy regarding the wisdom with which Selective Service singles out the individuals it taps. If a man feels it's not his turn, he enters the service of his country reluctantly, whereas he would go gladly if convinced he was needed.

One month men of thirty-eight are told they will not be inducted. A few months later they're told they will be. In some communities men with families are drafted. In others they've yet to see the inside of the draft board office. Men in occupations considered vital to the war effort are sometimes deferred and sometimes not. All in all, the many changes and lack of a uniform policy affect public confidence in the administration of Selective Service.

Married men, in the younger age brackets particularly, are unable to make any plans for themselves and families because they never know where they stand. For some reason or other, men who became fathers after Pearl Harbor are put in a separate category from those who achieved parenthood before then. This fine distinction can be explained only on the basis that the normal processes of life in this country were suspended the day the Japs attacked. Few people would say all marriages and births are postponable until the war is over. Furthermore, it is obvious a baby born after Pearl Harbor gets just as hungry and needs just as many shoes as one born before.

Operations of local draft boards, on the whole, seem to be conducted with much fairness and consideration for individual situations, but changing directives from Washington often leave the board members themselves in doubt as to what course to pursue. The sensible attitude adopted by some boards is simply to file away the Washington communiqués and use their own common sense.

It would help a lot if uniform policies were adopted. Then each of us would be better able to plan our lives for more than a week or two ahead. Also, perhaps, it would abate the suspicion that the high command of Selective Service neither knows what our man-power problem consists of, nor has sound ideas as to its solution.

*Liberty* . . . FOR ALL

Paul Hunter

Albert Staehle

## You wouldn't want a bristling whiskey!

## That's why Imperial is *"velveted"*

"Velveting" is what makes IMPERIAL so gentle to your taste. For velveting works wonders in smoothness—gives IMPERIAL the easy-to-take goodness which is making millions say "wonderful!" *And*—a goodness that makes IMPERIAL one of America's most-wanted whiskies.

But like sugar and coffee, IMPERIAL is on quota—because our stills are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey. And sometimes delivery is held up a day or so because shipments of war materials and food naturally come first.

So if your store or tavern sometimes cannot supply you with IMPERIAL, please be patient and remember there is a mighty good reason for it.

*A blend. Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1943, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.*

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC PEORIA · ILLINOIS

# IMPERIAL

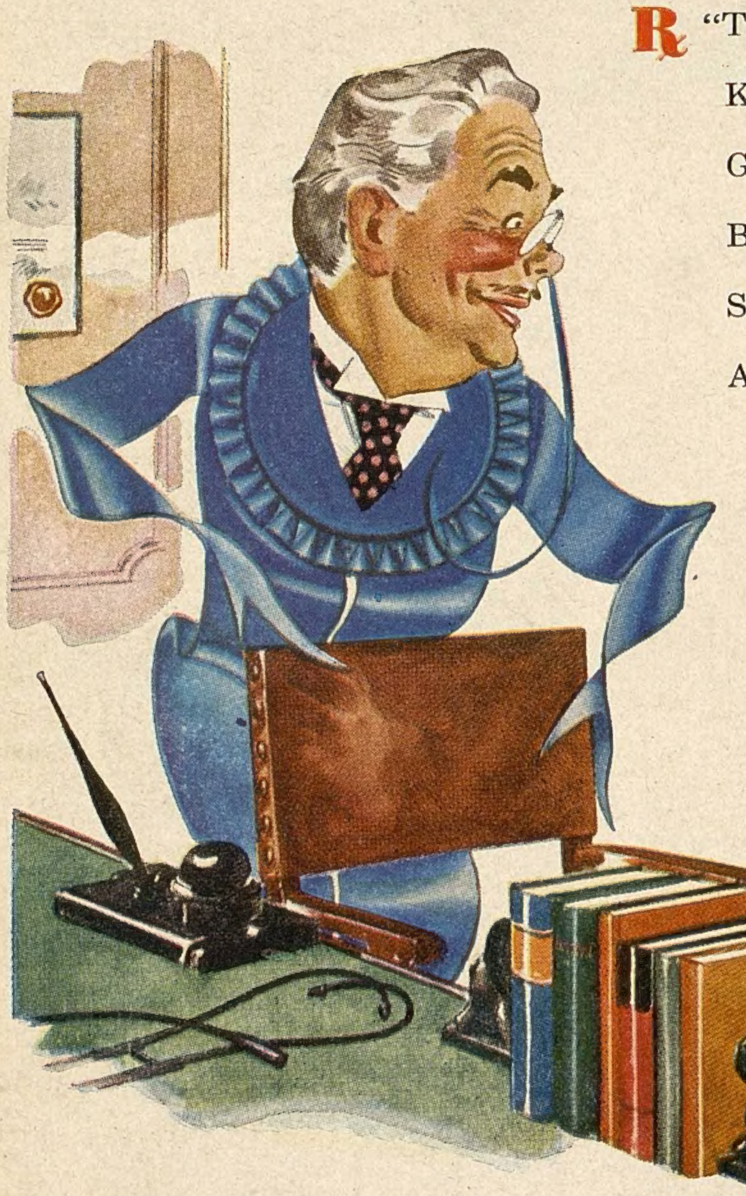
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**The *"velveted"* whiskey**

# This is the Doctor

## *of* BLUE RIBBON TOWN

## *..whose Wartime Prescription is worth writing down*



℞ "TAKE one or two War Bonds
in regular doses,
Keep calm and avoid
an unhealthy 'psychosis,'
Get plenty of exercise—
salvaging steel;
Be sure what you eat
is a *nutritive* meal;
Stay cheerful—yes, even
when paying your taxes,
And work with your neighbor
to help smash the Axis!"

**P. S.** May we add
to the doctor's advice—
Keep friendly Pabst Blue
Ribbon Beer on the ice,
For now more than ever,
this kindlier beer
Is a symbol of friendship
—a mark of good cheer,
It's *full-flavor blended,*
—which, we might explain,
Is the same method used
by the finest champagne.

© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon
Buy
Bonds
Stamps
PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER
PABST BREWING COMPANY

Now More Than Ever
*A Symbol of*
*Friendly Companionship*

THE best prescription for friendly companionship these days in Blue Ribbon Town, U.S.A. (your town—everybody's town) is a refrigerator filled with mellow Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. To get that softer, kindlier taste, Pabst blends together no less than 33 fine brews into one great beer.

"Full-flavor blending," we call it—a Pabst process that enables you to enjoy ALL the delicious taste tones of a "complete" beer. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED**
*into One Great Beer*

*In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.*
*Also on draught at better places everywhere.*